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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE

REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

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HEADLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WALDENSES.

PERHAPS there are no people so limited in number so widely known, and for whom so much sympathy has been expended, as the Waldenses. Surrounded by a corrupt church; oppressed by the strong arm of civil power; tortured, hunted, massacred, and driven forth from their homes, they still have clung to their religion, and remained true to their principles. Now suffering, without a murmur, death and imprisonment; and now rising in sudden wrath, and falling with resistless force upon their foes; braving alike the Alpine storm and serried armies, they fix themselves in our affections, and enlist all our sympathies. So weak, and yet so resolute; so peeled and scattered, and yet unconquered; they exhibit all that is noble, and great, and heroic in man. Their very home, amid the Alpine hills—their quiet valleys, nestling in the lap of rugged mountains, add to the interest that surrounds them. Who has not thought of the

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"Vales of the Vaudois" with the deepest emotion, and lingered in imagination around their homes by the Alpine stream?

Though Piedmont itself is an extensive province, extending across the Alps to Geneva on the north, and resting on the Apennines around Genoa and the Po on the south, the Waldenses occupy a tract of country only about twelve miles square, and situated amid the Alps, on the confines of Italy and France. Through this small, but wild region, are scattered several valleys, which look, amid the savage peaks and heaven-piercing cliffs, like Innocence sleeping in the lap of Wrath. In midsummer, they are delightful; being covered with carpets of green, which contrast beautifully with the snowy summits and everlasting glaciers that surround them. Here flocks of goats and herds of cows may be seen sprinkling the sweet pasturages; and the tinkling of bells, the song of the mountaineer, and the bleating of the flocks, combine to render them enchanted ground. But in winter, the Alpine storm here lets forth all its fury, roaring through the gorges, and sifting the snow in blinding showers over all things. And long after spring has decked the plains of Piedmont in verdure, snow covers the valleys of the Waldenses.

A bird's-eye view of the whole plain of Piedmont, with the Alps in the distance, is extremely fine. Near by is seen the Po, winding through the plain until it is joined by the Stura and Doria. In the centre stands Turin, the capital of Piedmont. To the right, and close under the Alps, lies Rivoli;

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while to the left, and almost directly back of Turin, is Pignérol, a Waldensian town, from which proceeds the pass of Susa into the very heart of the Waldensian country.

Turin is about three miles in circumference, and surrounded with pleasant promenades and carriage-roads. It has thirteen squares and eighty-four streets, the latter crossing each other at right angles, like those of Philadelphia. It has a population of a hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. It abounds in nobles, many of whom are poor in the extreme, and receive their company in their opera-boxes, to save the expense of wax candles at home. The environs of the city are beautiful, decked with picturesque villas and churches.

Leaving the Piedmontese capital, let us go westward into those fastnesses of the Waldenses, where still remain the people who have withstood all the corruptions of the Italian church, survived the changes that have rocked Europe and overthrown old dynasties, and emerged pure as gold from the fires of persecution. They are a standing miracle amid the nations of the earth. That a small and rude community, a band of mere peasants, should dare resist the power of the Church, condemn her departure from the truth, and finally separate from her, and brave the fury of Catholic Europe, is certainly one of the strangest events in human history. The strong empire of the Cæsars was dismembered, and northern barbarians occupied the ancient Roman capital. Italy was overrun and subdued, her republics wiped from

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existence, and she, throughout her entire extent, made to shake under the victorious tread of armies—yet there, in their mountain home, the pious Waldenses have lived, the same in manners and religion.

From the wild waking up of Europe in behalf of the Crusades, when the West precipitated itself in boundless enthusiasm on the East to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidels, to the terrible overthrow of the French Revolution and triumphal march of Napoleon—through all the changes that intervened, they have remained the same apostolic church—a pure flame amid surrounding and limitless darkness—a true and faithful Christian church amid an apostate world. Clustering around their ancient religion, sometimes with the lofty resignation of martyrs, and sometimes with the sternness and heroism of veteran warriors, they have both suffered and struggled, fallen and conquered, with unequaled firmness. Now serene and quiet, their prayers and songs have filled the Alpine valleys with joy, and now their shrieks and death-cries loaded the shuddering air with sorrow. To-day, gazing on their smouldering homes and wasted vineyards, and to-morrow standing on an Alpine summit, and like the captives of Zion as they ascended the last hill-top that overlooked Jerusalem, sighing forth their sad farewell to their mountain homes—now fugitives and exiles, fleeing to stranger provinces, and now breaking with their strong war-cry through their ancient defiles, they move before us in light and shade, alternately filling us with joy and sadness, and bringing succes-

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sive smiles and tears. A God-protected band, the heart of every true man loves them, and the prayer of every Christian rises to heaven in their behalf. They have indeed been witnesses for the truth.

Of the origin of the Waldenses little is known, except what doubtful tradition has left us. They claim to have been founded by the Apostles, and to have remained the same Church from the first spread of Christianity. But nothing certain, however, can be ascertained of them prior to the ninth century. As the Christian Church gradually receded from the truth, and began to adopt the errors which now characterize Romanism, the Waldenses, by their firm resistance to the tide of corruption, and their independent attitude, excited the hostility of both the civil and ecclesiastical power, and those persecutions commenced which have covered their name with glory, and the Roman hierarchy with everlasting infamy. During the nine hundred years in which they have withstood all attempts to overthrow their religion, their history has been marked by wonderful events.

We shall describe the successive persecutions that deluged their valleys with blood, their manly resistance, their desolate flight and exile, their triumphant return through hosts of enemies, their pastoral life, and their battle-fields.

The first persecutions against them were carried on by the Inquisition, which tortured and slew by detail. This being found insufficient, the soldiery were called in, and the sword of war hewed down men, women, and children indiscriminately. This also

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failing to exterminate the heretics, a general expatriation was resorted to. This succeeded only for a while, and the Waldenses still rear their altars in their ancient mountain valleys. We wish to trace them through their changing career and show how religion,

"Diffused, and fostered thus, the glorious ray,
Warmed where it went and ripened into day.
'Twas theirs to plant, in tears, the precious shoot;
'Tis ours in peace to reap the promised fruit.
By them the bulwark of our faith was built—
Our church cemented by the blood they spilt.
In Heaven's high cause they gave all men could give,
And died its martyrs that the truth might live."

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CHAPTER II.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE WALDENSES.

VALLEY AND CHURCH OF BOBI.

THE church and valley of Bobi have borne a distinguished part in the history of the Waldenses. This valley is so shut in by the hills, that its existence cannot be detected by the traveler till it bursts at once in all its richness and beauty upon him. The river Pelice and its tributaries wind through it, lacing its meadows with silver veins, while all around stretches a border of green forest, which constitutes the wealth of the inhabitants. Dark chestnuts contrast beautifully with the pale willows that run in stripes across the meadows—huge rocks rise along the outskirts, covered with moss, on the top of which the peasant spreads his threshing-floor. Higher up, crag beetles over crag—thunder-riven—here leaning threateningly over their bases, and there towering heavenward like the embattled walls and turrets of some feudal castle. In the upper end of the valley rises one immense rock, a mountain in itself. In some ancient convulsion it split at the summit, leaving a crack through which the blue sky beyond is seen. By crawling on his hands and knees, the ad-

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venturous traveler can approach the edge of this enormous crevice, when lo! all the valley below bursts on his view. There it sleeps in the summer sunlight, with the bright streamlets sparkling and flashing amid the masses of green—men and cattle are seen moving across it—the peasant is laboring in the field—the cart trundling along the highway—and yet not a sound reaches the spectator, lying in the shadow of the huge cliff. Far, far below, like pigmies, the inhabitants are toiling in the sun; but they seem as objects that move through a dream, so noiseless and still are they. Up that serene height the murmurs of the valley never come, and the thunder crash and scream of the Alpine eagle around its summit are the only sounds that disturb its repose. This old rock was once made the chief stronghold of the Vaudois, when they fought their way back to their valleys. The view from the top is wonderfully beautiful. From the margin of the valley to the Po, the whole expanse is distinctly seen. Snow-capt mountains piercing the heavens with their shining helmets—peaks on peaks rolling in an endless sea of heights along the horizon, combine to render it a scene of indescribable interest. But the rock itself is a striking object when viewed from the valley; especially at evening, when the sun is going to its lordly repose amidst the hills, does its colossal form stand out in bold relief against the cloudless heavens. Its ragged outline is subdued and softened—its black surface covered with rose tints—and it looks like a glorious pyramid of light and beauty there over the plain

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slumbering in deep shadow beneath. Gradually, the gorgeous hues disappear; the stars displace the sun; and the moon, rising in the east, makes that stern rock darker than at mid-day.

The picturesque little church of Bobi has borne its part in the struggle of the Waldenses. With the rocks around it, and the mountains above, it has rung to the prayer of the persecuted Christian, the war-cry of his murderers, and the clash of arms. Solemn vows have been repeated there, and on its very threshold men and women been butchered with worse than savage barbarity.

The whole history of the Waldenses has been marked by persecutions carried on in a spirit of ferocity and cruelty, and accompanied by outrages so fiendish, as almost to transcend human belief.

About the year 1200, the persecutions commenced, and with greater or less intervals, and more or less cruelty, have continued till this time. The Inquisition first slew its victims silently; but in 1488 open force was used, and the soldiery sent against the peasants. From that time on, the sword has been the instrument of the persecutor. Whole valleys have been depopulated, and the inhabitants driven into caverns, and there suffocated with smoke. Hundreds of children have been found dead together, some mangled in the most inhuman manner. The young women were ravished in presence of their fathers and brothers, and then brutally murdered. Men were hurled from the cliffs, and tortures and violence unparalleled endured, till these Protestant

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valleys were soaked in blood, and the hill-sides covered with the bones of thousands of the inhabitants. Decency forbids us to name the enormities practiced on this unoffending people, because they chose to worship God according to their own consciences.

But, in the persecution of 1655, set on foot by the Duke of Savoy, Bobi bore a more important part than in those which preceded. The mere recital of the sanguinary scenes which were enacted would freeze the blood. Horrors unheard of, except in the history of the Romish Church, were perpetrated in presence of the civilized world, until Cromwell, then wielding the power of England, uttered his stern remonstrances, declaring he would put a stop to them, if he had to sail his ships over the Alps to accomplish the object. It began by the invasion of the Waldensian territory with a large French army. Against this powerful array, it seemed impossible that the Christians could contend. Nevertheless, they bravely rallied, and, after kneeling in solemn prayer to God, fell on the enemy with such enthusiasm and terror, that, though outnumbered a hundred to one, they broke their ranks in pieces, and sent them shattered and discomfited back. The Marquis of Piannesse, seeing that they were not to be overcome by arms, resorted to duplicity, and calling to him deputies from the different valleys, promised them peace and security. The only favor he asked in return was the permission to quarter one regiment of foot, and two troops of horse, among them for two or three days, as an evidence of their fidelity. To

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this the unsuspecting peasants joyfully acceded, and the army marched in. But no sooner was it in possession of the strongholds than it began the work of massacre. The poor people, taken by surprise, fled to the mountains—those who could—and the rest were slain. Around the Church of Bobi, the dead lay in heaps. The shouts of infuriated men, and the shrieks of women and children, made this sweet valley ring with terrific echoes. The ordinary means of torture were not sufficient, and new modes of cruelty were invented. Infants were pulled from the breasts of their mothers, and their brains dashed out against the rocks. Mothers and daughters were ravished in each other's presence, and then filled with pebbles. In their mouths and ears powder was crammed, and set fire to, and thus the helpless sufferers were blown up. Sick people were tied with their heads and feet together, and thrown down the precipices. Many of both sexes and all ages were impaled alive, and thus, naked and writhing in agony, were planted along the highways.

Afterwards, however, these persecuted Christians rallied, and, falling on their persecutors, routed them with terrible slaughter. In 1686, another persecution commenced; but its history is like that of all the others—it is a record of duplicity, treachery, cruelty, and barbarity too horrible to give. The people of Bobi suffered in both these persecutions severely; but they had brave hearts, and fought around their ancient altars with a heroism deserving of a better fate. Out of fourteen thousand who were

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imprisoned during the former persecution, *eleven thousand* perished. Still a remnant remained, and, true to their ancient faith, these smitten children of God bore all with the firmness of martyrs.

At length, they were driven from their homes and scattered over Protestant Europe. But they still turned their eyes wistfully towards their mountain homes. They were exiles in a strange land, and, like the captive children of Israel, they wept when they remembered their quiet churches amid the Alps. The very fact that their altars had been baptized-in blood rendered them doubly dear. Their hearts were in their desolate homes, and still clung to the ashes of their fathers, and children, and wives, and brothers, who had fallen nobly for their holy religion.

At length, the exiles started to return, and, with the intrepid Arnaud, a priest, at their head, fought their way back, inch by inch, to their native valleys, and there, despite their persecutors, gathered once more into their neglected churches, and reared anew their broken down altars. With the sword of war and with prayer together, they entered and maintained their long-deserted homes.

On the sixteenth day of their march, they reached Bobi, and encamped around their little church. The building was in ruins; but the minister, M. Montoux, the colleague of Arnaud, placed a door from one rock to another, and preached to that toil-worn band, fresh from the field of slaughter, and still stained with the blood of their foes, from these words: "The law and the prophets were until John; since that

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time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." The hearts of the exiles were sad as they looked on their desolate valley; but the words of the preacher comforted them. After sermon, their cause was committed in solemn prayer to God, and then they adopted certain regulations, by which they were to be governed, and took an oath of fidelity to each other. This was the oath taken at Bobi:—

"God, by his divine grace, having happily led us back into the heritage of our forefathers, there to re-establish the pure service of our holy religion, by the completion of that enterprise which the Lord of Hosts has hitherto conducted in our favor: We, the pastors, captains, and other officers, swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and at the peril of our souls, to observe union and order among us; never willingly to disunite or separate, so long as God shall grant us life—not although we should be so miserable as to be reduced to three or four—never to temporize or treat with our enemies of France, nor those of Piedmont, without the participation of our whole council of war, and to put together the booty which we have now or may have, to be applied to the wants of our people, on cases of emergency. And we, soldiers, swear this day, before God, to obey all the orders of our officers, and vow fidelity to them with all our hearts, even to the last drop of our blood; also, to give up to their care the prisoners and booty, to be disposed of as they shall judge fit. And, in order to more perfect regulation, it is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to any officer or soldier to search an enemy, dead, wounded, or a prisoner, during or after battle, but for which office proper persons shall be appointed. The officers are enjoined to take care that the soldiers keep their arms and ammunition in order, and, above all, to chastise severely all who shall profanely swear or blaspheme. And, to render union, which is the soul of our affairs, inviolable among us, we, the officers, swear fidelity to our soldiers, and we, soldiers, to our

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officers; solemnly engaging, moreover, to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to rescue, as far as in us lies, our brethren from the thraldom of the cruel Babylon, and with them to re-establish and maintain his kingdom unto death; and by this oath we will abide all our lives."

On Sunday, one September morning, did the brave Waldenses repeat this solemn oath with arms in their hands. The hills of Bobi looked down upon them—God heard the oath, and gave them deliverance, and once more they assembled in this secluded church, and worshiped God in sincerity and purity of heart.

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CHAPTER III.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE WALDENSES.

BATTLE OF SALABERTRANN.

DURING the return of the exiles to their native land, mentioned in the preceding chapter, occurred the battle of Salabertrann. Like the children of Israel in their march to Canaan, the Waldenses were compelled to fight their way back to their ancient altars and possessions. Their journey occupied thirty-one days, and was marked by trials, sufferings, heroisms, almost miraculous escapes, such as are seldom found in the history of any people.

Having been compelled to leave Germany, the exiles, after a while, found themselves scattered amid the cantons of Switzerland, close on the confines of their native land. They had made two attempts to return, but had failed in both. Still, however, they boldly resolved on a third. The hostility existing between England and France, and the known sentiments of the Prince of Orange, just ascended the English throne, together with the reports of spies, that the French king had withdrawn his troops from the farther side of the mountains, encouraged them to make one more effort to regain their land. As

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we have already stated, M. Arnaud, a clergyman, headed the expedition. Having assembled in the forest of Nyon, they waited for the arrival of their brethren from the Grisons and Wirtemberg. These latter, to the number of a hundred and twenty-two, had agreed to join them; but, soon after setting out, they were all taken prisoners, and marched over the Alps to Turin, and thrown into prison. Finding, at length, it was growing dangerous to wait longer, Arnaud, at the head of his gallant band, resolved to proceed without delay. It had been whispered about that the exiles were plotting some new expedition, which caused many strangers to seek the forest of Nyon, bordering on Lake Geneva. Of the unexpected supply of boats furnished by them, Arnaud immediately took advantage, and, pressing them into temporary service, commenced the passage of the lake. When all was ready, Arnaud, who had assumed the name of M. de la Tour, stepped into the midst of his followers, and, uncovering his head, knelt on the ground, and offered up a fervent prayer that God would smile on their endeavors. Having thus committed their cause to Heaven, the Waldenses shoved their boats from the shore. It was a warm August night, and a little before midnight, that frail fleet might have been seen gliding over the blue waters of Lake Geneva. No sooner did they step ashore than they formed in order of battle. In one column, composed of nineteen companies in all, they started on their perilous march. Of their difficulties by the way, danger from treachery, deceit, and open hostil-

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ity, we can mention but a moiety. In a solid phalanx, with their scouts thrown out on every side, and their arms in their hands, and shut out from all reinforcements, they boldly entered the heart of a hostile country, determined to cut their way through it, and, driving out the occupants of their homes, take and maintain possession of them. Every village rung its alarm-bells at their approach, and armed bands of peasants prepared to dispute their passage; but the firm order and presence of the Waldenses awed them into respect, and forced them to supply provisions and guides. Now and then a skirmish took place, and a few were killed; but the bold Waldenses kept on their way for a long time without any serious obstacles, except what the Alps presented. Through gloomy gorges, where twenty brave men could have withstood a hundred, and over snow-covered heights, they passed on until they at length reached the base of the "Haute Luce."

This mountain was covered with snow, and enveloped in fog; yet up its steep sides pressed the wanderers. The guides endeavored to lead them astray into the ravines that intersect it, where they might wander around until the Savoyards could arrive, and cut their throats. But Arnaud, detecting the foul play, threatened to hang them if they did not conduct his band safely, and thus frightened them out of their treachery. Up steps cut in the rocks, they mounted in single file, and, at length, reached the summit. Thence, sliding down, one after another, on their backs, guided only by the white snow, they

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reached, late at night, a few shepherds' huts, at the base, which they unroofed to provide themselves with fuel. A cold and drenching rain, which lasted till morning, chilled their frames, and they arose benumbed, yet still resolute, to commence the *fourth* day's march. In soft snow, a foot deep, and pelted by an Alpine storm, they began the ascent of the Col de Bonne Homme. Along this pass of 7500 feet high, forts had been erected by the enemy, and the Waldenses expected every moment a sanguinary conflict; but their prayers had been heard, and silence and solitude reigned over the entrenchments. Now hanging above an Alpine cliff, at midnight—now kindling their camp fires in some quiet meadow—now swallowed up in a fearful gorge, and now threading a quiet valley, they slowly but steadily approached their former home. At length, they reached the foot of Mount Cenis, where, it was reported, troops were waiting to receive them. Nothing daunted, and, trusting in that God whose protection they had invoked, they began the ascent. No language can describe the horrors of this passage. The exiles lost their way, and stumbled about in frightful gorges. Several men were lost and taken prisoners, and gloom began to gather over the path of the exiles. At the foot of the Touliers, they sounded their trumpets a long time to recall the fugitives who had lost their way, and then marched on. Upon the summit they saw, through the thick fog that crowned the height, a band of two hundred armed men, advancing with beating drums to the charge. The latter, how-

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ever, gave way, and the exiles kept on until they came within three miles of the village of Salbertrann. This was the eighth day of their march, and, weary and hungry, they inquired of a peasant if they could obtain provisions at the village. "Go on," he replied, "and they will give you all that you desire, and are now preparing a warm supper for you." The Waldenses understood the hint, but kept on until within a mile and a half of a bridge that crossed the Doria, when they descried in the depth of the valley nearly forty camp fires burning. The Christians were in need of rest and food; but, before they could obtain either, a fierce and unequal battle must be fought. They kept on, however, until the vanguard fell into an ambuscade, and a sharp firing of musketry awoke the echoes of the Alps. The intrepid Arnaud saw that a crisis had indeed come. Before him was a well-appointed French army, two thousand five hundred strong, and commanding a narrow bridge. Halting his tired column, he ordered them all to kneel, and there, in the still evening, he offered up prayer to the God of battles that he would save them from the destruction that seemed inevitable. Scarcely had the solemn prayer died away upon the evening air, before the rattling of arms was heard, and, in one dense column, the exiles pressed straight for the bridge.

As they approached, the sentinels on the farther side cried out, "Qui vive!" to which the Waldenses replied, "Friends, if they are suffered to pass on!" Instantly the shout, "Kill them! kill them!" rang

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through the darkness, and then the order "fire!" was heard along the ranks. In a moment, more than two thousand muskets opened on the bridge, and it rained a leaden storm its whole length and breadth. They expected, and rightly, that, under such a well-directed fire, the little band of exiles would be annihilated; and so they would have been but for the prudence and foresight of their pastor and leader, Arnaud. Expecting such a reception, he had given orders that his followers, the moment they heard the word "fire" from the enemy, should fall flat on their faces. They obeyed him, and that fiery sleet went drifting wildly over their heads. For a quarter of an hour did these heavy volleys continue, enveloping that bridge in flame; yet, during the whole time, but one Waldensian was wounded. At length, however, a firing was heard in the rear: the troops that had let them pass on the mountain in the morning, had followed after, on purpose to prevent their escape from the snare that had been set for them. Crushed between two powerful bodies of soldiers, with two thousand muskets blazing in their faces, and a narrow bridge before them, the case of the wanderers seemed hopeless. Seeing that the final hour had come, Arnaud ordered his followers to rise and storm the bridge. Then occurred one of those fearful exhibitions sometimes witnessed on a battle-field. With one wild and thrilling shout, that little band precipitated itself forward. Through the devouring fire, over the rattling, groaning bridge, up to the entrenchments, and up to the points of the bayonets, they went in one resistless

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wave. Their deafening shouts drowned the roar of musketry, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which has made the hero in every age, they forgot the danger before them. On the solid ranks they fell with such terror and suddenness, that they had not time even to flee. The enraged Waldenses seized them by the hair, and trampled them under foot; and with their heavy sabres cleaved them to the earth. The terrified French undertook to defend themselves with their muskets, and, as they interposed them between their bodies and the foe, the Waldensian sabres struck fire on the barrels till the sparks flew in every direction. The Marquis of Larry strove for a while to bear up against this overpowering onset; but, finding all was lost, he cried out, "Is it possible I have lost the battle and my honor?" and then exclaiming "Sauve qui peut!" turned and fled. That army of two thousand five hundred men then became a herd of fugitives in the darkness, mowed down at every step by the sword of the Waldensian. The slaughter was terrible, and the victory complete; all the baggage and stores were taken; and at length, when the bright moon rose over the Alps, flooding the strange scene with light, Arnaud called his little band from the pursuit. Having supplied themselves with all the powder they wished, they gathered the rest together, and set fire to it. A sudden blaze revealed every peak and crag, and the entire field of death, with the brightness of noonday—followed by an explosion like the bursting of a hundred cannon, and which was heard nearly thirty miles in the mountains. A deep silence suc-

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ceeded this strange uproar, and then Arnaud ordered all the trumpets to sound, when every man threw his hat into the air, and shouted, "Thanks to the Eternal of Armies, who hath given us the victory over our enemies!" That glorious shout was taken up and prolonged till the fleeing foeman heard it in the far mountain gorges.

The entire loss of the Waldenses in this bloody engagement did not reach thirty men, while the ground was cumbered with the dead bodies of the French. The latter had refused to destroy the bridge, and thus effectually arrest the progress of the exiles, because they wished to destroy them. But God had given them the victory, and their shout recalled to mind the ancient shout of Judah in battle.

That night, the tired Waldenses slept upon their arms on the bloody field they had won; and when the morning sun arose, there lay the wrecks of the fight on every side. In the midst of the trampled plain, they lifted their morning prayer and voice of renewed thanksgiving to Him who carried them in the hollow of his hand; and again took up the line of march.

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CHAPTER IV.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE WALDENSES.

VALLEY OF PRAJELAS, OPPOSITE COL DU PIS.—MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE glorious battle just mentioned, occurred on Saturday night, and the next (Sunday) morning, the weary but victorious exiles found themselves on the top of the mountain of SEI. For three days previous to the battle, they had been constantly on the march, drinking only water, and eating scarcely anything, and hence, at the close of the engagement, felt the need of repose and food. But the routed enemy might rally, and reinforcements arrive to their aid, and the conquest, which had been so hardly won, wrested from their grasp; and so, guided by the glorious moon, they slowly began the ascent of the mountain. All night long they toiled up the steep acclivity, though numbers, overcome by fatigue, kept staggering from the line of march, and falling beside the rocks. Several were thus lost; and but for the rearguard, which kept rousing the sleepers, as the moonbeams revealed their dark forms on the mountain-side, many more would have perished. At length, the morning began to break in the east; at

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first a cold gray light, and then a rosy red, bathing the lofty Alpine peaks in the same ruddy hue. Oh! a sunrise in the Alps is glorious beyond description. How often I have stood mute and awe-struck to see the King of day slowly roll his blazing car over those giant forms of nature, and look with his regal eye on the deep valleys sleeping sweetly below! White snow-peaks and glaciers above, dark fir-trees midway, and the green vales beneath, with here and there an awful gorge that defies the daylight to reach its abysses, combine to form a scene that baffles description. All this burst on the wanderers, as they stood and leaned on their trusty muskets, and gazed below them. Yet the beauty and splendor unrolled before them were forgotten in the emotions of love and joy that found utterance in mingled tears and smiles and loud thanksgivings; for, as the mist rolled slowly upward, and the sunbeams flooded the earth, they saw the mountains that locked in their native homes. The hills of their boyhood—the hills their fathers had trod—the peaks that had ever risen before them in their dreams and their prayers, and towards which their eyes had been constantly strained through their long perilous march—the hills that surrounded their sanctuaries and their altars, at length stood clear and bold against the distant horizon. Arnaud stood a moment, and gazed with swelling heart on the scene; and then called all his followers about him, and pointing to their native fastnesses, bade them bless God for having brought them, as by a miracle, through so many perils, and now permitted

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them to behold again the hills of their fatherland. He then knelt in their midst, and with uncovered head offered up a solemn thanksgiving to God. What a scene they presented on that mountain top in the early sunrise! Those men, who the night before had stormed so wildly through the battle, were now bent in humble prayer to the God who had led them safely on.

But though they had arrived at the borders of their own land, their perils were not over. Delays were dangerous; and before the sun had mounted far up the heavens, their long column might be seen winding down the breast of the mountain, directing its serpentine course towards the valley of Prajelas. Keeping on their march, they might be seen in the afternoon commencing the ascent of the Col du Pis. Suddenly, a company of dragoons came galloping along the road to intercept their march; but the firm presence of the Waldenses so awed them, that they retired without striking a blow. The next day—Monday—they came upon a body of troops, drawn up in battle array, at the foot of the Col du Pis, ready to receive them. Arnaud immediately halted his feeble troops, and, gathering them around him, solemnly committed them and their cause to the God who had thus far befriended them. He then formed his band into three columns, and firmly began the ascent of the next mountain. The enemy, seeing the determination of the Waldenses, gave way, and the latter marched triumphantly forward.

For several days after, they met with more or less

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obstacles, but at length reached the valley of Paoli, where still stood one of their old churches. There the first public worship was performed in their march. A chapel which the Catholics had added to the church, was first set on fire, and all their religious emblems removed; and then Arnaud mounted a bench placed in the doorway, and gave forth the seventy-fourth Psalm to be sung. Together those stern warriors chanted that touching complaint of David, commencing, "O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture? Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed," &c. When they came to the passage, "O let not the oppressed return ashamed: let the poor and needy praise thy name. Arise, O God, plead thine own cause," many an eye was filled with tears, and voices that had shouted steady and strong in the tumult of the fight, trembled with emotion. The glorious anthem rang through the Alpine valley as the hymns of the Waldenses rang of old, recalling their ancient worship, before the sword of the oppressor had driven them forth to eat the bitter bread of captivity.

After a short pause they again struck up, and sung the hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm: "Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say: many a time have they afflicted me from my youth: yet they have not prevailed against me. The plowers plowed upon my back: they made long their furrows. The Lord is righteous: he hath cut asun-

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der the cords of the wicked. Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion," &c. After they had finished singing the Psalm, Arnaud preached in exposition of it. He showed how they had been afflicted, and sorely, like Zion of old—how the plowers had plowed upon their backs and trodden them down. He spoke of their long exile in other lands—their toils and hardships, until they were ready to weep anew over their misfortunes. But when he came to show how the Lord had "cut asunder the cords of the wicked," and "turned back" those that "hated Zion," every eye beamed with joy and triumph, and there hovered on every lip the shout that went up so loud from the bloody field of Salbertrann: "Thanks to the Eternal of Armies, who hath given us the victory."

We cannot follow the Waldenses through all their difficulties, until they finally, as mentioned in a previous sketch, took possession of the vale of Bobi. They met with losses and some disasters, but never with a defeat; their enemies were turned back in every encounter.

Only one charge has been laid to the door of the Waldenses in this long and perilous march—that of cruelty to their captives. During the latter part of their expedition, they invariably put them to death. Whether they surrendered or were taken by force, it mattered not, they were slain without mercy. But it must be remembered this was not an act of vengeance, nor did it spring from that thirst of blood which has made so many tigers of the human species,

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but was an act of self-defence—of pure necessity. Few in number themselves, they could not be incumbered with prisoners, for the latter would soon outnumber their captors. They could not turn them loose, for they would not only immediately arm again to oppose their progress, but convey to others that information on the concealment of which the salvation of the Waldenses depended. To set them free, was to secure their own destruction: and they could not confine them, for they had not a hut, much less a fortified place, they could call their own. It was a hard necessity, but one their enemies laid upon them. They could not have done otherwise, and the poor victims were slain while crying for mercy. Shut out from all reinforcements, with no post to fall back upon, and no line of communication kept open between them and succor, they were forced to cut their way through to their possessions and homes with the sword, and right nobly did they do it. Their pastor, Arnaud, was afflicted with no childish squeamishness about shedding blood. He would pray with his face to the ground for the help of heaven, and then rise and rush to battle. He would send up his loud thanksgiving for deliverance, and then coolly slay his prisoners; and God heard him and sanctioned his course, and made him the founder again of his church in the Alps. He was a noble and great man. Far-reaching in his plans—clear in thought—correct in judgment—prompt and fearless in action—humble and devout in his religion, he excites our wonder and admiration, at the same time that he wins our love

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and sympathy. A man of peace, ignorant of arms, he yet withstood the King of France, then the terror of Europe, and put to flight his veteran troops. The hand of an overruling Providence is seen in all that transpired under his guidance. The Israelites never fought a battle in which the interposition of Heaven was more clearly seen than in that of Salbertrann. That eight hundred peasants should attack, in an entrenched position, and put to flight nearly three thousand regular troops, and in the open valley slay six hundred men, with a loss of only fifteen to themselves, is little less than miraculous. Equally so is the routing of twenty-two thousand French and Piedmontese by three hundred and sixty-seven Waldenses, just emerged, pale and thin, from six months' imprisonment. It is also a remarkable fact that the Lord preserved the grain upon the earth till midwinter, so that the Waldenses could gather it for their preservation after they had got possession of their country. In those high latitudes and elevated regions, to see men harvesting grain in the dead of winter, instead of the height of summer, one is ready to believe it a miracle, as much so as the showers of manna that fell around the camp of Israel.

We have omitted many things in our hurried sketches, lest we should seem too tedious. One more sketch will finish the series.

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CHAPTER V.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE WALDENSES.

SIEGE AND HEROIC DEFENCE OF BALSILLE.

We spoke in the last chapter of the safe return of the Waldenses to their native valleys. But though they had overcome all opposition, and again reared their altars in their ancient places, their troubles and dangers were not yet over. Their powerful enemies resolved to make one last great effort for their overthrow. For this purpose, the French king formed an alliance with the Duke of Savoy, and their combined troops, to the number of *twenty-two thousand* men, marched into the Waldensian country. Against this overwhelming force the pastor and leader, Arnaud, could muster but *three hundred and sixty-seven* men. Trusting, however, in that God who had thus far protected and saved him, he boldly resolved, with his mere handful of peasants, to withstand this army of veteran troops. It was useless to attempt an open warfare in the valleys, and so he withdrew his band to the impregnable rock of Balsille, and began to cast up entrenchments. This rock rises in the form of a cone, from the valley of Macel, or rather at the angle where two valleys unite. It consists of several

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precipices, rising one above another, whose edges are fringed with scattered pine-trees, that give a still greater wildness to the savage scene. The approach to it is through a fearful gorge, where a few brave men could keep at bay ten times their number. Into this fortress of nature the weary exiles cast themselves, with the stern resolve to conquer or leave their bones to be picked by the mountain vultures. Their case seemed a hopeless one, and their long journey and battles and hardships were apparently about to end in utter extermination. So confident were the enemy of victory, that they brought along executioners and halters, with which to hang up the captives.

What a sublime spectacle did that rock then present in the dead of winter! All over its massive form hung the snow-drifts, here and there relieved by the dark edge of a precipice, or the dwarf pine-trees that rocked and roared in the Alpine blast; while in caves they had excavated in the heart of the mountain—living on roots and herbs which they dug from under the snow—lay three hundred and sixty-seven brave Christians, ready to die for their altars and their homes. Like mere insects they hung along that precipitous height, while the thousands of their enemies were crowded in a dark mass below. Shut out from the world around them, exposed to all the severity of an Alpine winter, and all the horrors of famine, they dragged out the weary months, sustained by that lofty faith and heroism which have made the martyr and patriot of every age. But they were not

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idle: every precaution was taken and every defence made in their power. They dug themselves eighty holes in the earth for houses, each surrounded with a gutter, to carry off the water, and then commenced their fortifications. On the Sabbath, they assembled on a small flat, near what was called the castle (the spot where they made their first stand), and had divine worship—Arnaud preaching them two sermons. Every week day, also, he assembled them morning and evening for prayers. In the morning, at early daylight, these bold men would gather together, and, kneeling on the cold earth, with their heads bowed between their knees, listen reverently to the prayers of their pastor, and then seize the spade and axe and labor till night on the intrenchments. They made a succession of breastworks, seventeen in number, each higher up the rock than the other, so that when driven from one they could retire to another, until they reached the sharp summit, where they had resolved one and all to die.

The French and soldiers of the Duke, when they saw how strongly the Waldenses were intrenched, hesitated to attack them, and finally contented themselves with hemming them in, hoping that the severe winter and famine would force them to surrender. But they bore their privations and sufferings without a murmur, and still clung to their dens amid the snow-drifts and cliffs of their mountain rock, with their first purpose to conquer or die.

At length, spring opened, and the enemy, seeing no prospect of discouraging or starving out the exiles,

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resolved to storm their intrenchments. So, on the Sabbath morning of the last of April, 1690, they put their troops in motion, and began to enter the defiles that led to the first barricade. There was but one way of access to the castle, as it was called, and that was by a torrent which had cut a natural passage through the rocks. This Arnaud's practiced eye soon discovered, and he paid particular attention to it. He planted there strong palisades, working upon them with his own hands, and raised parapets of wall. He also laid down trees, with the bushy tops towards the enemy. On these he rolled a layer of rocks to keep them down, and on the rocks another layer of trees, and so on, until an almost insurmountable breastwork was reared. As the enemy approached, the Waldenses opened their fire with terrible effect, which caused them to retire. At length it was resolved to pick out five hundred men, and with them carry the first barricade by assault.

In close and firm order this noble body of men, sustained by a still larger body of peasants, moved forward, under cover of a terrible snowstorm, which filled the air like a driving mist, until within close musket-shot, when they halted and delivered their fire, then with a loud shout sprang forward with the bayonet. They imagined they could pull away the trees by the tops, and thus open a passage, but the rocks held them fast. Thus brought breast to breast with the Waldenses, the fire of the latter could be delivered with horrible effect, as indeed it was. The muzzles of their guns almost touched the bosoms of

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their foes, and when the word "Fire!" rang along the breastwork, a volley opened that laid the front rank dead at its base. The second rank, however, stepped bravely in the blood of their comrades, and with loud huzzas pressed onward; but that same tempest of fire smote them down. The Waldenses were divided in two portions, one of which, in the rear, loaded the muskets, while those in front discharged them. This made the firing more constant and terrible—it was a continual blaze there in the snow-storm, and the air was filled with bullets, which rained in an incessant shower on the devoted heads of the assailants. The latter, however, bore bravely up till more than two-thirds of their entire number lay stretched on the rocks and amid the snow, and were still striving desperately to stem the fiery torrent, when the Waldenses sallied forth and fell on them with such fury, that all order was lost, and the fight became a slaughter. But a small band, without hats or arms, of all that brave detachment, were left to bear to the army the news of their sad overthrow, while not a single Waldensian was killed or wounded.

Darkness and the storm finally shut in the scene, and all was still save the groans of the wounded. The next morning Arnaud assembled his little band for prayers, and tears of joy accompanied their morning thanksgiving. After prayers, they cut off the heads of the dead, and stuck them on poles, which they planted on the palisades, to show the enemy that they had cut themselves loose from mercy, and neither asked nor expected pardon.

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The French, overwhelmed by this great disaster, broke up their encampment the next day, and retired over the borders of France. On that very day Arnaud preached a sermon, which was delivered and received with flowing tears.

But the enemy had not abandoned their designs, and on the 10th of May again marched back and invested the rock of Balsille. In long and glistening array the steady columns wound through the deep defiles, while the roll of a hundred drums and the prolonged blasts of the trumpet, made the rocks above the Waldenses ring with echoes. Having learned wisdom from their previous failure, the enemy advanced with more caution, and investing the place on every side, began to erect redoubts and mount their cannon. The batteries soon opened, and it rained an iron storm on the works of the Waldenses. Not satisfied with this, they made gradual approaches, by sending forward soldiers protected by fascines and sacks of wool, who erected parapets in closer proximity to the Waldenses. The latter, having no artillery, could not prevent these approaches, nor beat down the parapets when raised, and hence were compelled to witness the circle of fire growing narrower around them every day. They made sally after sally, but were compelled to retire before the superior force of their enemy. In a short time they found themselves entirely surrounded. The French commander having planted his cannon so as to completely uncover the Waldenses, hailed them through a trumpet, and sent a flag of truce, offering them, in the name of the

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King of France, free permission to leave the country, if they would retire without further resistance. To this summons the Waldenses returned the following heroic reply:—

"Messieurs, the answer we have to make is, that not being subjects of the French King, and that monarch not being master of this country, we cannot treat with any of your gentlemen; and being in the heritages which our fathers have left us from time out of mind, we hope, by the help of Him who is the God of hosts, to live in them and die in them, one and all, *even though there should be but ten of us left. If your cannon fire, our rocks will not be frightened at it, and we will hear them roar.*"

Bravely said, bold exiles! the God of hosts will help, and send deliverance.

The cannon then opened with a terrific uproar, together with the small arms, till that old rock trembled under the incessant explosions. Still, the Waldenses did not shrink from their high purpose, and replied with their feeble volleys. Before noon, the French had fired a hundred and fourteen rounds of artillery, and a hundred thousand musket shots. The feeble intrenchments of the Waldenses melted away like frost-work before this tremendous fire. Huge gaps were opened in the walls, and the next day was fixed upon by the enemy for a grand assault, at three different points. Arnaud saw at a glance that his feeble band could not, in their uncovered state, sustain a general assault, and so ordered them to retire by night to an intrenchment farther up the rock.

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This, however, was found to be impossible, for the French had completely hemmed them in. There was but one way of escape, and that was down the mountain over a frightful precipice, and within sure striking distance of the enemy's guards. It was impossible to carry out their first resolution and make their last desperate stand on the top of the rock, for the enemy had got possession of it above their heads.

Thus encompassed and uncovered, they could only turn to the God who had thus far defended them; and again He appeared for their deliverance by sending at night a dense fog which completely concealed the movements of the besieged. Under cover of it they filed out of their intrenchments, and began to slide down the precipices. If for a moment the fog lifted before the night wind, they would fall flat on their faces till it again settled on the breast of the mountain. With their shoes off to deaden the sound, and at the same time make secure their footing, they made their perilous way, now letting themselves down a ledge, and now crawling through a ravine, and at times so near to the sentinels that the slightest motion of the latter could be distinctly heard. At length one of the Waldenses let a kettle drop from his hand, and roll down the precipice. As it went jingling and rattling by a sentinel, he exclaimed, "Who goes there?" but the kettle making no reply, and soon ceasing its noise altogether, he turned again to his drowsy watch. The fugitives in the mean time had descended into the ravine at the bottom, and by steps cut in the snow ascended the opposite precipice; and

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when the fog lifted before the morning sun and rolled away over the Alpine heights, the French commander saw with indignation and astonishment the little band he had made such immense sacrifices to capture winding rapidly around the crest of the opposite mountain. He immediately ordered out a detachment in pursuit, but the prey had escaped.

Various skirmishes after this occurred between the Waldenses and detachments of the French; but at length the Duke of Savoy quarreling with the King of France, the former sought the aid of his subjects whom he had persecuted and driven from their homes. The Waldenses received his proposals of an alliance with joy, and fought as bravely under their unjust prince as they had done for themselves. As a reward for their services, their country was restored to them. Still, as Protestants, they were subjected to various restrictions, and burdened down with heavy taxes.

When Bonaparte undertook the conquest of Piedmont, they rallied bravely around their prince, and were the last to yield. Notwithstanding their stubborn resistance, Bonaparte, after his conquest, removed all the odious restrictions under which they had suffered, abolished the tax for the support of the Catholic priesthood, and let them appropriate their funds for the support of their own pastors, and gave them every right guaranteed to a Catholic subject. After his downfall, they sunk under their old oppression, in which they languish at the present day.

Thus have we gone over a few of the most striking

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incidents in the Waldensian history. Every candid reader must acknowledge that it is marked by extraordinary events, such as have attended no people since the Israelites performed their miraculous journey to the land of Canaan.

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CHAPTER VI.

PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL was born July 6, 1747, in Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener on the estate of Arbigland. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, though for what purpose is not stated; it was probably affixed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events, he rendered his new name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk in that of Paul Jones. By a large class of men Paul Jones is regarded as a sort of freebooter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a Godsend, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true, as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world, and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the seashore where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at

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an early age, abandoned his employment as gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live the hum-drum life of a gardener's son. To him, this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned; and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was received as a sailor on board the ship Friendship, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, and his whole future career shaped by it. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on the land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress to serve in the navy was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the Alfred. When the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag

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—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after. Our author thinks it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots as if about to spring, and that is the generally received opinion. At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat—twenty-nine years of age—healthy—well knit, though of light and slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American navy—the young gardener saw with joy the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles. A skillful seaman—at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man—he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition was the capture of New Providence, with a hundred cannon, and abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so, but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The Glasgow, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the Alfred, and exhibited that

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coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop Providence, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end; for he found himself, one day, chased by the English frigate Solebay, and despite of every exertion overhauled, so that at the end of four hours his vessel was brought within musket shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, Jones, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and nothing but his extraordinary seamanship saved him. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the Solebay on his weather quarter, when he suddenly exclaimed "up helm" to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and with his flag still fluttering in the breeze, passed within pistol shot of his powerful antagonist. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected manœuvre, or bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outsail the frigate before the wind, and he bore proudly away. He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was lying to, near the Isle of

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Sable, fishing, when the Milford hove in sight. Immediately putting his vessel in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could outsail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot crashing through his rigging might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days returned to Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton, to break up the fisheries; and though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month with four prizes and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing, on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition, Jones had command of the Alfred, but was superseded on his return, and put again on board his old sloop, the Providence. This was the

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commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that to get rid of him it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the mean time, he recommended measures to government respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which shows him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid—thanks to the first man who ever hoisted our flag on the seas.

Soon after (June, 1777), he was given command of the Ranger, and informed in his commission that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he hoisted this new flag, and put to sea in his badly-equipped vessel, steering for France, where he was, by order of his government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again put to sea in the Ranger, and steered

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for Quiberon Bay. Here, sailing through the French fleet with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea and boldly entered the Irish Channel and captured several prizes.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred ships lay in this port, protected by two batteries composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivaled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds —there appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was the more enticing it became. Once when government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the necessity of giving him a good one, "for," said he, "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight on the 22d of April (1778) when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats

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and thirty-one men and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened forward with *only one single man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze, and demanded of his lieutenant why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out, but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, prostrated. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier, and began to assemble in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found he poured over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town.

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The terrified inhabitants seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed towards the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment, and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea-gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered their waters, and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns which they began to fire, but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors in contempt fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter who remained behind to be called the "Saviour of Whitehaven;" but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hand of the spoiler, and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birthplace, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hill-tops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the

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bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kirdcudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success. The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of the Ranger that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels filled with citizens accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward and the vessel made feeble headway, but at length she made her last tack and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away and stood out into the centre of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had an imperfectly organized crew and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied, "The American continental ship Ranger! We are waiting for you; come on!"

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hill-tops were covered with spectators witnessing

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the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack.—Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside which was promptly returned, and the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, her fore and main-topsails were carried away—then the yards began to tumble, one after another, while her ensign, fallen also, draggled in the water. Still, Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect, while the topmen of the Ranger made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the stripes and stars—a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel, he gave up the Ranger, and soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the Indian; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with

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many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named "The Bon Homme Richard," "The Poor Richard." With seven sail in all—a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate—he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, had parted company to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance.

In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Frith of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four gun ship and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the pirate Paul Jones. Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender; but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

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At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the town, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines; so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell; but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffie, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for onything. Mickle's the mischief he has dune already. He'll burn their hooses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it; I hae been lang a faithful servant

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to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones' prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed for ever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra, and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale; for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for awhile, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, making, with the Richard, four ships, he stood to the North; when, on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort, while the two war ships advanced to the conflict. It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea, and all was smiling and tranquil on land as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The

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piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, while the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships, with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length, the cloudless sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waves. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disc above the horizon and shed a flood of light over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep. The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew, and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half worn out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rung back, "answer immediately, or I

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shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three old eighteen pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning. The broadsides now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore. The flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke they hung around the vessels, followed by the roar that shook the coast, while the dim moonlight, serving to but half reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside of each other, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing the bow and now passing the stern; pouring in each turn a terrific broadside that made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and manœuvring they kept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Captain Pearson hailed him, to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones: and, backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this broadside to broadside firing; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every

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timber in that of his antagonist was new and stanch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell off farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib-boom of the Serapis, carried it away, and the two ships swung broadside to broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and, in his eagerness to secure them, helped, with his own hands, to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, the anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles; and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman, nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns bursted and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bra-

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very unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and, blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with greater rapidity, so that, after a short time, they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge, the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from kelson to crosstrees, and heeled over, till her yardarms almost swept the water. In the mean time, his topmen did terrible execution. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture, the Alliance came up, and, instead of pouring its broadsides into the Serapis, hurled them against the poor Richard—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shots the Richard had received between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a stream. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter." Keeping up this cry, Jones hurled his pistol, which

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he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed, to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No," accompanied with an emphatic phrase, that told that the latter, with his colors flying, would go down, if he could do no better. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment; with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, telling them that if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus, making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this moment was awful, both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the Serapis, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult

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had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yardarm and yardarm of each other, continued, and nothing but the courage and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the Bon Homme Richard presented a most deplorable spectacle—she lay a perfect wreck on the sea, riddled through; and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her—she swayed from side to side like a dying man—then gave a lurch forward and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close with a rushing sound over her as she sunk with the dead who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight for the bravery with which he had defended his ship—what honor, then, did Jones deserve?

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to kill Jones, then take the English vessel, and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy

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at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in their engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American, and demanded, if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea his insolence would not be tolerated a moment. The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the stripes floating in the breeze, stood boldly out to sea. With his usual good luck, he escaped all the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away towards

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the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find Jones again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, and the almost equally infamous Arthur Lee, one of the American commissioners at Paris. At length, however, he was appointed to the Ariel, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the mean time, however, the French king had presented him a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the Cross of Military Merit.

On the 7th of September, he finally put to sea, but had hardly cleared the land when the wind changed and began to blow a perfect hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind that, although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand, and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape. As a last resort, he let go an anchor; but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside towards the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably catching in a rock, brought the ship round. That good

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anchor held like the hand of fate, and, though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows as if she would rend everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length, the main-mast fell with a crash against the mizen-mast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a perfect wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature, chained by the head to a ring that no power could sunder. She leaped and plunged and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her, and madly rush on the rocks, over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewed with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings who, though ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year, he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel, he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France, and, failing in a projected expedition to the North-West Coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction wherever he went. Failing again in his

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efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds had been spread throughout the world. The title of Chevalier had been given him by the French king; but he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels. But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburgh. On reaching Stockholm, he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice, that it was impossible to cross it; but, impatient to be on his way, he determined to sail round the ice to the southward in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition. He kept the boatmen ignorant of his plans, knowing that they would refuse to accompany him, until he got fairly out to sea. Then drawing his pistol, he told them to stretch out into the open Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger, he at length, on the fourth day, reached Revel, and set off for St. Petersburgh amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape almost as a miracle. He was received with honor by the empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear-admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created.

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He soon after departed for the Black Sea, and took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the empress, and the real czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburgh. Here he for a while fell into disgrace on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character, but finally, through Count Segur, the French ambassador, was restored to favor.

We do not propose to follow Jones throughout his entire career, filled as it was with constant adventures both on sea and land. In 1792, he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will; and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good evening, and departed. His physician coming soon after perceived his chair vacant, and on going to his bed found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a dispatch was received from the United States appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and an eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five—leaving a name that shall live as long as the Ameri-

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can navy rides the sea. In person, Jones was slight, being only five feet and a half high. A stoop in the shoulders diminished still more his stature. But he was firmly knit, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He had dark eyes, and a thoughtful, pensive look when not engaged in conversation; but his countenance lighted up in moments of excitement, and in battle became terribly determined. His lips closed like a vice, while his brow contracted with the rigidity of iron. The tones of his voice were then haughty in the extreme, and his words had an emphasis in them which those who heard never forgot. That he was brave as courage itself no one will doubt. He seemed unconscious of fear, and moved amid the storm of battle, and trod the deck of his shattered and wrecked vessel, like one above the power of fate. I do not believe he ever entertained the thought of surrendering his vessel to any force. It was a contingency he was unprepared for, and he acted as if convinced that his own iron will and resolute courage could overcome every obstacle. Thus, in his fight with the Serapis, he was fairly beaten several times, but did not seem to know it, and no doubt had resolved to sink with his flag flying. His boldness and success appear the more strange when one remembers what kind of vessels he commanded, of what materials his crews were composed, and the well-manned and ably-commanded vessels of his adversary. He would cruise without fear in a single sloop right before the harbors of England, and sail amid ships double the size of his own.

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But with all his fierceness in the hour of battle, he had as kind a heart as ever beat. His sympathy seemed almost like sentimentality. To see him in a hot engagement, covered with the smoke of cannon, himself working the guns, while the timbers around him were constantly ripping with the enemy's shot, or watch him on the deck of his dismasted vessel over which the hurricane swept and the sea rolled, one would have thought him destitute of emotion. But his reports of these scenes afterwards resembled the descriptions of an excited spectator unaccustomed to scenes of carnage and terror. He was an old Roman soldier in danger, but a poet in his after accounts of it.

Jones had great defects of character, but most of them sprung from his want of early education. He was haughty to his under officers, and frequently overbearing to his superiors. But his chief fault was his unbounded vanity. He would admit no superior, and hence never acknowledged that he received his deserts. He was constantly pushing his claims, till he wearied out his friends and sometimes disgusted his admirers. He was as bombastic as he was brave —a contradiction of character seldom exhibited.— There was something of the charlatan about him, which reminds one frequently of Bernadotte; and he never hesitated to puff himself, and dilate eloquently on his own achievements. Out of this same vanity grew his inordinate love of pomp and display. In this respect, he aped the nobles with whom he associated. But money was frequently wanted to carry

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out his extravagant notions, and hence he became unscrupulous in the means he used to obtain it. He was chivalric in his admiration of women—writing poetry and making love to some one in every port where he stopped—and frequently became involved in intrigues that lessen our respect for his character. He was a restless being, and his brain constantly teemed with schemes, all of which he deemed practicable, and hence became querulous and fault-finding when others disagreed with him. Many of his plans for the improvement of our marine were excellent, and it only wanted funds to render them worthy of immediate attention by our government. This restlessness grew out of his amazing energy—he was constantly seeking something on which to expend himself, and this was the reason he joined the Russian service after peace was proclaimed in the United States. It was this alone that carried him from his low condition through so many trials, and over so many obstacles, to the height of fame he at last reached.

He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency, considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force. His words were well chosen, and he was as able to defend himself with the pen as with the sword. He now and then indulged in poetry, especially in

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his epistles to the ladies, and his verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones; and as the man who first hoisted the American flag at sea, and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation, and the first who carried it victoriously through the fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance.

With such a man to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder it has covered itself with glory.

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CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ENGLISH historians have been laboring for a long time under what theologians call moral inability, in their attempts to give a correct history of Oliver Cromwell. There are four things, on either of which, till Carlyle appeared, no English writer could treat with the least justice or truth. These are, the American Revolution—the English and Irish connection—Bonaparte and his career, and Cromwell and the rebellion he represents. He who relies on English history, or takes his impressions from English literature on these points, will believe a fable and run wide of the truth in the conclusions he adopts.

Cromwell, perhaps, has suffered most of all from the hands of his English historians. Having condemned to death a king, overthrown the Established Church, and put plebeians in all the high places in the kingdom, and himself sat quietly down on the throne of the British Empire,—he stands, and has stood for ages, a sort of monster, of such horrid aspect and nature that to touch him at all is revolting, and to disturb his bones, except to dig them up for the gallows, a crime. Not only has the inveterate prejudice against him kept the light of truth from his

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character, but the deep and unparalleled obloquy that fell on him at the restoration of the Stuarts, prevented the preservation of papers and records so necessary to the formation of a correct judgment. The Great Rebellion has been a sort of indistinguishable chaos, out of which Cromwell arises in huge and clearly defined proportions only to be pelted with falsehoods and covered with scorn. Liberty, however, has kept her eye on him; and, amid the struggles for freedom which men have since passed through, her finger has pointed back to him in triumph.

Amid so many errors, so much prejudice and falsehood, these "Letters and Speeches" are the very best things that could be given to the world. Eulogies and defences would both be disbelieved, for English history constantly gives the lie to them — but here is authentic history against doubtful history— Oliver Cromwell, himself, rising up after this long silence, and appealing to every true man against his slanderers, and opening his innermost heart to the world. It is curious to observe the difference English writers make between the Great Rebellion, and the Revolution of 1688. Charles I. was executed for attempting to destroy the constitution of England— James II. driven from the throne for his invasion of English liberty—the father is tried and beheaded, and the son sent a returnless exile from his kingdom. James is charged with no crime of which Charles is not guilty—the Long Parliament exercised no prerogative the Convention of 1688 did not wield, and yet the Rebellion is stigmatized as infamous and mur-

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derous; the Long Parliament accused of transgressing its power, and Cromwell called a usurper; while the Revolution of 1688 is termed the Glorious Revolution, and William and Mary are hailed monarchs by the grace of God. Now what lies at the bottom of this difference of views and feelings? Here is the father decapitated, and the son exiled—the former more criminal than the latter; and yet heaven and earth are not wider apart than English historians have put the revolutions that overthrew them.

The cause of all this difference is simply this: the father was superseded by a commoner, and a thorough reformation made in the nobility and the Church; while the son was pushed out by royal blood—the Hanoverian line took the place of the Stuart line, respecting still the established order of things, while British blood had no stain put upon it. William could show kingly drops in his veins—Cromwell those only of a sturdy English farmer. This simple matter of blood makes William a benefactor and rightful sovereign, and Cromwell a curse and a usurper; though to us republicans, this side the water, the grounds of this distinction do not seem very rational or just.

But justice is at last come to Cromwell in this collection of his letters and speeches. This book will be a bitter pill for royalists and dainty nobility to swallow. While the commission appointed by Parliament are disputing whether they shall put Cromwell among the list of her great men, this work will place him beyond the reach of their votes, and be a nobler and

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more enduring monument than all the parliaments of the world could rear.

But before we speak of the *subject* of the book, we have one word to say of the *manner* in which Mr. Carlyle has treated it. All the worst faults of his style are found here, joined to a self-conceit that would not be tolerated in any other man. His familiarity with the German literature has very naturally affected his mode of expression. The German language is our own best Saxon inverted, and as one becomes acquainted with the deep and massive flow of its sentences, he unconsciously adapts his thoughts to their movement. Thus we imagine Carlyle's peculiarity of style originated; and what has been termed affectation, was the natural result of Germanizing a strong English mind. He has, however, nursed his oddities till they have grown into deformities, and in this work have reached, we trust, their full maturity. The quaintness of style we find in old Burton, Bunyan, and many of the Puritan fathers, was natural to them—growing out of their great simplicity and honesty of heart, and hence we love it—but in Mr. Carlyle it is extravagance, *premeditated* oddity, and hence is affectation. Who can tolerate, for instance, such English as the following, which we find in the introductory chapter. Speaking of the confusion and chaos into which the historical events of Cromwell's time have been thrown, he says, "Behold here the final evanescence of formed human things; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness; ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelli-

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gible maundering. This is the collapse—the etiolation of human features into mouldy, blank dissolution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous, ever-deepening dusk of gods and men! Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onward to those baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed dog? Some destiny drives him." If the history of those times was written in such jargon as this, no wonder it "has sunk into unintelligible maundering." A thought has tumbled out with this cartload of words, no doubt, and well worth digging after; but Carlyle has no right to put his readers to that trouble, when a straight-forward, good English sentence could so easily have expressed it.

There are also expressions scattered along that have no place in English literature, and should be denounced at once, lest the support of a great name should give them permanence there. Mr. Carlyle tells us of a man who was "no great shakes in rhyme," speaks of "Torpedo Dilettantism," and endeavors to make "Flunkey" and "Flunkeyism" classical words, and says that the Royalists shed tears enough at the death of Charles I. "to salt the whole herring fishery." He is constantly punning while treating of the gravest subjects—makes *bon-mots* as he goes along, and plays upon words as if his mind was divided between the thought and the oddity he would couple with it.

But the greatest objection of manner in this work is the interjections and ejaculations with which he

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peppers all of Cromwell's speeches. In these grave and solemn addresses of the Protector to his parliaments, when England's welfare hung by a thread, Carlyle acts the part of a clown in the circus, keeping up a running commentary in a sort of half soliloquy to his master's harangue—laughable at times, it must be confessed, but turning both into ridicule. The most serious words Cromwell ever uttered are interlarded with such phrases as, "Yes, your Highness," "Truly," "His Highness gets more emphatic," "The same tailor metaphor again," "Looks over his shoulder in the jungle and bethinks him," "I did think my first Protectorate a successful kind of a thing," "Somewhat animated, your Highness," "Poor Oliver!" "Style getting hasty hot," "Better not, your Highness," "Threatening to blaze up again," "Ends in a kind of a snort." Sometimes he throws in simply "ah?" "certainly," "truly," "ha?" "Yes, you said so, your Highness." Sometimes he condemns Cromwell's English in such parentheses as the following: ("Sentence involving an incurable Irish bull; the head of it eating the tail of it,") ("Damnable iteration,") &c. Sometimes he caresses patronizingly the massive head of Oliver, as if he were a great English mastiff, saying, "Yes, my brave one," "Try it again, your Highness," "Keep hold of them, your Highness," "Very well, your Highness," "No, we are not exactly their darlings," "Wait till the axles get warm a little."

These last sound to us very much like "Go it,

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your Highness!" "Stick to 'em, your Highness!" &c., and is more becoming the pit of a fourth-rate comic theatre than grave history. It is supremely disgusting, not only from the raillery it incorporates with such earnest, sincere language, but from the infinite self-conceit it exhibits by its gross familiarities. Who but Mr. Carlyle would presume to interrupt a man with such impertinent ejaculations; now gently twitching "His Highness" by the coat tail, and now patting him on the head, as much as to say, "Ah! my good fellow, exactly; we think alike." Conceive of these phrases thrown into speeches addressed to the Parliament of England, when England was rocking to and fro like a vessel in the storm, and you get some idea of the unblushing effrontery of their appearance. Mr. Carlyle, perhaps, is not aware of the relative position he establishes between himself and Cromwell by this process. It sounds to the reader very much as if he were constantly saying, "Yes, yes; I understand Oliver perfectly; he is a brave fellow—a little prolix, it is true, and sometimes muddy, but I like him, nevertheless, and am determined to help him through—he and I against the world." What we have said does not arise from prejudice, for Carlyle has no greater admirer than ourself. We have been enriched by the treasures of his exhaustless mind—excited and instructed by his burning thoughts, and borne away on those suggestions that leap from his brain, like sudden inspirations, and have reverently stood and listened as he spoke. Still,

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his greatness does not convert his faults into virtues, or render them less worthy of condemnation.

Mr. Carlyle is alike above our praise or blame; he has passed through the trial state, and now occupies a place in English literature where the stroke of even the English critic cannot harm him. But the higher his position, and the wider his influence, the more carefully should his errors be pointed out and shunned; for, while few can imitate his great qualities, all men can appropriate his bad ones.

We have one other objection to Mr. Carlyle's part of this work, which we have, also, to all his historical writings—he does not give us clearly the *philosophy* of history. His French Revolution conveys no definite idea of the connected course of the events he hurries us through. Huge summits rise out of the chaos, blazing with light, or equally visible from their blackness; scenes start into life before us, vivid as a passing reality, and great pictures come and go in fearful procession on the vision—while the wizard, who is working all these wonders in our presence, is talking in the mean time in strains of sublime eloquence, till the soul stands amazed at the thoughts that waken up equally strange thoughts within. Still, when it is all passed, the mind struggles in vain after the thread which connects them together. The *principle* that lay at the bottom of this movement is developed clearly enough; but the causes which set that principle working, and *kept* it working so fearfully, are invisible or dimly seen. So in this work—no one, by reading it, would get a definite idea of

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the English Revolution. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle, as he designs to write a history of that event, purposely omitted to give us a synopsis of it. But Oliver Cromwell is nothing without it. True, much of his life is taken up as an officer in the army; but the scattered threads of that Rebellion were finally gathered into his mighty hand, and he henceforth stands as the representative or rather the embodiment of it. But not only does he omit to give us a synopsis of the Revolution itself, but states a palpable error. He more than once affirms that religion lay entirely at the bottom of it. Cromwell, doubtless, had very little idea of constitutional liberty, and a religious feeling was the groundwork of all his actions; and Mr. Carlyle, being so deeply engrossed with his character, seems for the time to forget the events that preceded his appearance on the stage.

The English Revolution was the natural product of the growth of civilization; and aimed, like the French Revolution, against three distinct things—absolute monarchy, a privileged aristocracy, and a haughty and grasping clergy. The little liberty which the fifteenth century shed on man had well-nigh gone out in the beginning of the seventeenth. On the continent, royalty had gradually subdued the proud nobility till it reigned supreme. In England, the feudal aristocracy had not been conquered, but had gone to sleep before the throne. Royalty no longer set checks on its encroachments, and *it* no longer interfered with royalty in its aggressions on the liberties of the people. The clergy, too, blind

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and selfish, sought to retard rather than advance the human mind in its career. But the light of the Reformation could not be put out. The impulse given to free inquiry could not be checked; men dared to think and believe without the Church; and we see, even in the time of Elizabeth, the germs of the Rebellion. She, by the crown lands she had sold to country gentlemen, to avoid asking for subsidies, had gradually passed large wealth into the hands of those who were to be the future members of the House of Commons; so that, when Charles I. assembled Parliament, in 1628, the Commons were twice as rich as the House of Lords. Commerce had also increased, and wealth was every day accumulating in the hands of the common people. This must be secured, and checks erected to preserve it from the grasping hand of tyranny.

The Parliament had no sooner assembled, than it began to search every department of government. Past and future subsidies came under its cognizance; the state of religion, the repression of popery, and the protection of commerce. There were a host of complaints preferred, termed grievances, which the Parliament determined should be redressed. These being boldly presented to the king, he considered it an encroachment on his sovereignty—an incipient step towards forcing him to submit to all their demands. As he, however, wanted subsidies to carry on the war in Spain, he swallowed his vexation, and asked for money.

A small subsidy was voted him, together with the

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custom duties for one year. The Lords refused to sanction this, as it had been the custom heretofore to vote these duties to a king during his reign. But the Commons, before they would grant more, demanded a redress of their grievances. The king, indignant at this attempt, as he termed it, to compel him to act, thus encroaching on his sovereignty, dissolved the Parliament, determined to govern without it. Succeeding but poorly, however, in his efforts to raise money by loans, he in February again assembled it. The first Parliament asked for redress of grievances; the second immediately impeached the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, as the *author* of their grievances. During the futile efforts to bring him to trial, Charles had two of the commissioners, appointed by the House to support the impeachment, arrested and locked up in the Tower for insolence of speech. The Commons, indignant at this encroachment upon their privileges, refused to do anything till they were set at liberty, and the king yielded. Defeated and baffled on every side, he summarily dissolved this Parliament also. Determined to be an absolute sovereign, like the monarchs of Europe, he could not see the spirit that was abroad, and hence rushed blindly on his own ruin. A general loan was ordered; the seaports and maritime districts commanded to furnish vessels (the first attempt at ship-money); passive obedience was preached up by direction of the king; those who refused to grant the money were thrown into prison; the military were distributed over the kingdom; the courts of justice were

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overawed, and Charles I. seemed resolved to carry his doctrine of tyranny by one grand *coup de main.* But he only awakened indignation and hostility, and nursed the fire he expected to quench. In the mean time, defeat had attended the armies abroad, and money must be raised; and another Parliament was called (March 7, 1628), and a tone of great conciliation adopted. But the friendly aspect with which it opened soon changed; the Commons, intent on having their liberties secured, and the rights of Englishmen defined, drew up the famous "Petition of Rights." This was simply a bill to guarantee acknowledged liberties, and check acknowledged abuses; but Charles thought his word was better than all guaranties, and refused, at first, to have anything to do with it.

After a stormy time in the House, the bill passed, and the king was compelled to sign it. But reform on paper began to be followed by demands for reform in practice; and two remonstrances were drawn up, one against the Duke of Buckingham, and the other against having tonnage and poundage levied, except, like other taxes, by law. The king saw there was no end to this cry about grievances, and, losing all patience—in June, three months from the time of its assembling—prorogued Parliament.

The second session of Parliament commenced in January of the next year. Grievances again appeared on the tapis, till the king could not endure the word. Reforms, both in religious and civil matters, were loudly demanded; and, at length, the tonnage

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and poundage duties came up again. A second remonstrance was about to be carried, when the Speaker informed the House that the king had ordered him not to put the motion, and rose to retire. "*God's wounds,*" said the fierce Hollis, "*you shall sit till it please the House to rise.*" The king, hearing of the outbreak, sent the sergeant-at-arms to remove the mace, and thus arrest all business. But he, too, was kept firmly seated, and the doors of the House locked. A second messenger came to dissolve the Parliament, but could not gain admission. Boiling with rage, at being thus defied on his very throne, he called the captain of his guards, and ordered him to force the doors. But the vote had been carried, and the House of Commons declared to the world that the levying of tonnage and poundage "duties was illegal, and those guilty of high treason who should levy or even pay them." The Parliament was, of course, dissolved. It was a stormy session, and here Cromwell first appears on the stage, making a fierce speech against a priest, whom he terms no better than a Papist.

Charles—now fully resolved to govern alone—commenced his arbitrary career by imprisoning some of the most daring leaders of the last Parliament. Then commenced a long succession of illegal acts to raise money—long-abolished imposts were re-established—illegal fines levied and rights invaded. The courts were overawed, magistrates removed, and tyranny, unblushing and open, everywhere practiced. The Church, too, came in for its share of power. It became concentrated in the hands of the bishops—the

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observance of the liturgy and cathedral rights were enforced, and Nonconformists turned out of their livings, and, forbidden to preach, were sent wandering over the country. Persecution commenced—a system of espionage was carried on, and a petty tyranny practiced by that incarnation of all meanness and villany, Laud. The Puritans began to leave in crowds for other more tolerant countries. The people were enraged—even the country nobility and wealthy gentlemen took fire at these accumulated wrongs, and all was ripe for an explosion. Men were put in the stocks for circulating pamphlets that denounced the injustice of the times, and their ears cropped off in presence of the people. But the elements were only more deeply stirred by every act of tyranny, and at length they seemed to reach their full height when John Hampden, who had refused to pay the ship-money tax, and demanded a trial, was condemned.

In the mean time, the attempt to force the English liturgy down the throats of the sturdy Scotch Calvinists had raised a whirlwind in Scotland, and the self-conceited Laud found he had run his hand into a hornet's nest. Edinburgh was in a blaze, and the excited crowds from every part came thronging through the streets—Highlander and Lowlander, noble and commoner, struck hands together, and old Scotland stood up in her might, with her solemn "Covenant" in her hand, and swore to defend it to the last. The fiery cross went flashing along the glens, through the valleys, and over the mountains, and in six weeks, Scotland was ready to do battle for her rights. Poor

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Charles was frightened at the spirit he had raised, and strove to lay it; but, failing in this, he marched his armies against the Covenanters. Imbecile, like all Stuarts, the invasion ended in smoke, and the baffled king called another Parliament in order to raise some money. It met, April 13, 1640. Charles had got along eleven years without a Parliament, but now was fairly driven to the wall. But during eleven years of dissolution, the Commons had not forgotten grievances, and when the king asked for supplies, he received in reply, "grievances." Nothing could be done with a Parliament that talked only of grievances, and in three weeks it was dissolved. This was in May; in October, Parliament again met—the famous Long Parliament. Exasperated at its dissolution—enraged at the falsehoods and tyranny of the king—perceiving, at last, that he, with his favorite the Earl of Strafford, was bent on breaking down the Constitution of England—it met, with the stern purpose of taking the management of affairs in its own hands. The king saw, at a glance, that he had got to retreat or close in a mortal struggle with his Parliament. The respect they showed him at the opening speech, was cold, and even haughty. The proud determination that sat on their countenances awed even the monarch, and the fierce indignation that broke forth after his departure told his friends that a crisis had come. Every member had some petition from his constituents to offer, and the eleven years of arbitary rule that Charles had tried, and now was compelled to abandon, received a

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terrible review. Monopolies, ship-money, illegal arrests, the despotism of the bishops and the action of arbitrary courts, came up in rapid succession, each adding to the torrent of indignation that was about to roll on the throne. One of the first acts of this Parliament was to declare every member of their body who had taken part in any monopoly unfit to sit with them, and four were immediately excluded. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on the king and his party, and revived the hopes of the people. The Presbyterian preachers resumed their livings—suppressed pamphlets were again sent abroad on the wings of the wind—Church despotism dare not wag its head, and yet no legal steps had been taken to produce this change. The people felt that Parliament was on their side, and took confidence in resisting oppression. Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower, and the next blow fell on the heartless Archbishop Laud. Things began to look significant—the head of civil oppression and the leader of religious despotism were struck within a short time of each other, and the character of the coming Revolution clearly pronounced. The next step was still more significant. A bill was carried, making it necessary that a Parliament should assemble at least once in three years, and should not be dissolved till fifty days after its meeting. The king, though filled with rage, was compelled to sanction it. No sooner was this done, than the Star Chamber, ecclesiastical court of high commission, and all the extraordinary tribunals which the king had erected were abolished.

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Last of all, Parliament declared that it had power alone to terminate its sittings. Thus tumbled down stone after stone of England's huge feudal structure, and such men as Hampden, Pym, and Hollis, began to look toward the abolishment of kingly power altogether. Religious matters also came up, and petitions were poured in demanding the entire abolition of episcopacy. The people had begun to think; and the quarrel which had commenced with Charles and his Parliament had been taken up by the people, and the struggle was between liberty and oppression in every department.

In the mean time, Strafford's head rolled on the scaffold. This was in 1641. In August, the king visited Scotland, and devoutly attended Presbyterian churches—heard the long prayers and longer sermons of Presbyterian preachers with becoming gravity, and Parliament adjourned. In the fall, however, it assembled again, and a general remonstrance was drawn up, setting forth the grievances of the kingdom, and defining all the privileges that freedom demanded. Amid a storm of excitement it passed. Cromwell backed it with his stern and decided action. The king returned, and was again in collision with his Parliament. In the mean time, popular outbreaks commenced in London—the houses of bishops were in danger of being mobbed, and Charles found himself on a wilder sea than he had ever dreamed of. The Parliament now began to reach out its hand after the control of the army, and there seemed no limit to the reforms proposed.

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The next year, 1642, five members of the House were suddenly accused of high treason for the prominent part they had taken in the affairs of the kingdom. The king sent his sergeant-at-arms to take them in custody; but the House would not give them up, and declared that consideration was required before such a breach of privilege could be allowed. The next day the king came with an armed force to arrest them. At the news, swords flashed in the Hall of Parliament, and brows knit in stern defiance. But better counsels prevailed, and the five members were hurried away, before Charles with his armed guard approached. The birds had flown, but the king made a speech, declaring that he expected the accused, as soon as they returned, would be sent to him, and departed. As he strode through the door, "Privilege! privilege!" smote his ear. The next day the citizens rushed to arms, and all was in commotion; and, as the king passed through the crowd, it was silent and cold, and a pamphlet was thrown into his carriage, headed, "*To your tents, O Israel!*"

Here is the beginning of the war. The Parliament found that it must surround itself with armed force for self-protection. And armed force begat armed force, till civil war broke out in all its fury. Hitherto Charles had professed great affection and respect for the Parliament—made endless promises, and broke them, "on the word of a king." His duplicity was no longer of avail. The mask was off—hostilities had commenced; and though peace could be, and was, talked about, Parliament would never

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let power again rest in the hands of a monarch who seemed to have no moral sense respecting truth and falsehood. The word of a London pickpocket could be relied on as soon as his. Besides, the leaders of Parliament now lived with a halter about their necks; and, let Charles once gain the power he formerly wielded, he would make summary work with them.

With the departure of the king and the commencement of the civil war, Parliament proceeded to assume more and more power; and though negotiations were still kept up, reformation had yielded to revolution, and the elements were unbound. The battle of Edgehill opened the tragedy, which, in its bloody performance, was to see the throne of England go down, and the head of its king roll on the scaffold. Cromwell now presents himself on the stage to some purpose, and there is little danger of his being lost sight of again. The years of 1642 and 1643 were eventful ones, for the sword of civil war was drinking blood on every side. At the end of 1643, the reformation was complete; Parliament had done all it wished; but things had gone too far to stop. The army had gradually acquired power, as it always does in war, and its leader was carried on towards the control of the kingdom. In 1648, Charles I. was executed, and kingship in England for the time ended.

The progress of things during the civil wars we design to take up again with Cromwell. But in this condensed synopsis the career and separate steps of the Revolution may be traced out. First, Parliament wished to place some restrictions on arbitrary power

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—nothing more. The resistance and madness of Charles aroused indignation, and boldness and discussion. The natural result was, clearer views of their own rights, and of the injustice of the king's arbitrary conduct. The king, instead of yielding with grace, multiplied his tyrannical acts, and incensed still more the Commons of England. Not satisfied with pleasing the imbecile and driveling Laud, he undertook to fetter the consciences of the people, and force episcopacy down their throats. As if bent on his own ruin, he transferred, or rather extended, the quarrel from Parliament to every town in the land, and thus made the excitement and opposition universal. Slight reforms were sought in the first place; but the principles of justice, on which the demand for them was based, soon brought grievances to light whose removal would infringe on the sovereignty of the king. The king resisted, but the Commons stood firm; and, as soon as the people found they had a strong ally, they brought in their grievances on religious matters. Broken promises, falsehoods, secret and open tyranny, practiced everywhere by the king or bishops, rendered the breach between the monarch and his subjects wider—until at last royal bayonets gleamed around the Parliament. Assailed by physical force, Parliament sought to protect itself by force also, and civil war took the place of discussion and remonstrance, and revolution succeeded reformation. There was nothing unnatural in this. The same result will follow in every despotism of Europe, so soon

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as there can be a representation of the people bold enough to ask justice.

For taking part in such a movement of the English people—fighting bravely for the English constitution and religious liberty, and finally bringing the Revolution to the only peaceful termination it could have had, Oliver Cromwell has been termed a regicide, a monster, and a tyrant. This work of Mr. Carlyle's puts the mark of falsehood on these accusations, and presents the man before us in his simple majesty and noble integrity. The speeches and letters of a man —both public and private—must reveal his character; and, if there be any hypocrisy in him, it will appear. But here we have a hundred and sixty-seven letters, written in various periods of his life, to persons of every description—even to his wife and children and relatives—and yet no inconsistency in his character is seen. Those who term him a hypocrite, would do well to explain this fact. Before the idea of power had ever dawned on his mind, or he had ever dreamed a letter of his would be seen, except by his family, he utters the same religious sentiments, indulges in the same phrases which, repeated in public, bring down on him the charge of cant, hypocrisy, and design. These letters and speeches show him consistent throughout; and Mr. Carlyle has for ever removed the obloquy that covered him, and given him that place in history which should have been granted long ago. The triumph is the more complete, from its being effected not by eulogies, but by the man's self, lifted up in his simplicity and grandeur before the

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world. No one can read this work without obtaining a clear and definite view of Cromwell he never can forget. Perhaps some of the very faults we have mentioned in it have rendered the picture more complete. Mr. Carlyle has given us Cromwell as he was, and as he will be received by future generations. We see him in every step of his progress; there are the same massive features, and grave countenance, and serious air, with here and there indications of a volcano within. Whether wandering by the banks of the Ouse—gloomy and desponding, as he attempts to look into that mysterious eternity to which he is hastening—or riding all fierce and terrible amid his *Ironsides* through the smoke of battle—or with hat on his head standing on the floor of Parliament, and hurling defiance on all around—or praying in the midst of the midnight storm as life is receding—we still stand in his presence, live, move, speak with him. There is no English writer that equals Carlyle in this pictorial power—revealing rather than describing things, and bidding us look on them, rather than conceive them.

Born in 1599, Cromwell was thirty-six years old when the first Parliament was convoked by Charles I. Unlike most distinguished characters, he entered on public life late, and was forty years of age before he took any part in the scenes in which he was afterwards to be the chief actor. His history is a forcible illustration of the effect of circumstances on a man's fortune. Had England remained quiet, Cromwell would have spent his energies in draining the fens on

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his farm, and improving his estate, and died a good, straightforward English gentleman. But the field which the Revolution opened to him soon scattered his plans for the improvement of his lands to the wind, and the too thoughtful, too contemplative religionist, entered on a life of action that left his disordered fancy little time to people his brain with gloomy forms.

Of Cromwell's early life very little is known; but Mr. Carlyle has doubtless given all that ever will be discovered, and traced his genealogy to the right source. Cromwell appears in the third Parliament of Charles, 1628–9, in which the famous Petition of Rights, before spoken of, was carried. He seems to have taken very little part in the stormy proceedings of the several parliaments, and during the first two years of the Long Parliament nothing is heard of him. He went home to his farm a few weeks at the adjournment of Parliament, during the king's visit to Scotland; but is found in his place again when it is assembled. He witnessed the stormy debate on the "Grand Petition and Remonstrance," when the excitement waxed so high that members came near drawing their swords on each other; and gazed—one may guess with what feelings—on King Charles, as he came with his armed force to seize the five members accused of high treason. The lessons he learned in these agitated scenes, like those which Bonaparte received from the tragedies of the French Revolution, were not forgotten by him in his after career.

When the king and Parliament finally came into

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open collision, and both were struggling to raise an army, Cromwell's course for the first time becomes clearly pronounced. His arm is better than his tongue; and, as Parliament has passed from words into action, he immediately takes a prominent position, which he ever after maintains. Charles is still regarded as King of England, and the Parliament has sent to him to know if he will grant them "power of militia," and accept the list of Lord Lieutenants which they had sent him. "No, by God," he answers, "not for an hour;" and so militia must be raised in some other way than through royal permission.

This was in March, 1642; the next July we find Cromwell moving that the town of Cambridge be allowed to raise two companies of volunteers, and appoint captains over them, giving, himself, a hundred pounds towards the object.

Here is high treason at the outset; and, if the king shall conquer, loss of life and property will follow. But he has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. The next month he has seized the magazine in the castle of Cambridge, and prevented the plate of the University from being carried off by the king's adherents.

The same volunteer system was carried out in every shire of England favorable to the course of Parliament. An army was organized, and the Earl of Essex was placed at its head. In the list of troops made out, with their officers, Cromwell's name was found as captain of *troop sixty-seven*. His son was cornet in a troop of horse under Earl Bedford. The

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battle of Edgehill was fought—the first appeal to arms—and Cromwell's sword was there first drawn for his country. The victory was doubtful, and both parties claimed it. The country was now fairly aroused, and associations were formed during the winter, in various counties, for mutual defence. Cromwell is found at the head of the "Eastern Association," the only one that survived and flourished, and is riding hither and thither to collect troops and enforce order, and repel invasion. The hidden energy of the man begins to develop itself, and his amazing practical power to be felt. At the battle of Edgehill, he saw the terror the royal cavalry carried through the parliamentary horse, and he spoke to Hampden about it after the conflict was over, saying, "How can it be otherwise, when your horse are for the most part superannuated domestics, tapsters, and people of that sort, and theirs are the sons of gentlemen, men of quality. Do you think such vagabonds have soul enough to stand against men of resolution and honor?"

"You are right," replied Hampden; "but what can be done?"

"I can do something," said Cromwell; "and *I will*. I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do, and I promise you they shall not be beaten."

It was in this winter's efforts that the nucleus of that famous body of horse to which he gave the name of Ironsides was formed. He selected for it religious

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men, who fought for conscience' sake, and not for pay or plunder; and, while he enforced the most rigid discipline, he inflamed them with the highest religious enthusiasm. Fighting under the especial protection of heaven, and for God and religion, they would rush to battle as to a banquet, and embrace death with rapture. Here were Napoleon's famous cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, under whose terrible charge the best infantry of the world went down. Borne up, however, by a higher sentiment than glory, they carried in their charge greater power, and *this body of a thousand horse was never beaten.* When, with the fearful war-cry, "RELIGION!" Cromwell hurled them on the foe, the tide of battle was always turned.

Nothing shows the practical sagacity of Cromwell more than his introduction of the religious sentiment into the army. Bonaparte could not do this, and so he did the next best thing—instilled the love of glory. The former made religion popular in the army and in the kingdom, and his bulletins to Parliament were more like the letters of a clergyman to his presbytery than the reports of a general to his government. Scripture phrases came into common use, and custom soon made proper and natural what now seems to us the mere cant of hypocrisy. It is not to be supposed that the solemn look, and nasal tone, and Bible language of the Puritans indicated, as a general thing, any piety. These things became the fashion—made common, it is true, by a strong religious feeling—and fashion could make the people of New York talk in the same strain. Cromwell had a deep religious

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feeling, and felt himself an instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great work. It is a little singular that all those great men who have effected sudden and unexpected changes in human affairs, have always regarded themselves as under the influence of a special destiny. If a heathen, he has been the favorite of the gods; if a Christian, like Cromwell, the mere agent of Supreme Power; if an unbeliever, like Napoleon, under the influence of some star.

These Ironsides were religious men, who could hold prayer-meetings in their tents, and sing psalms through their noses; and he who would walk over the tented field at evening, and witness their praying-circles, and listen to their nasal chantings, might think himself in a Methodist camp-meeting, and curl his lip at the thought of their being warriors. But whoever saw them with their helmets on, and with their sabres shaking above their heads, and their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, sweeping like a thunder-cloud to battle, would ever after tread softly by their prayer-meetings, and listen to their psalms like one who hears music around the lip of a volcano.

From this time, the Revolution became essentially a religious one, and the Parliament and the army were both Presbyterian. Its character did not change but once to the end, and that was when the Independents overcame the Presbyterians, and finally obtained the supreme control. The causes leading to both of these results were perfectly natural. After political re-

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forms, religious questions came up; and the king and the Established Church banding together, it was natural they should go down together, and a different political and religious government be adopted. The former became a parliamentary government, and the latter a Presbyterian church. The religious character of this new church organization became still more clearly pronounced by the league which Parliament made with Scotland. Its help was sought in the effort to overthrow the king; but Scotland would not grant it, unless Parliament would subscribe to the Scotch Covenant. This was done, and Cromwell's voice was heard swearing to the Covenant. But in revolution every irregularity develops itself, the restraints are taken off from the mind, its old barriers are removed, and it is launched forth upon an unknown sea. When each one is allowed to think for himself, men are sure not to think alike; and there sprung up in England what is constantly seen here—numberless sects—each strenuous for its peculiar tenets. There were the Independents, who rejected the Scotch Covenant—demanded more freedom of belief—repudiated the Established Church organizations, and asked for the same republicanism in the Church that had been introduced in the State: the Brownists, and Anabaptists, and Levelers (your thorough Jacobins and modern Radicals): Fifth Monarchy Men (modern Millerites), and many still unsettled in their belief. All these, the natural growth of a Revolution that had become religious in its character, gradually concentrated their strength against

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the Presbyterians; and Cromwell himself taking sides with the Independents, the army was ranged on their side; and in time the army, as it always must in a revolution, ruled everything.

From 1642, when the first battle of Edgehill was fought, to 1653, when Cromwell annihilated with his musketeers the fag end (the rump) of the Long Parliament, were eleven years of trouble and uncertainty. But, whether fighting with the Scots against the king, or beleaguering Edinburgh with his little army; whether quelling insurrection in different parts of the kingdom, or bending his vast energies against his monarch in a pitched battle, Cromwell rises before us as the same determined, self-collected, and resolute man. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God, or trampling down the ranks of the enemy under the hoofs of his cavalry—whether lost in a strange enthusiasm over a psalm of David, or standing alone, the rock around which the waves of the Revolution finally calmed themselves to rest, or sunk in fruitless rage—he exhibits the same lofty purpose and steadfast heart. Dismayed by no obstacle, disheartened by no reverses, he leans in solemn faith on the arm of the God of battles and of truth. Without the feverish anxiety which belongs to ambition, or the dread of defeat which accompanies love of glory, he is impelled onward by a feeling of duty, and loses himself in the noble cause for which he struggles. Acting under the eye of Heaven, with his thoughts fixed on that dread judgment where he must render up a faithful record of his deeds, he

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vacillates only when he doubts what is right, and fears only when a pure God rises before him.

Nothing but lofty motives could have drawn him, at his age, into the career he followed. The fervor and enthusiasm of youth had fled, and he had reached an age when the call of ambition begins to sound faint and doubtful. A sober, religious farmer, he girded on the sword when *forty-three* years of age, and, taking his oldest son, who bore his name, entered the field where anything but glory seemed to be the promised reward. That beloved son he saw fall before the blow of the foeman; and, though he had a wife and family to bind him to life, he seemed to be unconscious he had a life to lose. By his bold and decided action, his rapid movements, his rigid discipline, and boiling courage, he triumphed over the most overwhelming obstacles, performed prodigies of valor, and filled the world with the renown of his deeds—and yet he refused all praise to himself, referring everything to the goodness of God. Yet there was no blind credulity in this reliance on Heaven, no sluggish dependence; for he strained every energy, and employed every means, as if all rested on himself. That he carried his ideas of special Providence too far, few of the present day will doubt. He thought the glorious era, when the Israelites marched behind the pillar of fire and of cloud, and were guided in every step by the direct interposition of Heaven, might be restored. No one who has studied Cromwell's character deeply, can doubt that he contemplated establishing a kind of Theocracy, in

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which the nation should be a pure church, and God its Head. His mind had got into this channel, and hence he was prevented from having those broad and expansive views of constitutional liberty which one is led to expect of him. That so thorough a political man should have nourished so visionary a theory seems strange enough; but the truth is, notwithstanding his stern, rugged, and unpoetic nature, Cromwell had a touch of superstition about him, which his matter-of-fact character and practical life could not remove. This did not turn him into a fanatic, or drive him into monkish habits or gloom, nor even fetter the free action of his mental powers; it only gave them a religious direction. He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, though he had something very nearly akin to it. He never startled men by those sudden inspirations that sometimes flash forth from the soul of genius like foreshadowings of future events, yet he saw farther than the other great men of his time, and alone was capable of conducting the Revolution to the goal it reached. As a military man, he showed no depth of combination, adopted no new tactics of his own, and introduced no improvements in military science.

Yet he beat the best generals of the kingdom, fought successfully against the most overwhelming numbers, and gained every battle he fought. It is idle to speak of such a man as a mere creature of circumstances. Facts are better than theories—and the power Cromwell obtained, the success that attended every effort, and the steady hand with which he held

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all the raging elements of the Revolution in check, show him to have possessed a character of amazing strength, even though it exhibited no single extraordinary quality. Sudden and great success may attend a weak mind in certain favorable circumstances; but, in a long, protracted, and complicated struggle, the strong man alone wins. The plebeian who, in England under any circumstances, can bring successively to his feet, king, Parliament, and people—quietly and firmly seat himself down on the throne of the British empire—wield its vast destinies, control its amazing energies, and, after years of experience, die in peace and power, leaving a flourishing Commonwealth to his successor—must possess a grasp of thought and power seldom found in a single soul.

There is no difficulty in analyzing the career of Cromwell. His life, divided into two parts, military and civil, is exhibited clear as noonday in these letters. He commenced his military career as captain of a troop, and gradually fought his way up to commander-in-chief of the army. With a tenacity of will that nothing could shake, and courage that nothing could resist; simple and austere in his manners, given to no excesses, and claiming no share of the plunder; he soon gained such influence over the soldiers that they would follow him into any danger. In short, the success which attended all his efforts made him necessary to the army; so that we find, after the self-denying ordinance was passed, by which members of Parliament are forbidden to hold command in the army, Cromwell is retained by special

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permission month after month, till finally no one thinks of removing him.

The battle of Edgehill was fought in 1642; the next year Cromwell was busy subduing the country, fighting bravely at Gainsborough and Winceby, killing Cavendish at the former place. In 1644, the famous battle of Marston Moor took place. The king's army, of nearly 30,000 men, was utterly routed, and almost entirely by Cromwell and his Ironsides. The Scots fought bravely, and "delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there;" but Prince Rupert's cavalry rode down everything in their passage, and the whole right wing of the Parliamentary army was routed. The royalists continued the pursuit, sabering down the fugitives, till, weary with the work of death, they returned to the victorious battle-field. But to their surprise, on coming up, they found Cromwell in possession of it with his brave Ironsides. Letting the routed army take care of itself, he fell with his cavalry on the enemy, riding straight through their divided ranks, and sweeping the field like a hurricane. His allies, the Scotch cavalry, had all been dispersed, yet he and his Ironsides dashed on Prince Rupert's horse, that had hitherto never been beaten, and rode them down with terrible slaughter.

The joy of the people was immense—the royalist cavalry had been broken for the first time; and Cromwell had done it.

The next year he is appointed commander-in-chief

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of the cavalry, and prostrates for ever the king's cause at the battle of Naseby. A few hours before it began, Cromwell arrived on the field, and the welcome the army gave him shows with what enthusiasm he was loved by the soldiers. As they saw him ride along their lines, they sent up a universal shout like the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," with which the French army was wont to greet the appearance of Napoleon. Many a deed of personal prowess had been performed, and many an exhibition of high chivalric courage made, before his presence could send such exultation through the army.

Cromwell commanded the cavalry at the battle, and new confidence visited every heart as they saw the favored child of victory casting his stern eye over the ranks of his Ironsides. It was on a cold January morning that the battle was fought, and the war-cry of the Puritans, that day, was, "*God is with us.*" It rolled along their lines in one majestic shout as they moved to the attack. The battle was the fiercest that had been fought. Prince Rupert, with his usual success, dashed down on the left wing of the Parliament army, and overthrew it. Cromwell did the same thing on the right, and broke the left wing of the royalists; but Rupert followed after the fugitives, while Cromwell, leaving a small company to prevent those he had routed from rallying, retired to the field to finish the victory. Here, as at Marston Moor, he exhibited the perfect command he had over himself and his followers in the heat of battle. Carried away by no success—beguiled into no pursuit, he stopped

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at the right point, and with wonderful self-possession and skill rallied his men, and poured them afresh on the dense masses of infantry. The severe discipline to which he subjected his soldiers, placed them at his control in the midst of the wildest confusion. This, doubtless, was one great cause of his success.

This battle finished the king, and he tried to make peace with his Parliament. Cromwell, in the mean time, overrun England, subduing the towns that still adhered to the royal cause. Now scattering the club-men, and now storming Bristol, he marched from point to point with a celerity that astonished his enemies, and soon reduced the whole country. Civil war, then, for awhile ceased; and from 1646 to 1648 political and religious affairs were in inextricable confusion. Between the king and Parliament, and army, and Presbyterians, and Independents, everything got reduced to chaos. In Parliament, the Presbyterians and Independents struggled against each other like the Girondists and Mountain in the French Convention. The army was on the side of the Independents, and hence the Presbyterians undertook to crush Cromwell. The king in the mean time rejoiced in the divisions, hoping by them to benefit himself. But Cromwell, though frequently on the verge of ruin, maintained his position, nay, increased his power. The army, notwithstanding some defections, still clung to him. The confusion, however, into which it had fallen by tampering, now with the king, and now with the Parliament, has furnished us with a curious piece of history illustrative of those times. The

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officers, and among them Cromwell, seeing the divided state the army was in, and scarcely knowing which way to turn, concluded to call a prayer-meeting and pray over the subject. The prayer-meeting met at Windsor Castle, and the day was passed in fasting and supplication, but without bringing any answer from Heaven. It met again the next day, and ended with the same success. The third morning these stern warriors assembled for the last time to ask the Lord for his guidance. At length, according to Adjutant-General Allen, light broke in upon their darkness, and the cause of their troubles was revealed. "Which," says the Adjutant-General, "*we found to be those cursed carnal conferences;* our own conceited wisdom, fears, and want of faith had prompted us the year before to entertain with the king and his party." These honest-hearted men had hit the truth, without doubt. It *was* "*those cursed carnal conferences*" with the king, and nothing else, that had well-nigh ruined the cause of English liberty. But one would think that they might have stumbled on this plain fact without fasting and praying three days over it—especially Cromwell, we should suppose, might have understood it; for he well-nigh wrecked his vessel on that truthless monarch, whose fate it was to ruin all who attached themselves to his fortune. At all events, the "cursed carnal conferences" were broken up, and hence the three days of fasting and prayer had been well spent.

A short time after, in the beginning of 1648, the second civil war broke out. Royalist Presbyterians

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leaguing with Scotch Presbyterians, becoming alarmed at the disorders and dissensions that increased on every side, determined to place Charles, now a prisoner, again on the throne. The insurrection first showed itself in Wales, and thither Cromwell, glad to escape from the quarrels with Parliament, hastened with his army. Succeeding in restoring peace, he hurried to the North to meet the Scotch army that had invaded England, and utterly routed them at Preston. The next year he invaded Ireland, to quell the insurrection there. Previous to his Irish campaign, however, he sits in judgment on Charles Stuart, and his name stands third in the list of those that signed his death-warrant.

In 1650, he again invaded Scotland, which was still intent on placing the Stuart line on the throne; and, after reducing it to subjection, returns to England, fights the battle of Worcester, and, after having subdued all his enemies, re-enters Parliament. Finding this rump of the Long Parliament to be utterly inadequate to the wants of England, he breaks it up, as Bonaparte did the imbecile Directory, and passes the governing power into his own hands.

During these years of toil and victory, Cromwell moves before us like some resistless power, crushing everything that would stay its progress. Simple, austere, and decided, he maintains his ascendency over the army; and with the Psalms of David on his lips, and the sword of war in his hand, sweeps over his victorious battle-fields like some leader of the host of Israel.

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Like Bonaparte, never cast down by reverses, or dismayed by danger, he meets every crisis with the coolness and self-possession of a great mind. We love to contemplate him in those trying circumstances which test so terribly the strongest characters.

Thus, at the battle of Dunbar, does he appear in the simplicity and grandeur of his character. There fortune, at last, seemed about to desert him. His little army of twelve thousand men was compelled to retire before the superior forces of the Scotch, and finally encamped on a small, barren tongue of land projecting out into the Frith of Forth. On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a half wide, behold the white tents of Cromwell's army. In front of him, landward, is a desolate, impassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these hills runs a small streamlet, furnishing only two passes over which an army can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last remaining resource. The lion is at last caught, and the prey is deemed secure.

On the 2d of September, Cromwell looks forth from the desolate heath, on which his army is drawn up in order of battle, and lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him, blocking him in from shore to shore, a chosen army, outnumbering his own two to one. The white tents that are sprinkled over this low peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail, and darkness and gloom hang over the

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Puritan host. This strip of land is all that Cromwell has left him in Scotland, while a powerful enemy stands ready to sweep him into the sea. But it is in such circumstances as these that his character shines out in its greatest splendor. Though his overthrow seems certain, he evinces no discouragement or fear, for "*he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others.*" A letter he writes to the governor of Newcastle, on the eve of this battle, is so characteristic, and withal so sublime, that we give it entire:—

To Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Governor of Newcastle; these:

Dear Sir: We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills, that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination. I perceive your forces are not in a capacity for present relief. *Wherefore, whatever becomes of us,* it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in readiness to have fallen on the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And, indeed, we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed, do you get together what force you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. *I would not make it public, lest danger*

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should accrue thereby. You know what use to make thereof. Let me hear from you. I rest your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Nobly said. Indeed, it will be a miracle if he escapes; yet, calm and self-sustained, he waits the issue. "Whatever becomes of him," he is still anxious for the cause for which he is struggling. Forgetting himself, in the nobleness of his great heart, he says: "Let me fall in silence—let not the news of my danger bring discouragement on our friends—God's will be done."

At four o'clock that evening, as Cromwell was watching the enemy's movements, he saw that Lesley, the Scotch commander, was bringing down his whole army from the hill to the brook at its base, to be ready next day to commence this assault.

In this movement, the quick eye of Cromwell detected an error, which, like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of. Lesley, in executing his manœuvre, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy, while the entire right wing stretched out into the plain. Cromwell saw that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder on the unwieldy mass, before it could draw up in order of battle on the plain, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long the drenched army stood, without a tent to cover them, in the cold storm, while the moan of the sea, as it rolled heavily on the shore, seemed

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chanting a requiem beforehand, for the dead that should cumber the field. But amid the shriek of the blast and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines; and many a brave heart, that before another night should beat no more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of battle.

Towards morning the clouds broke away; and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host. With the first dawn, the trumpets sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire; while, louder than all, rings the shout, "*The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!*" as infantry and cavalry pour in one wild torrent together on the enemy. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they go, trampling down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills and sent his level beams athwart the struggling hosts.

So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Austerlitz, as he stood and surveyed the field of battle, and the sublime expression burst from his lips, "Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell, carried away by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublimer language. As the blazing fire-ball rolled slowly into view and poured its light over the scene, he burst forth, "LET GOD ARISE, *and let his enemies be scattered!*" Ay, and they were scattered. The right wing, broken and disordered, was

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rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army—and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men became a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Doon Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt, and while the horse could be rallied for the chase, sung the hundred and seventeenth psalm. "Hundred and seventeenth psalm, at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky." As the mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard, and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives, and sabering them without mercy, till the ground was covered with the dead.

But there is one stain upon Cromwell's character, which Carlyle has failed to remove—the barbarous manner in which he conducted the Irish campaign. Indeed, the way Carlyle has treated this whole subject, has destroyed all our confidence in him as a historian. He carries his hero-worship a little too far, when he not only refuses to condemn the bloody massacres of Cromwell in Ireland, but stigmatizes those who have some objections to this uncivilized mode of warfare, as "rose-water surgeons." The prejudice and cruelty that can make light of those atrocities, which to this day are remembered as the "Curse of Cromwell," render a man unfit to write history. We could unfold a tale of horror and cruelty —depict sufferings and cold-blooded massacres con-

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nected with this Irish war—which would make the stern face of Cromwell ever after appear streaked with blood. But his own letters shall condemn him.

He made his first attack on the town of Drogheda, and put the entire garrison to the sword. In writing to the government an account of it, he says, after speaking of carrying the intrenchments, "Being thus entered, *we refused them quarter*, having the day before summoned the town. *I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives.* Those that did, are in safe *custody for the Barbadoes.*" He winds up this precious declaration with, "I wish that all honest men may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs." What miserable cant this is to wind up a massacre with. The Lord, we opine, did not thank him for this compliment, and would much rather prefer "the unworthy instruments" should take all "the glory" to themselves.

He marches on Wexford, and enacts the same murderous scene over again. He will not even grant an armistice for a day, but sweeps over the walls of the town, putting all to the sword. The cry of helpless suffering, and the prayer for mercy, are of no avail. With Mexican ferocity he bids his men hew the defenceless wretches down without pity. And this Carlyle defends, by calling those who denounce it "*rose-water surgeons*," and the plan *they* would adopt "rose-water surgery."

According to Cromwell's own letters, he opened

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his campaign by announcing the following conditions —those who surrender without fighting shall be treated as prisoners of war, but those who resist shall be refused quarter and slain without mercy. After the massacre of Drogheda and Wexford, he improved a little, it is true, on this Christian-like plan. He spared the soldiers, but put all the officers to the sword. A ray of justice flashed over him, and he bethought himself that it was hardly right to murder the soldiers for resisting, when acting under orders, and so he transferred his vengeance to the officers. Such an uncivilized mode of warfare has never been heard of, except among a barbarous people. The Irish were not rebels—they were fighting for their legitimate king, and entitled to civilized treatment. What right had Cromwell to make them an exception to his ordinary mode of warfare? Why did he not impose the same conditions on the English and Scotch towns that he invested? What if he had massacred the inhabitants of Bristol and Edinburgh because they put him to the trouble of storming them? In what respect were they different from Drogheda and Wexford? The simple truth is, his conduct of the Irish war was savage and ferocious—unworthy of a civilized man, much more of a Christian, and will rest a spot on his name to the end of time. In sacking cities, massacres will sometimes occur, when a long and bloody resistance has so exasperated the soldiers, that all discipline is lost. Thus, during the Peninsular war, in the time of Napoleon, in the sacking of Badajos and St. Sebastian by the English,

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and the storming of Oporto by the French, the inhabitants were massacred, but the officers took no part in it, nay, exposed their lives in endeavoring to arrest the violence. But here we have a Puritan commander, who prays before going to battle, sings psalms in the midst of the fight, and writes pastoral letters to Parliament—not permitting but ordering massacres to be committed!

Mr. Carlyle seems to think the plan an excellent one, inasmuch as it prevented the effusion of blood. Yes, but supposing Cromwell had not always been victorious, and the Irish had retaliated on him the bloody warfare he adopted, what kind of a campaign would this have been? This "doing evil that good may come," and making "the end justify the means," is considered in our times rather doubtful morality.

We have spoken as condemnatory of the conduct of Cromwell towards the Irish, as if he had butchered the inhabitants in brutal ferocity or fiendish hate, because we wish not in any way to sanction the view which Carlyle takes. But though there can be no apology for such a mode of warfare, there may be for the man. The character is indicated more by the *motive* than by the act. Now, we do not see the least inconsistency in Cromwell's conduct from first to last. The very simplicity with which he gives his own account of the affair, shows that he imagines himself to be acting right. He makes no apology—offers no excuses—throws in no palliation, but tells the naked facts as if it were impossible to doubt his sincerity. These barbarous massacres, instead of furnishing any

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contradictions to his character, illustrate it. They prove clearly our first statements, that Cromwell was acting under a kind of hallucination, and conceived himself a special agent of God, to destroy his foes and establish his Church. He fought battles precisely on the principles the Israelites did when they struggled to keep possession of the land of Canaan. The Old Testament was constantly in his mouth, and he killed men coolly as Joshua. The Scotch and English being Protestants, he regarded them as Judah might Dan or Manasseh in a civil war; while the Irish Papists he considered as Amalekites or Moabites, which were to be destroyed as enemies of the Lord.

If Cromwell had not been borne up by some such lofty sentiment as this, it is very doubtful whether he could have saved England from tyranny first, and from a war of factions afterwards. To such a man there is no wavering of purpose—no confusion of thought. The complicated motives and fears which distract the mere political leader he knows nothing of. With one grand object in view, he passes steadily towards it—erring it may be in his means, but not in his motives. To make no allowance for the motives or impressions that guided Cromwell, and judge him by his acts alone, would be to condemn all the great warriors of the Old Testament as cutthroats. We have no doubt Cromwell considered himself as much commissioned by the Lord as ever David did. As he took no glory to himself from his victories, so he felt no blame in the slaughters that

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preceded them. It was the work of the Lord, from first to last, and he gave him all the glory, never doubting that he took all the responsibility. But Cromwell had no right to this impression, for he had received no revelation from God. The warriors of Israel received their commission from heaven, through its own appointed medium; and hence, their bloody wars were no more nor less than divine justice. But Cromwell received no such divine direction in his Irish massacres; and to believe that he had, argues a want of moral sense and of the spirit of true religion, which mars very much the excellency of his character. Still it was an error of the intellect rather than of the heart, and sprung from that very belief without which he could not have saved England.

We could wish to speak of the part he took in the condemnation of Charles, and defend him from the charge of injustice and cruelty which has been preferred against him, but find we have not space.

His dissolution of the Rump Parliament by physical force, and assumption of the executive power of the kingdom, have been the basis on which a charge of ambition is attempted to be made out. But for nearly three years after England, Scotland, and Ireland were subdued, and rested quiet under the Parliament, the Parliament could not get along. The king was dead, and now who should rule—or rather, how should the Parliament rule. Endless suggestions —proposed and rejected bills—committees formed and disbanded—this was the history of the Rump Parliament, that evidently could not rule England.

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Everything was quivering in the balance; some wanted a republic—some a sort of mixed government, that no one knew anything about—some the restoration of the Stuarts. In this dilemma the army, now all-powerful, looked to Cromwell for help; indeed, all England stretched her hands out to him for relief. He had saved it from outward foes, and now he was looked to as the complete deliverer from her internal feuds. Conference after conference was held with Parliament, and he struggled manfully to steady the tottering fabric of liberty he had helped rear with so much effort. At length a bill, settling the basis of a new representation, was brought forward, one clause of which made the Rump Parliament a part of the new. But Cromwell saw, with his far-reaching glance, that clean work must be made, and this war of factions ended, or endless revolution would follow—and so he opposed the bill. On the day that it was expected to pass, he, accompanied by some twenty or thirty of his musketeers whom he could trust, went to the House, and took his seat. After listening awhile to the discussion he arose to speak. Calm and respectful at first, he alluded to the great work that had been done, and gave them all honor for the part they had borne in it; but waxing warm as he proceeded, he began to speak also of their injustice, delays, strifes, and petty ambitions—hurling fiercely accusation after accusation in their faces, till a member rose and rebuked him for his language. "Come, come," broke forth Cromwell, "we have had enough of this. I will put an end to your prating." He

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had now fairly got on his battle-face, and his large eyes seemed to emit fire as he strode forth on to the floor of the House, and clapping his hat on his head and stamping the floor with his feet, poured forth a torrent of invective on the now thoroughly alarmed Parliament. That speech is lost, but it scathed like fire. "You have sat here too long already," he exclaimed; "you shall now give place to better men;" and turning to his officer, Harrison, he gave a brief word of command, as he would on the field of battle, and his brave musketeers with leveled bayonets marched sternly in. As he stood amid the bayonets that had so often surrounded him in the field of death, he began to launch his thunderbolts on the right hand and on the left, and breaking over all ceremonies of speech, boldly named the crimes of which the members were guilty, and closed up with—"corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the gospel. How can you be a Parliament for God's people. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!"

Thus ended the Rump Parliament, and England lay on Cromwell's shoulders. So did Bonaparte march into the Council of Five Hundred, with his brave grenadiers at his back.

But no sooner was this summary dissolution of Parliament effected, than Cromwell was heard to say, "It's you who have forced me to this. I have sought the Lord, night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." But it was done; and when the first gust of passion had

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passed, Cromwell was himself again, and took the government on his brave heart as calmly as if he were born a king. This assumption of power, and his after dissolutions of Parliament, when it would not act in accordance with his wishes, are called despotic and tyrannical acts, and so they were. But will any one tell us what else could have been done. To suppose that argument and reason would triumph, in that strife of factions and chaos of sentiments, is absurd. The truth is, England needed some strong hand to steady her, and Cromwell's alone could do it. *Power* was needed to overawe the imbecile and ambitious spirits that were too ignorant to rule, and too selfish to be united. Cromwell's measures were high-handed, but we cannot see what else could have been done, unless a Stuart had been called in. The people—the entire mind of the nation—wanted something permanent around which it could settle. The Rump Parliament imparted no confidence, and gave no security. Cromwell was the only man in England that could keep the Revolution from going backward instead of forward.

In great revolutions, the supreme power must finally always be lodged in the army, of which the successful leader is the representative. The strong arm of power is needed to mould the confused elements in form and permanent shape—discussion and conventions never can do it. True, Cromwell's course was despotic, but the cause of freedom and the ends of justice demanded it. There *is* a difference between the despotic act that crushes liberty, and the one

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that quells lawless violence. The *forms* of justice must sometimes be disregarded to save its spirit.

Of the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate, we shall say but little. He ruled England well, and showed a better title to reign than any Stuart that ever filled a throne. Mr. Carlyle has given us but little of these few years, except Cromwell's speeches. These are, for the most part, rambling, incoherent, and dull. They do not evince a single spark of genius, yet great practical common sense is visible throughout. Their incoherency of expression is owing, doubtless, to their having been delivered extempore, and taken from his lips by reporters. It is evident, however, that he wielded the sword better than the pen, and could win two battles easier than he could make one good speech.

England flourished under his sway, and his first measures indicated the leading trait of his character and the great object of his life. A commission was appointed to purify the Church of ungodly ministers, and religion received his first attention. Parliament was opened with prayer and a sermon, and Cromwell scarce made a speech without allusion to some Psalm of David. His feelings, during the Spanish war, and the fierce energy with which he took part with the persecuted Waldenses, show the religious sentiment strong to the last.

In the revival of commerce—by his conquests in the West Indies, and the triumph of his fleets everywhere—he established the maritime ascendency of England; while in the administration of affairs at

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home, he exhibited a grasp of thought and a practical power combined with an earnestness and purity of purpose, which England may in vain look for in any other sovereign.

He sung psalms when he went into battle, and consulted the Bible in his campaigns as much as his maps, and quoted Scripture to Parliament—all of which may seem very weak in our day, but they detracted nothing from the strength and majesty of Cromwell's character. A strong, sincere, and religious man—a Christian of Moses' time, if we may use the term, rather than of ours—who read the Old Testament much, and the gospel little; pondered the dispensation of law more than that of grace; understood the lofty language of David better than the meek words of John; loved the Commandments more than the Beatitudes; a fierce fighter, a good ruler, and a stern patriot, was Oliver Cromwell. He is outliving his traducers, and will be honored by man long after thrones have been cast aside as useless things.

Had he lived longer, so as to have consolidated his government, and seen most of his restless cotemporaries safe under ground, or even left a son but half equal to himself, the destiny of England would have been different, and its after history, very possibly, that of a republic.

But after five years of ceaseless anxiety—at war with his Parliament and surrounded by assassins—Cromwell, broken down by his efforts, at the age of fifty-nine rested from his labors. On his dying bed

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we hear the same phrases, the same sentiments, which, when uttered on the field of battle or in Parliament, have been called cant and hypocrisy. But did he, with his eyes fixed steadily on that dread eternity on whose threshold he stood, speak of the covenants of God, and pray in tones that made the listener tremble, to sustain his character to the last? No; his death-struggle and glorious departure in full hope of a blessed immortality stamp the insinuation as false.

That was a solemn hour for England, and strong hearts were everywhere besieging Heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of kings had issued His decree, and the spirit that had toiled and endured so long was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" broke thrice from his pallid lips, and then he fell in solemn faith on the covenant of grace. Just before his death a fearful storm arose, and amid the darkness, and tempest, and uproar of the elements, the dying Cromwell prayed. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of the storm, shouted forth, "*Tête d'armée*," as his eye fell once more on his mighty columns, but Cromwell took a nobler departure. Not in the delirium of battle did his soul take its final leap, but with his gaze fixed steadfastly on the "Eternal kingdoms," he moved from the shore of Time, and sunk from sight for ever.

Carlyle has done Cromwell justice; still, we do not think he has fully appreciated his character. How such a neologist and German religionist as he, could ever be brought to tolerate what is called "a cant-

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ing Puritan," is to us passing strange. To do it, he has had constantly to look at him through a false medium—to practice a sort of self-deception; and we sometimes imagine we can see him shutting up his eyes, and resolutely launching forth into praise against his own convictions, when some expression of Cromwell crosses so abruptly his tastes and sentiments. But he needed this dogged determination to see no fault in his hero, to balance his natural dislike to "Puritan cant," in order to give Cromwell fair measure.

He has rendered history a service, and done a great man justice, in this work, which, we doubt not, will effect a permanent revolution in public opinion respecting the character of Oliver Cromwell.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THIERS' REVOLUTION.

THE horrors of the French Revolution stand out in such terrible relief in the history of that great event, that the mind is often unable to see anything else, and the strong undercurrent is lost sight of. The whole Revolution is regarded as the lawless action of an excited mob, which having once grasped the power, hurled everything into chaos with the incoherency and madness of passion. The king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, are looked upon as silent sufferers, till borne under by this wild power which swept throne, crown, and titles into one bloody grave. We hear the tocsin sounded, the *générale* beat, and see the flying crowds with pikes and lances, swarming around the royal palace, rending the air with shouts and curses, while human heads are rolled by hundreds into the gutters, and this we call "The Revolution." The waking up the human mind from the sleep of ages—the manner in which liberty grew step by step, till Europe shook on her feudal throne at the sudden daylight poured on her oppressions; and the immutable law of retributive justice working amid all those mutations, hold but a secondary place in our contemplations. We forget also to place the

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blame of the acts of violence and atrocity where it ought to rest, not considering that the agents themselves are not alone guilty, but those also who forced them by pride and tyranny to their execution.

The number of histories written of the French Revolution are legion, and yet we do not remember one which escapes the charge of prejudice or incompleteness. Scott wrote of it with a blindness and recklessness of truth wholly unworthy of him—Alison, with a love for the tragic and horrible, and hatred of republicanism, that sunk him below even Sir Walter Scott. The different memoirs given us by those who were actors amid its scenes, or those whose friends suffered in prison or under the guillotine, are necessarily colored by the feelings of the writers. Mignet is perhaps an exception to the great class of authors who have written of this period, but he is a speculating Frenchman, thinking more of his theories than of facts. Thiers' work is a fair offset to this whole class of histories. The freezing details of crime and ferocity are left out, and he moves straight on through his narrative, with his one main object constantly in view, namely, the *progress of the struggle.* To him, the wholesale murders and massacres are accidents, while the history of the *Revolution* is a statement of its rise, progress, and termination. The causes leading to each step, and its result in effecting political changes are the main thing—the disasters that accompanied these steps, but secondary matters. He is a statesman, and very naturally contemplates everything in a business-like spirit. He would follow the

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government, not the mob. Mr. Alison, on the contrary, is a romancer, when he is not a ridiculous philosopher. The great objection to M. Thiers' work is, that were it the only one we possessed of that period, we should get no adequate idea of the horrors that were committed in the name of liberty. The matter of fact way he has of stating everything, prevents us from being excited where we should be, and leaves us in darkness respecting many of the details. His descriptive powers are evinced far more in sketching a spirited or riotous debate in the Assembly or National Convention, than in a guillotine scene. He is a cool-blooded man, whose feelings never run away with his judgment.

The editor of the work supplies, by frequent notes, the details M. Thiers has omitted; and though they are badly arranged, often confusing the reader as he attempts to keep the thread of the narrative, yet we would not do without them. In his long preface, he declares the history to exhibit "the adroit, keen, clear-headed man of the world," while, at the same time, it is of "an animated, practical, and dramatic character." We rather suspect the word "dramatic" was put in to complete a full period, for it not only contradicts the former part of the sentence, but is untrue in every way. If one seeks a "dramatic" history, let him read Alison. Plain "practical" men of the world, who state things in a "business"-like way, are not usually "dramatic." He says, also, that "it is to be regretted that an author so well versed in the annals of the country as M. Thiers, has

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not thought it worth his while to enter more into detail on the subject of the numerous secondary causes which helped to bring about the Revolution." Now we think it would "be regretted," had he taken that course. If any one wishes to be led blindfold down through the history of France, from the time of Clovis till the Revolution, let him read Mr. Alison. If M. Thiers possesses one merit above all others, it is the clearness of his narrative in tracing the great primary and continuing causes of the Revolution. We never read a history of that event which conveyed to us so plain and connected an account of the events that crowded so rapidly on each other in that awful drama. Under the smoke and tumult, that to an ordinary observer reduces everything to chaos, we are made to see clearly the groundwork and plan of the whole. We arise from the perusal of this history with entirely new views of the Revolution. Order is seen amid that disorder, and the steady workings of immutable laws traced through all those wild mutations. Nay, we must confess we are compelled to think better of the authors of those atrocities that have for ever blackened the pages of human history. Danton, Robespierre, and even Barrére himself, are madmen and murderers, as much from circumstance as nature. In the tremendous struggle, of which they were a part, they found they must tread everything down in their path, or be themselves trodden under foot.

Another great merit of this work is, that it gives us the philosophy of the history of the Revolution by the mere consecutiveness of the narrative, and not

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by obtruding on us, every few pages, a long series of reflections. M. Thiers does not speculate, but puts facts together in such relations that we are forced to draw conclusions as we advance, and form our own philosophy, rather as spectators than listeners. The masterly manner in which he has performed this part of his work, proves him the true philosopher as well as statesman. Holding a firm rein on his imagination and desire to speculate, he loses sight of himself, and moves through his history with his eye fixed steadily on the great controlling causes, lying at the bottom of that strange confusion and commingling of all good and bad human passions. And in doing this, he occupies, apparently, a neutral point of observation, seeing the evils both of untamed democracy and unbending aristocracy. In this respect, the work is of incalculable advantage to the world; and, if rightly studied by the despots of Europe, will enable them to shun the sanguinary scenes of Paris in the revolutions to which they are inevitably tending.

M. Thiers dashes boldly in *medias res*. We have to wait no long prologue; at once, he lifts the curtain over Louis XVI., and his distracted kingdom, and the first act promptly commences. There was no need of a long list of secondary causes to show us the state of France at this period. The feudal system had gone on improving on its oppressions till it had reached a point where human endurance ceases. The exchequer was embarrassed, the coffers empty, while the people could not be more heavily taxed. The nobility, instead of submitting to a tax like that laid by Sir

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Robert Peel upon the aristocracy of England in a similar emergency, steadily refused to relieve the disordered state of the finances. There was a weight on the nation. The people had sunk under it till their faces were ground into the earth, and no more could be expected from them. The upper classes refused to sustain it, and hence a convulsion must follow. The following graphic picture by Thiers is sufficient to satisfy any mind of the necessity of a revolution: "The state of France, political and economical, was in truth intolerable. There was nothing but privileges belonging to individual classes, towns, provinces, and to trades themselves; nothing but shackles upon the industry and genius of man. Civil, ecclesiastical, and military dignities were exclusively reserved for certain classes, and in those classes for certain individuals. A man could not embrace a profession unless upon certain titles and certain pecuniary conditions. All was monopolized by a few hands, and the burdens bore upon a certain class. The nobility and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property. The other third, belonging to the people, paid taxes to the king, a multitude of feudal dues to the nobility, the tithe to the clergy, and was, moreover, liable to the devastations of noble sportsmen, and their game. The taxes on consumption weighed heavily on the great mass, and consequently on the people. The mode in which they were levied was vexatious; the gentry might be in arrears with impunity; the people, on the other hand, ill-treated and imprisoned, were doomed to suffer in body in default of goods. It

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subsisted, therefore, by the sweat of the brow; it defended with its blood the upper classes of society, without being able to subsist itself. Justice, administered in some of the provinces by the gentry, in the royal jurisdictions by the magistrates, who purchased their offices, was slow, partial, always ruinous, and particularly atrocious in criminal causes. Individual liberty was violated by *lettres de cachet*, and the liberty of the press by royal censors." Added to all this, there came a hailstorm, cutting off the crops, so that the winter of 1788–89 brought with it universal and intolerable suffering. Men and women, half naked, roamed over the country crying for bread. Famine stared the people in the face, while those they had enriched looked with a stony eye on their sufferings. The voice of despair rung through the kingdom, and still the infatuated nobility rioted in luxury. Slowly and darkly heaved the storm-cloud above the horizon, yet no one regarded its threatening aspect till the lightning began to fall. The successive thunder-claps that followed, succeeded at length in arousing the imbecile monarch.

These were causes sufficient; and we need no long disquisition on the feudal system, to teach us how the evils sprung up and increased till they could be no longer borne. This is the goal tyranny always reaches, and it cannot be helped; England reached it; and but for the spectacle of France just rising from her sea of blood would have plunged into the same vortex. She chose reform rather than revolution, and it is still to be her choice till her feudal system dis-

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appears entirely. There is no help for this, and there can be none, under the economy of nature and the providence of God. If a few will appropriate and spend the substance of the land, the mass must suffer till despair hurls them on their oppressors. The court and nobility of France had become licentious as well as oppressive, and hence disgusting and imbecile, and quarreling among themselves.

In the conflict between the Parliament, the clergy, and the throne, each called on the nation for aid, and thus enlightened it on the great principles of human government; and worse than all, respecting their own debaucheries and villanies. Mistresses of nobles decided great political questions, and bribes bought every man, from the king down to these masses. Trampled on, starving, and dying, a haughty aristocracy added insult to oppression, and treated with contempt the men they defrauded. Suffering makes a people think, and a starving man learns his rights fast.

This was France; while the low rumbling of the coming earthquake swelled prophetically around the throne. Added to all this, philosophers began to speculate on human rights; and while they were busy with theories, the starving people thought how they might put them in practice. The sudden rising of a republic on this side of the water, and the Declaration of Independence made and sustained by a handful of freemen, fell like fire on the hearts of the suffering millions. The days of Greece and Rome were talked of by the philosophers and dreamers—the inalienable

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rights of *man*, by the people. Thus, everything conspired to urge the nation towards a revolution. It must come in the shape of a complete and sudden reformation, almost equivalent to a revolution, or utter overthrow. The king and the court were at length roused, and began to look about them for relief from the pressing dangers and increasing clamor. The king tried successively through his ministers, Turget, Necker, Callone, and the Archbishop of Toulouse, to relieve the pressure that was every day becoming more alarming. There was but one remedy —to tax the nobility and the clergy. Their consent to this measure was at length wrung from them, and the people shouted their applause. But the promise was broken as soon as made, and anger was added to the former discontent. What next? "The convocation of the States General!" was the cry.

The king determined to assemble the *tiers etat* (third order) as his predecessors had done, in order to check the power of the nobility. But the day had gone by when the deputies from the *tiers etat* would assemble like the retainers of a feudal lord, at his summons to defend their master. Let the intelligent middling classes have a Parliament of their own, and they will, in the end, no more tolerate a king than a nobility. After much quarreling, both in court and in Parliament, respecting both the mode of electing, the number, and the powers of this *tiers etat*, it was decided that at least a thousand deputies should represent France in the approaching convention, and that the number should equal that of the other two

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orders united. In the midst of national suffering, popular outbreaks, and inflamed passions, the election took place. These *tiers etat* comprehended all the useful and enlightened middling class; and hence the deputies represented the real interests of the nation. The election is over, and from every quarter of France these deputies of the people are swarming towards Paris. At length they arrive, and the *people* now stand face to face with their monarch, and their aspect is like anything but that of retainers. The parliaments and the court, both of which thought to win the majority over to their side, begin to suspect they have both miscalculated. The simple-minded Louis alone imagines his embarrasments are over. The States General is opened with solemn pomp. On the 4th of May, the king and the three orders repair in grand procession to Notre Dame. Princes, nobles, and prelates, clad in purple, and nodding with plumes, are in advance. The deputies of the *tiers etat*, clothed in simple black cloaks, follow behind. The magnificent cathedral receives the imposing procession, and strains of solemn music swell up through the lofty arches. The king—the nobility—the clergy, and the people's deputies are offering up their vows together, and the impressive scene awes every breast, and suffuses every eye. Enthusiasm lightens every countenance, and the sudden joy intoxicates the hearts of the multitude.

The next day, May 5th, 1789, the king opened, in form, the States General. He was seated on an elevated throne with the queen beside him, and the

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court around him. On either side were arranged the nobility and clergy, while at the farther end of the hall, on low seats, sat the deputies from the *tiers etat.* Into the midst of this august assemblage, stalked a commanding form, that for an instant sent a thrill through every heart. He paused a moment, while his bushy black hair seemed to stand on end, and with his lip curled in scorn, surveyed with a piercing eye, the nobility to whose rank his birth entitled him, but who had excluded him from their company. *Count Mirabeau* strode across the hall, and took his seat with the despised deputies of the people. Burning with collected passion, he patiently waits the day when he shall hurl defiance and terror into that haughty order. The next day is for business, and here commences the first great struggle between the people and their oppressors. The first thing to be done, before organizing, is the verification of the powers of the members. The nobles and the clergy, unwilling to mingle themselves up in common with plebeians, declare that each order should constitute itself apart. The *tiers etat* required the verification to be in common, steadily refusing to take any step by which they should be regarded as a separate order. This States General was to be a common assembly, sitting on the welfare of France, or nothing at all. The clergy remained in one hall by themselves, having voted not to admit the *tiers etat* into an equal footing with themselves. The nobility had done the same thing, and sent to the deputies to constitute themselves apart, that the States General might pro-

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ceed to business. The deputies calmly but firmly refused. The nobility stormed and talked of dignity, and rank, and privileges, and rained insults on the people's representatives. The latter, firm in their resolution, bore all with a patience and moderation becoming their high office. Day after day passed away in vain negotiation, each order refusing to yield their prerogatives. Twenty-two days had thus elapsed, and the States General was not yet organized. The throne and the people looked on in silence to see what would come of this struggle. At length Mirabeau arose, and said it was time to do something for the public welfare. He proposed sending a deputation to the clergy, to know at once if they would meet the Commons or not. The deputation was sent, and marching into the hall of the clergy, addressed them in the following startling language: "*The gentlemen of the Commons invite the gentlemen of the clergy*, IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF PEACE, *and for the national interest, to meet them in the hall of the Assembly, to consult upon the means of effecting the concord so necessary, at this moment, for the public welfare.*" This solemn adjuration fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the clergy, and had the vote been taken on the spot, they would have acceded to the request. Time was asked and given. The king interfered, and some concessions were made. Still the inexorable deputies of the *tiers etat* would *not* yield on the question of verification; for *to* yield once was to yield throughout, and become a mere cipher in the Assembly, and see money and power, hand in

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hand, crushing down the state, as it hitherto had done. At this critical juncture, they took the bold resolution to seize a portion of the legislative power of the kingdom, and proceed to business. Mirabeau arose and said, "A month is past—it is time to take a decisive step—a deputy of Paris has an important communication to make—let us hear him." An important communication, indeed, bold Mirabeau, and thou art at the bottom of it! Having thus broken the ice, he introduced to the tribune the Abbé Sièyes, who, after stating their true position, proposed to send a last invitation to the other orders to attend in the common hall. It was sent, and the reply was returned that they would consider of it. At length, on the 16th of June, having been waiting since the 5th of May, the *tiers etat* solemnly resolved to constitute itself a legislative body, under the name of *National Assembly*. This was one o'clock in the morning, and it was discussed whether the National Assembly should proceed to its organization on the spot, or defer it till the next day. A few, wishing to check this rapid movement, arranged themselves into a party, and commenced the most furious exclamations and outcries, which drowned the voices of the speakers. Amid this tumult, one party called out to put the motion—the other to adjourn. Calm and unmoved amid the shouts and threats rained around him, the president—the firm, right-minded Bailly—sat, for more than an hour, "motionless and silent." The elements without corresponded to the uproar within, and amid the pauses of the tumult

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was heard the rush of the storm, as it shook the building that inclosed them, and swept in gusts up the hall in which they were assembled. It was a noble spectacle; the calm and fearless Bailly sitting unmoved amid the turbulence of passion, like a rock amid the waves. At length the brawlers, one by one, dropped away, and the vote was put, and the act of organization deferred till next day, when it was irrevocably done, and France had a *National Assembly* ready to legislate for her welfare. The first act of this Assembly was to legalize the levy of taxes that had been already made by the government. The motive to this was twofold; first, to show that it did not design to oppose the action of the administration; second, to assert its newly assumed power. It then announced that it should immediately investigate the causes of the scarcity of provisions, and the public distress. This bold and decided act sent alarm through the court and higher orders. The nobility rallied around the throne, and implored it to interfere for the protection of their rights and privileges. In the mean time the clergy, frightened into concessions, had voted to join the *tiers etat* on common ground in the National Assembly. All was now confusion. The court and nobility proposed energetic measures to the king. Necker, the minister, advised a middle course, which a wise king would have adopted, but which Louis did not. Day after day passed in distracted counsels, till at length the 22d of June was appointed for the royal sitting. In the mean time, the hall of the States General was

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closed by order of the king, and all the sittings adjourned till the 22d of June.

The National Assembly had constituted itself, and passed its first acts on the 19th, and then adjourned till the next day. Disobeying the king's order, the deputies assembled according to adjournment, and finding the hall shut in their faces, and the soldiers of the French guard stationed at the door, repaired tumultuously to the Tennis Court, within the dark, naked walls of which they assembled. There were no seats, and the members were compelled to *stand* and deliberate. An arm-chair was offered to the president, but he refused it, and stood with his companions. In the midst of the excitement without and within, a united oath was taken not to separate till a constitution was established, and placed on a firm basis. With hands outstretched towards the president, Bailly, they all repeated the solemn oath. It was heard outside the building by the breathless crowd, which eagerly waited the action of the people's deputies, and then the shout *Vive l'Assemblée! Vive le Roi!* rent the air.

This act carried new consternation into the ranks of the nobility, who, now alarmed, sought to make common cause with the king. At length, the royal sitting, which was adjourned till the 23d, took place. The king and the higher orders took possession of the hall, and, in supercilious pride, ordered that the deputies should enter by a side door, to indicate their inferior rank. Without noticing the insult, they proceeded to the appointed entrance, where they

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were kept waiting a long time in the rain, knocking for admittance. At length the foolish, misguided monarch deigned to let the representatives of the people enter and take such seats as they could find vacant. He then commenced his address, made up of invectives, insults, threats, and the most foolish and absurd declarations. Instead of conciliating, he exasperated; and, instead of yielding, maintained over again all the feudal rights, and seemed to think the mere force of words could lay the conflict at once, and send the deputies, like whipped schoolboys, back to their obedience and humility. Lastly, he annulled all the acts of the *tiers etats*, in their capacity of National Assembly, and commanded them to separate again into their original elements. He then strode out of the hall, followed by the nobility and part of the clergy. The majority of the ecclesiastical deputies, and all those of the Commons, remained behind, buried in profound silence. Not a sound broke the stillness that succeeded the king's departure. Each seemed to feel they had approached a crisis from which there was no retreating. At length Mirabeau arose, and by his bold and determined manner, inspired confidence and resolution. The grand master of ceremonies, returning at that moment, said to the president, "You have heard the orders of the king?" "Yes," replied Bailly, in his quiet, respectful manner, "and I am now going to take those of the Assembly." "Yes, sir!" thundered in Mirabeau, "we have heard the intentions that have been suggested, and go and tell your mas-

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ter that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but the power of bayonets shall drive us away!"

The Assembly continued its sitting, and, in addition to re-affirming its former resolutions, and in order to save itself from violence, passed an act decreeing the inviolability of the person of every deputy.

This was the first Revolution in France, and generated all the rest. Here let us pause a moment, and inquire who are the guilty persons in this first act of the great drama that has just opened. The working classes of France and the inferior orders had borne all the burdens of the state, together with those of a corrupt court and aristocracy, till human endurance could go no farther, and famine stared them in the face. The government and privileged classes had wrung out from them the last farthing to squander on their lusts, and national bankruptcy threatened to swell the amount of evil that already cursed the land. In the mean time, the court and parliaments were quarreling about their respective rights and powers. In the midst of the agitations, popular outbreaks began to exhibit themselves in various parts of the country. As a last resource, it was resolved to convoke the States General. But, scarcely had the Commons of the people assembled, before insults were heaped on them because they refused to be faithless to the trust a suffering people had committed to them. Overlooking the great object of the nation's welfare, the higher orders wasted a whole month in fighting for the privileges of rank. An

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empty exchequer, a starving population, and a distracted kingdom, were small evils compared to mingling with plebeians, on common ground, to consult for the common good.

For the sake of a mere shadow—to gratify personal pride, and uphold the purity of noble blood—they were willing to sacrifice a whole kingdom, and persisted in their blind folly till they opened a breach between themselves and the people, which never could be closed till filled up with their own dead bodies. All the forbearance and all the justice in this first Revolution were on the side of the people; all the insult and exasperation and injustice, on the side of the crown and aristocracy. The Commons were respectful and moderate, asking only for their rights—the nobility contemptuous and headlong, asking only for their own privileges: patriotism, and a stern sense of justice characterized the one—supreme selfishness, pride, and tyranny the other. Thus far, the agitations and distress rest not on democracy, but on despotism.

At length the nobility, after exhausting threats and plots, were compelled to join the National Assembly. It can be easily imagined what spirit they brought into its counsels, and that nothing could be done for the welfare of the nation while such violent animosity ruled the factions. The first thing proposed by the Assembly was the formation of a constitution for France, defining the powers and obligations of the different departments of government, and the rights and privileges of the people. This was no

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easy thing, but the very attempt shows the rapid strides the nation was taking towards liberty. For centuries, the people had suffered their feudal lords to think for them, and rule without contradiction or inquiry. Now, all at once, they had discovered that he who sows the bread and reaps it has a right to eat it, and he who supports the government ought to have a voice in its management. In this juncture, while the Assembly was expending all its energies in self-defence, and hence could give no attention to the state of the country, an armed force began to assemble in Paris. The report soon reached the deputies at Versailles, and it was whispered about that the bayonet was to be employed in effecting what the royal authority and the overbearing action of the higher orders had been unable to do, namely, the dissolution of the National Assembly. Let it be remembered, this was the first conspiracy in which resort was had to arms. But the people could conspire as well as the aristocracy, and since the latter had had the madness to bring bayonets into the conflict, they could not complain if they were found in other hands besides the soldiers of the guard. Thus we see, that the first legislative revolution in France was brought about by the folly and injustice of the aristocracy, and the first appeal to arms was also made by them in their conflict with the people. It will be well to remember this, when we hear the wild *Ca ira* sung by the fierce multitude in the midst of massacre and blood.

The troops occupied Paris, while the indignant

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and excited populace swarmed hither and thither, scarce knowing what it did. Consternation reigned in the Assembly at Versailles, and everything seemed on the brink of ruin from the excitement caused by the parading of soldiers through the streets of the capital. But, true to itself and true to the nation, the Assembly rose above fear and passion, and passed a resolution requesting the king to withdraw the troops and establish the civic guard, and charging on him and his counsellors the guilt of all the blood and distress that would follow if he refused. The Assembly declared itself permanent, and appointed Lafayette its Vice-President. The night of the 13th and 14th of July passed in fear and dread, for it was known that the next night was the one appointed for an attack by the troops on the Assembly, and the dispersion of the deputies. Towards evening of the fatal night a silent terror reigned in the Assembly, yet still not a member stirred from his seat. Each one was determined to fall at his post. The booming of cannon came at intervals on the ear, shaking the hall where they sat, telling of scenes of violence and blood at Paris. The Prince de Lembsée was seen spurring by, on a wild gallop, to the king. Twilight deepened over the hall, giving a still more sombre hue to the countenances of the deputies. Another deputation had been sent to the king, and all waited with anxiety the answer. At this moment, two electors, riding in hot haste from Paris, were announced to the Assembly. A solemn and prophetic silence filled the room. Not a voice broke the stillness that

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was more awful than solitude. Darkness covered the Assembly, that sat like statues, waiting the issue. Those electors came stalking through the gloom, while every footfall was distinctly heard, as they slowly marched up the hall. Their report was brief, but full of terror. The people were in arms, blood had been shed, and the Bastile was attacked. In Paris, all day long, previous to the night appointed by the higher orders for the attack on the city and the National Assembly, fierce cries had rung from the multitude, till "To the Bastile!" drowned all other voices, and the living stream poured round the gloomy walls of that stronghold of tyranny. It fell; and at midnight the news reached the Assembly. Their danger was over—the people had triumphed—and the plot laid against their liberty had been sprung upon its authors. The king was astonished, and his counsellors overwhelmed, at this exhibition of boldness by the people. A reconciliation was the consequence; the orders were amalgamated in the National Assembly, and legislation at length began to take place.

But during the three months the higher orders had been attempting to trample on, fetter, then destroy the deputies of the people, nothing had been done to relieve the distress of the country. Suffering had not remained stationary because the National Assembly had. There was a scarcity of provisions in the capital and in the provinces. Men and women wandered about for bread; and the evils that might have been checked if met sooner, were now almost past

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remedy. The utmost efforts of the government could not supply the demand. Fear reigned on every side, and even the adored Lafayette, now at the head of the National Guard, could not always prevent the violence of the people. Foulon had said the people might eat hay—the people, in return, had seized him, put a "collar of nettles round his neck, a bunch of thistles in his hand, and a truss of hay on his back," and then hung him at a lamp-post. His head was carried on a pike through the streets. This first public execution pointed significantly to the cause of the evils, and the course the Revolution would take. At this point first begins the division in the National Assembly.

The popular party having acquired the power, began to disagree among themselves. The more conservative part, fearing the result of these rapid strides to liberty, thought it was time to stop. The other part looked upon the reformation as just begun. But something must be done immediately, to relieve the deplorable state of France. Money must be raised, and bread furnished; but from whence? The lower orders had been taxed to the utmost, and the money raised all squandered by the court and aristocracy. Funds must now come from the higher orders or nowhere. Driven to this crisis, the representatives of the people made the first attack on the property and incomes of the clergy and the privileges of the nobility. The writers of this period have usually been subjects of a monarchical government, and hence have burst forth into exclamations of horror at this bold

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encroachment of democracy, as it is called. But will they tell us what else could have been done? We will not entrench ourselves here on the principle of right, and declare what is true, that strict justice required the higher orders to impoverish themselves to relieve the country. They had not only lived for centuries in luxury at the expense of the poor man's table, and in sloth by the poor man's sweat, but had made him also support the government at home and abroad, till, reduced to famine, he had no longer anything to give to supply the imperious, and every hour, more pressing demands of the state. In every emergency, he had been called on and forced to administer relief. But now there was no longer anything to force, while a more pressing emergency than had ever before occurred called loudly for aid. Something must be done at once, and strict justice required that the upper classes should disgorge their ill-gotten wealth to save the state—to render back for the common good a part of that they had so long used for their own pleasure. But there was something stronger than justice here—*necessity*. The people *could not* starve, and money must be had. The higher orders must furnish it, or precipitate a national bankruptcy. But the struggle and delay expected to accompany any action of the Assembly on this subject seemed, to the inexpressible joy of all, suddenly overcome by the voluntary surrender, by each order, of its privilege. The 9th of August had been spent in discussing the famous Declaration of Rights to be placed at the head of the Constitution. In the evening, the question of

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the popular disturbances, and the means to allay them, came up. The Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Anguillon both ascended the tribune, and with a clear-sightedness and justice that, had they been possessed by the rest of the nobility, would have saved the nation, declared that it was foolish to attempt to *force* the people into tranquillity, that the best method was to remove the cause of the disturbances: they proposed to abolish at once all those feudal rights which irritated and oppressed the country people. Following them, a landholder took the tribune, and gave a graphic and fearful picture of the effect of the feudal system in the country. A sudden enthusiasm seized the Assembly, and one after another rushed forward to renounce his privileges. Each was eager to anticipate and rival the other in the sacrifice he made; and amid the general excitement, the relation of serf, the seignorial jurisdictions, the game laws, and the redemption of tithes, and sale of offices, were all abolished. Equality of taxes, and the admission of all citizens to civil and military employments, and the suppression of privileges of the towns and provinces, were decreed amid the most unbounded joy. A *Te Deum* was proclaimed, and Louis was to be entitled the Restorer of French liberty. But everything had been passed in a general form, and when the separate points came up for discussion, the higher orders repented their sudden concessions, and began to struggle again for their old privileges, thus destroying the gratitude they had awakened. But it was too late—the minds of the

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deputies had become enlightened, and the feudal system, with all its power to plunder and oppress, was abolished. But this also came too late; for the act could not at once bring bread to the million starving mouths, or allay the madness of want. France was rocking to the smothered fires that had been kindling into strength for ages, and the shriek for bread was more awful than the thunder of hostile cannon; still the state was not beyond redemption, were the *spirit* of feudalism dead. But after the form was slain, the soul lived, and exhibited itself in plots and resistance, that kept the people fighting for liberty when they should have been seeking for food. The discussion of the Constitution that followed was needed, but flour was still more needed. Men felt for their plundered rights, but they felt still deeper for their empty stomachs. Added to this, the people of Paris took a deep interest in the debates on the Constitution which was to fix the amount of personal freedom. At length the Constitution was ready, and waited, with the bold Declaration of Rights at its head, the signature of the king. He vacillated and delayed, but the people were rapidly becoming firm on one point—*relief*.

From May till October, had the National representatives struggled to save France. Met at every turn by the court and aristocracy, surrounded with obstacles their enemies had constantly thrown in their path, and compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of human liberty and justice, they had been utterly unable to relieve the public distress. For this they were not to blame; but the selfish, blind,

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higher orders. Everything had been compelled to wait but famine. *That* had never wavered nor faltered; but, with ever-increasing proportions and frightful mien, had stalked over the land, turning women into tigers, and men into fiends. Suddenly, there is a strange and confused uproar on the road from Paris to Versailles. An army of women is on the march for the king's palace. All efforts to disband them have been powerless. Armed with pikes, hatchets, and sticks pointed with iron, they have marched on foot through the drenching rain, measuring the weary leagues with aching limbs, and at length stream around the magnificent palace of Versailles. Wild faces look out from disheveled hair, and haggard features, more fearful than the swaying pikes, move amid this confusion of sexes and hurricane of passion. With eyes upturned to where their monarch dwells, they suddenly shriek out, in wild concord —"BREAD!" God in heaven! what a cry from women to their king! Regardless of the falling rain and approaching night, and their toilsome journey, those strange faces are still turned to him who alone can relieve their distress. At length, twelve are conducted, as deputies, into the presence of the king. One, young and beautiful, overwhelmed at her own boldness, in thus approaching her monarch, could only faintly utter the word "*bread.*" Here was woe, here was suffering, sufficient to bring tears from stones.

What distress had been borne, what torture endured, before this multitude could thus unsex them-

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selves and string their feelings to this desperate tone. In the midst of the tumult, the Assembly send the Constitution to the king, praying his acceptance. It was given, and the announcement was made to the crowd of women to appease their rage. "Will it give us bread?" they inquired. "Yes," says Mounier, and they retired. Bread was ordered to be distributed, but was not; and the famished multitude wandered about, searching in vain for means to alleviate their hunger, till at length they came upon a dead horse, and began, in savage ferocity, to tear out his entrails, and devour his flesh. Tumult is again abroad, and shots are fired from the palace on the crowd, which rush in return up the marble steps, and stream through the royal apartments, demanding blood. But the adored Lafayette is seen moving amid the multitude, and the storm is stayed, and the king is saved. The next morning, the shout, "To Paris!" was heard, and Louis was compelled, with his family, to take this wild escort to the capital. The tiger was changed into the fiend. The excitement of the day before—the hunger and murder of the night, and the strange spectacle of the morning had completely unsettled what little reason the rabble had left, and the procession they form for the king —their furious shouts and bacchanal songs, and disorderly movement, as they carry a gory head aloft on a pike, making it nod and bow to the multitude in grim salutation, are enough to appal the stoutest heart. Kingship is ended—reverence is gone, and all after-respect and loyalty will be but the spasmodic

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flame of the dying lamp. *Vive le roi! Vive la nation! Vive Lafayette!* are alike incoherent and trustless. The nobility, heretofore so blind, begin at length to see more clearly, and flock in crowds from France. Having helped to bring the king into this inextricable peril, they leave him to fight it out alone, and hereafter the combat is to be between the court and the people.

Thus far we are able still to fix the guilt. A banquet which the body-guard had given, and at which the queen was present, had exasperated the famishing people by its luxury and wastefulness. The rumors of the intended flight of the king had also filled them with consternation; for civil war and all its horrors hung over their heads, while famine turned their fears into ferocity. These things, and these alone, drove Paris on Versailles, scattered the nobility in affright, and forced the king and Assembly to the capital, into the very midst of the popular excitement. The appropriation of the property of the clergy at this time, by the Assembly, for the use of the state, exasperated still more all the higher orders against the popular movement, and began that struggle which ended in national atheism.

The future course of the Revolution from this point, must be plain to every calm thinker. The popular party possessing the power, must move on till a republic is established. One extreme must succeed another. The rate of progress, and the degree of violence, must depend on collateral causes. Such commotions as now shook Paris, must bring strange

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and powerful beings to the surface. The pressure of an artificial system was removed, and the untamed spirit was allowed to go forth in its strength, aroused and excited by the new field opened to its untried powers. From amid the chaos, are dimly seen the forms of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and others, who as yet dream not of the fate before them. Robespierre has been underrated by some, and too highly extolled as a man of intellect by others. He was one of those the Revolution developed. At the outset, ignorant and narrow-minded, and impelled onward only by a low ambition, he was educated into a shrewd politician—a clear-headed reasoner, and a really powerful man amid popular assemblies. Marat was a cold-blooded villain, who acquired power among intelligent men, by terror alone. Danton was ambitious and patriotic at first, afterwards ferocious; but when he saw to what issue the republic he had hoped to establish was tending, he became disgusted, and attempted to retire from the scene. But these men and their like represent a class which, in the dominance of the popular party, obtain power by forming a *radical* party. Among the clubs, that at this time were organized in Paris, the Jacobin Club was the most powerful, and gradually swallowed up all the rest, and was the cause of the unparalleled atrocities of the French Revolution. How much Mirabeau could have done, had he lived, after he saw the chaotic tendency of things, and went over to royalty, and openly declared war against the violence and mobocracy of the more popular party,

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it is not easy to say. With his profound knowledge of the human heart—his thrilling eloquence and undaunted firmness, he might have overwhelmed such men as Robespierre; and, with his powerful arm on the throne, steadied its overthrow, if not prevented the fall. He was no democrat, and never dreamed of establishing a republic in France. His attacks on monarchy and the nobility, were prompted more by personal feeling than patriotism. Still, he was a strong man, and the party which possessed him had a legion on their side. Yet we doubt whether he could have done much beside such an imbecile king as Louis. He would have striven for a while with his impetuous courage, to force him to some decision and firmness, and when he found it all of no avail, and all his measures defeated by childlike vacillation, he would have left him to his fate, and retired in disgust from his country.

During the period that intervened between the movement of the mob on Versailles, and the dethronement of Louis, the Assembly continued to act with vigor, and prosecute the reforms so loudly called for in the state. There were also spasmodic exhibitions of returning loyalty by the people. The anniversary of the overthrow of the Bastile was an exhibition of popular enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of the world; and when, in the vast amphitheatre erected in the Champs de Mars, those three hundred thousand French people on the one hand, and the king with the queen in the background, holding the royal heir in her arms on the other, swore under the open

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heavens together, to render faithful adherence to the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, the conflicts and miseries of France seemed ended. But the general joy that followed was of only few days' duration. The quarrels with the ministry, that must be inefficient from the circumstances in which it was placed, and the party spirit of the different factions, and the ambition of separate leaders, soon brought back all the agitation that had only been suspended, not removed. Besides, in taking away the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and restricting the power of the king, the popular party had gained enough, and the king and higher orders lost enough to render them implacable enemies for ever, and there could be no peace till one or the other was entirely crushed, and removed beyond fear. But the popular party was in the ascendancy, and the principles it promulgated soon found way into every part of the kingdom, and finally penetrated the army. Bouillé might carry a few devoted hearts in the army with him, but the die was cast, and royalty must disappear. Most of the nobility had anticipated this, and emigrated. Louis at last also saw it, and fled. Arrested and brought back to Paris, he was afterward the mere shadow of power, and his doom hastened to its fulfilment. The spirit of liberty, which first exhibited itself in the *tiers etat* in the refusal to verify but in common with the higher orders, and afterwards in the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution, in the abolishment of the feudal system—in the power given to the lower orders—in the disrespect and afterwards

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contempt of the king, now took a bolder stand, and shouted "no king."

The closing up of the Constituent, or, in other words, National Assembly, which had now been in session three years, produced a momentary change in the state of affairs. By a motion of Robespierre, a resolution was passed, prohibiting the re-election to the new Assembly of any member of the old one. This resolution was introduced through pique, but its passage had a serious effect on France. The deputies that had watched the progress of events for three years, and understood more perfectly than fresh delegates could be supposed to understand, the nature and wants of the new government were thus kept out of the national councils. A new set of men composed the new Legislative Assembly, whose election, many of them, had been influenced by the various clubs, that were mere branches of those at Paris. That miserable article in the Constitution making the Assembly to consist of one chamber only, also increased the difficulty. This heterogeneous mass were brought into one body, and amid the tumults of the capital, the frenzy of faction, and violence of passion, were compelled to legislate for the state. Constitutionalists, who were conservatives in politics—enthusiastic republicans, who dreamed of restoring the palmy days of Greece and Rome—radicals, who thought only of retributive justice to aristocrats, and a middle indifferent class, were thus thrown together to split into two great parties, as patriotism, passion, or interest might lead. The result was, the old As-

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sembly was completely reversed. In that, the constitutionalists occupied the left side, and the privileged orders the right. In the new, there was no party of the higher orders, and the constitutionalists, or the more conservative party, became the right, and the enthusiasts and radicals the left side. The deputies from La Gironde were the ablest men among this motley class, and soon drew around them a large party, which were called *Girondins*. Condorcet as a writer, and Vergniaud as an orator, stood at the head of these. The radicals, seated on the highest benches in the hall, were called the *Mountain*. The Jacobin Club, with the others which, under the old Assembly, only agitated, ruled under the new. At its head stood Robespierre.

The Legislative Assembly, sitting in Paris, did not commence its labors under very favorable auspices, and the veto placed by the king on measures adopted against the clergy, who were stirring up a civil war, together with the plotting of the emigrants in favor of royalty, opened and widened the breach between him and his subjects. The thousand acts and suspicions that must occur, when parties occupy this hostile attitude, increased the irritation, and brought down fresh insults on the king. The pressure of everything was towards a republic during the winter and spring, until the 20th of June, when a fresh outbreak in Paris exhibited, by its contempt of the king, and the insults heaped upon him, to what a mere shadow his power was reduced. A mob of 30,000 persons came streaming into the Assembly, bearing before

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them the Declaration of Rights, and above their heads, on a pike, a calf's heart, with the inscription, "Heart of an Aristocrat." Moving from thence around the Tuileries, they insulted the king, and finally penetrated into his apartments. It needed then but one word to turn that palace into a place of massacre. Lafayette, the brave, the spotless Lafayette, when he heard of this disgraceful scene, hastened from his post at the head of the army, to Paris, to interpose the shield of his person before that of the king.

Here, every one who has watched the progress of the Assembly, will say that a republic is inevitable. The writers of this period, educated under a monarchical government, pause at the point where a republic becomes certain, and date from that moment the horrors of the Revolution. That a nation of oppressed and ignorant men cannot pass at once from slavery to independence without violence, and perhaps bloodshed, no thinking man will doubt. But that the wholesale murders and massacres, the scenes of ferocity and fiendish cruelty that characterized the Revolution, were a necessary part of this transition state, we unhesitatingly deny. On the contrary, we charge on Louis XVI. himself the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The soft feelings of his womanish heart are no excuse for his violation of duty. Too weak to rule the turbulent spirits around him, unable to withstand the tumult he should have quelled, and unfit, in every way, for the perilous position in which he was placed, he should have confessed it, and resigned, long before, his crown and his throne. What had

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royal prerogative, and pride of blood and family, and dignity of a king, to do with the salvation of a realm? He deserved death, not for the charges preferred against him, but his weakness in refusing to resign his power, while he would not uphold the laws. Resisting, where he ought not to have resisted, the righteous decrees of the Assembly—and yielding in the only place where he ought not to have yielded, when the mob assailed his authority and his person, we lose all respect for his kindness in utter contempt of his character as a king. We say he is chargeable with the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, for similar scenes will occur in any city where the executors of the law manifest equal vacillation and imbecility. Had those whose duty it was to maintain the laws in the late riots of Philadelphia followed the example of Louis XVI., we should have had the scenes of Paris over again. Emboldened by impunity, and made ferocious by blood, mob would have striven with mob, in the absence of law, and the length and fierceness of the struggle would have depended on the comparative strength of the conflicting parties. Had any of the mobs which, for the last few years, have arisen in London, Birmingham, or Bristol, been suffered to insult, and pillage, and trample on the constituted authorities with the same impunity that the Parisian mobs were allowed to, we should have had similar acts of violence; and had this lawless power been suffered to increase and consolidate, it would have imitated the bloody ferocity of the Jacobins. The transient violence of sudden outbreaks is easily quelled.

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It is only when the mob power is suffered to become *legislative*, that we have such legislation as Robespierre, Marat, Barrére, and Couthon gave France. The Jacobin Club was this consolidated mob-power, and it grew up and strengthened under the very eye of the king. He had not even the excuse of ignorance where ignorance would have been crime, for his best friends told him of it; and not only told him, but begged the privilege of crushing it at once. He not only refused to command the removal of this curse of France, but rejected the earnest entreaty of Lafayette to be permitted to do it on his own responsibility. We are told that Louis could not bear to shoot down his subjects, and chose rather to suffer indignity and personal loss, than shed the blood of others. We have not the least objection to this choice, if he were the only person concerned in it; but he knew that this Jacobin power aimed at the overthrow of everything stable and just. He could not help knowing it; for their doctrines and determination were both made public. Besides, warning after warning, of no doubtful significance, had reached his ears. The only apology made for Louis here by his friends, is his kindness of heart. Instead of this being an excuse in such circumstances, it is a crime deserving of death. The commander of a nation's army might refuse battle under the same plea, and thus ruin the nation that trusted him. The mayor of New York might plead his tenderness of feelings for refusing to employ force against a society, whose avowed purpose was to overturn the city government, and spoil

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the inhabitants. This extreme sensibility on the part of the executive authority is worse than none at all. It is a crime for which a man should be held responsible, as much as for cowardice in battle. There are sins of omission as well as commission, and while the mob stands charged with the latter, Louis XVI. has a heavy account to render for the former.

His want of boldness on the 20th of June, during the last riot to which we referred, ought to have lost him his power for ever; and he would have been unworthy of pity had he fallen then on the marble floor of his own palace, trodden down by the infuriated populace. This was not an insurrection of women asking for bread, but of lawless men hating authority. One destined to play a fearful part afterwards in the history of Europe, saw the imbecility of the king at a glance, and could not restrain his indignation. Coming out of a café, he observed the mob streaming towards Versailles: "Let us follow that rabble," said young Bonaparte to Bourienne. When he beheld the insults of the mob, as they spread themselves through the royal apartments, his anger knew no bounds; and when, at length, he saw the meek Louis present himself at the window, with a red cap on his head, put there in obedience to the miserable *sans culotte*, he could restrain himself no longer, and exclaimed, "What madness! how could they allow these scoundrels to enter? They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon. The rest would then have taken to their heels." But Louis, who would struggle long and tenaciously with

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the National Assembly for a mere prerogative, would let the butchers, scavengers, and outlaws of his kingdom spit on him. Bonaparte had occasion to try his principles afterwards, and saved the Convention, when half the weakness the king had shown would have left it to the mercy of Jacobinical fury. Lafayette, who had come from the army to arrest this spirit of violence, which threatened to overtop all authority, was supported by the National Assembly in his bold denunciations of the scenes on the 20th, and, thus sustained, went to the king and offered himself for his protection. The besotted Louis rejected the offer. Lafayette, intent on saving his country, resolved to take on himself the responsibility of dispersing the Jacobins. But, unsupported by the king, he could get but few to aid him. The Jacobins, however, hearing of his designs, were seized with sudden fear, and abandoned their Club. Had the king then put the National Guard under his control, he would have crushed this viper in its nest, and saved France from the sea of blood in which she afterwards sunk, and from which she eventually so slowly and painfully lifted her head. Lafayette remained a few days longer in Paris, and then set out for the army. From that time on, we see not where France could have been saved. The factions had, in reality, assumed the power, and order and law were soon to be at an end. This last act of the king destroys our remaining sympathy, and we feel that he deserves to die for his weakness, and we almost wonder how Lafayette could, as he afterwards did, make another effort to

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save his life. But this too was rendered futile through the infatuation of Louis, and he must hereafter go stumbling on to the scaffold.

The approach of hostile armies on France at this juncture aroused and alarmed all parties, and accusations were not wanting, that the king was implicated in these attacks on revolutionary France. The 19th of July, 1792, the anniversary of the Federation in the Champ de Mars arrived, and a last feeble attempt was made to keep the appearance of friendship between the king and the people. They assembled as before, but not with the joy and hope of that first great day. The farce could not be kept up, and though the celebration passed off without violence, and *Vive le Roi* again smote the ear of the king, it was easy to see that another eruption was at hand, destined to sweep royalty, even with its shadow of power, completely away. A new conspiracy was set on foot by the Jacobins, having for its object the dethronement of the king. The insurrectional committee of their club issued orders, as if it composed the municipal authority of Paris. The Assembly could do nothing, for Jacobinical influence was there also, and all waited with anxious fear the 10th of August, the day fixed for the insurrection. It came, and with it the overthrow of the throne. The king fled in alarm to the National Assembly—the Tuileries ran blood, and amid the storm and terror of that day, the Bourbon dynasty closed. The executive power of France had disappeared to reappear instantaneously in the *Commune* of Paris, under control of the clubs,

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with the Jacobins at their head. The Assembly immediately decreed the dethronement of the king—a plan of education for the prince royal—and the convocation of a national convention. This recognition of the prince royal, shows how confined and unsettled men's minds were on the future course of the Revolution, and how difficult it is to eradicate all regard for that power which has for so long a time been the object of reverence. At the dethronement of Louis there were really but two authorities in Paris—the legislative in that of the Assembly, and the municipal in that of the Commune.

The first thing to be done, was the creation of some substitute for the executive power. The ministers, chosen at once, were appointed to represent royalty. But the people were still in uproar; and, like the vexed ocean, surged up round the Assembly, now the throne had gone down, demanding the *destruction* of royalty. The Assembly had voted for suspension, the clubs for dethronement—and the people were ruled by the clubs. The hatred of the poor against the rich, and all those low passions which turn the lower classes into savages, had been fed by those clubs, till they were ready to be led anywhere to commit any deed.

How rapidly such wild power works. In one day the king had been dethroned—three of his dismissed ministers reinstated, and exercising royal authority. The royal family were prisoners at the Feuillans—Danton, from the member of a second-rate club, was minister of justice. Marat, the infamous Marat, was parading Paris, at the head of the brigand Marseil-

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lais; and Robespierre, declaiming at the club about the victory, and declaring that the National Assembly should be suspended, and Lafayette impeached.

When the news of this Revolution reached the army, it was accompanied with accusations against Dumouriez and Lafayette. To give themselves up to the tribunals at Paris, to be tried, was to abandon themselves to death. Lafayette, therefore, fled to Austria, and was thrown into prison. Dumouriez was reinstated in favor, and attempted to fight for the republic; but eventually, finding anarchy and want of order in the government, took the bold resolution to bring over the army and march it against the revolutionists, that were destroying the very hope of republicans and deluging France in blood. Having failed in this attempt, he, too, fled to Austria, and was received with better favor than Lafayette. We cannot agree with Thiers here, in his condemnation of Dumouriez. That brave general struggled as long as he could, single handed, and then sought the aid of Austria. But this coalition with a foreign power to march on Paris, and crush the anarchists that were destroying all the good fruits of the Revolution, M. Thiers regards as treachery, but we as patriotism. Dumouriez, it is true, would have been compelled to turn his cannon on his countrymen, and wade through the blood of Frenchmen, to the capital; but it would have been a *saving* of blood in the end. The reputation of France, freedom, human life, everything, was at stake, and Dumouriez knew it; and instead of being branded as a traitor, he should be extolled as a pa-

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triot. Any coalition, any measure that would save France from the domination of the cut-throats that had elevated themselves in the place of the throne, was honorable.

But everything failed; the Jacobins were king, and their club was the National Assembly. Committees of public safety, and of surveillance,* are but so many forms through which mob law can work. The authors of them know that they must now kill or be killed. Having cut themselves off from all sympathy without, and provoked the hostility of every crowned head of Europe—and knowing they must destroy all their enemies at home, or be swept away themselves—the anarchists set about their preparations to meet the storm with a courage that excites our admiration, but with a ferocity that makes the heart shudder with horror. Danton knew that boldness was the only

* The Committee of the Public Safety was composed of twenty-five members. It was charged with the preparation of all the laws for the safety of the Republic externally. The ministers constituting the executive authority, had to render account to it twice a week, while it reported weekly of the state of the Republic. The duty of the Committee of Surveillance was to seize all suspected persons, and to carry out the decree, that made all of rank or wealth suspected. The Revolutionary Tribunal, instituted shortly after, took cognizance of every act and person favoring any plot to re-establish sovereignty, or weaken the power of the people. From its decision there was no appeal. After the fête of the Supreme Being, additional power was given to it; so that all evidence and counsel, and, indeed, witnesses were dispensed with; or rather, accusers were allowed to be witnesses, so that it could destroy without hindrance.

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alternative, and exclaimed in the Assembly "we must *strike terror* to the *royalists*." A shiver ran through the hall, for the language meant extermination.

It is useless to follow the acts of Assembly farther. Legislation was a mere form, and it is to the Commune of Paris, the Clubs, and the Revolutionary Tribunal, we are to look for law. The first step in this course of self-protection, called public welfare, was to visit every house in Paris, and apprehend all imputed persons. The barriers are shut for forty-eight hours—the whole machinery of municipal government arrested—every shop closed, and every inhabitant shut up in his dwelling. The streets are deserted—the promenades are empty—the rattling of carriages is hushed, and the tool of the artisan no longer heard. The noise and bustle of the mighty city are suddenly succeeded by the silence and gloom of death. Pale terror sits by every fireside, and every voice speaks in a whisper. At length, at one o'clock in the morning, the rapid tread of these bloodhounds of the anarchists is heard in every street, and the stroke of their hammer on every door. *Fifteen thousand persons* were seized and committed to prison. The mob had dethroned the king on the 10th of August—the domiciliary visits were made on the 29th, and a new insurrection planned for the 2d of September, three days after. Now let the *générale* beat, and the tocsin send its terrible peal over the city, and the rapid alarm-guns make the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September as awful as the day of judgment. The trial and exe-

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cution of these suspected persons must be as sudden and summary as the arrest. From every quarter the armed multitude come streaming together. Twenty-four priests, on their way from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye, are first seized and butchered. Varennes, trampling over the corpses, and spattering the blood over his shoes, keeps alive, and kindles into tenfold fury, the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, the leader of the mob of women that stormed Versailles, shouts "To the Carmelites!" —and "To the Carmelites!" echoes in terrific response from those around him. The turbulent mass rolls towards the church, and the two hundred priests employed in it are butchered in each other's embrace, while their prayers to God are drowned in the shouts of the fiends that stab them around the very altar. The brave Archbishop of Arles receives three cuts of a sword on his face before he falls, and then dies at the foot of the cross of Christ. With a portion of these maddened executioners, Maillard returns to one of the sections of the city, and demands "wine for his brave laborers." With a shudder, the Committee pour them out *twenty-four quarts*, and then the shout is "To the Abbaye!" The brave surviving Swiss are first brought forward and fall pierced by a thousand pikes. The yells of the assassins penetrate the prison walls, announcing to the inmates that their hour is come. The aged Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, is brought forth, but just as the bayonet is lifted to strike him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and distress-

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ful tears for her father's life, that he is spared, on the condition she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet of the warm blood is put to her mouth, and she drains it at a draught. Half-naked monsters, bespattered with brains and blood, and making night hideous with frantic yells, shout his pardon. The Princess de Lamballe, the friend of the queen, and the beauty of the court, is led forth into the midst of this Saturnalia of hell, and after fainting several times at the horrible spectacle presented to her eyes, a sword stroke opens her head behind. She faints again, and recovering is forced to walk between two fierce ensanguined wretches over a pavement of dead bodies, then is speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend in their bosoms still unsatisfied, the body is stripped, exposed for two hours to every insult and indecency that human depravity can invent, and finally one leg rent away and thrust into a cannon, which is fired off in honor of this jubilee of demons. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a gory pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood and streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to salute the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. *Ca ira!* Yes, "that will do!" but the hurried beat of the *générale*, and the loud peal of the tocsin, announcing that murder and massacre are abroad, shall be heard too often even for those who ring it. Between this night and the 7th, a thousand were butchered. And yet there were only about three hundred, in all, engaged in this work of blood, while ten thousand of the National Guards remained quietly

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in their quarters. The Committee of Public Safety avowed these massacres and defended them, and recommended similar sanguinary executions in the different provinces. The taste of blood had whetted the appetite of the mob, and they needed daily victims to gratify it. In the midst of such constant excitement and alarm, the election took place for deputies to the National Convention. Being influenced in every part of France by the Jacobins, and in Paris entirely controlled by them, the members of the last Assembly were almost universally returned, and the National Convention was formed simply by the Assembly resolving itself into it. It was a change of name, nothing more. The division of Girondin and Mountain now became more distinct, and, at the condemnation and the execution of Louis, which soon followed, permanent and broad. The Girondins, from this time forward, were accused of favoring the king, and hence became objects of deep hostility to the Mountain and Jacobins, both of whom gradually became one in sympathy and purpose. On the side of the Mountain, we find Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, David Legendre, Collot d'Herbois, and the Duke of Orleans. Marat alone was wanting to make the list complete. On the other side, we find Guadet, Vergniaud, Gensonne, Condorcet, Buzot, the bold and noble-hearted Barbaroux, and his devoted friend Rebecqui. These last, hating Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their followers, did not cease to denounce them, and were denounced in return. Robespierre was accused, and Marat brought to trial, but were

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both acquitted. The anarchists, with the factions of Paris, at first in the minority, gradually gained in power, and all efforts of the Girondins to destroy the conspirators of the 10th of August and 2d of September, were in vain. The Revolutionary Tribunal was established to expedite the executions, and steadily increased in power. The public accuser of it, the infamous Fouquier Tinville, was constantly urged by the Committee of Public Safety to hasten the executions. He needed no such incentive to whet his morbid appetite for blood. To a frame and will of iron, he added a steadiness of purpose and unweariedness of effort, and a hatred of man, that made him the fit agent of such an engine of terror. Cold as marble to everything but the pleasure of murder, he had no passion but ferocity. Appetite, lust, desire, covetousness, were all unknown to him. The love of human suffering and flowing blood absorbed all other feelings and affections of the man, and he moved amid this chaos like a spirit of darkness, sweeping men by thousands into the grave. Yet even he showed that ferocity has a limit; for, when the Committee of Public Safety ordered him to increase the executions to a hundred and fifty a day, he was so horrified that he confessed, on his trial, that as he returned home the Seine appeared to run blood. While he was thus wasting life in Paris, the guillotine, guarded by artillery, was traveling over France, reeking with gore, and leaving destruction in its path. All the upper classes were destined to the grave. Danton was the origin of this infamous Revolutionary Tribunal, little

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thinking it would one day take off his own head. It is useless to follow the struggle between the two portions of the Convention. One or the other must sooner or later fall. Unions made in moments of enthusiasm, and suspension of hostilities in times of great external danger, only delayed, not prevented, the catastrophe.

Robespierre accused the Girondins of being an under aristocracy, and opposed to the interests of the people, and hence carried Paris and the populace with him. The Girondins, on the other hand, waged constant war on the atrocious measures which the Commune of Paris and the Jacobins and Mountain constantly proposed and executed. At length, the same measure by which the king was dethroned on the 10th of August, 1792, and the prisoners slain on the 2d of September of the same year, was set on foot to overthrow the Girondins in 1793. The spirit of lawless violence, which Louis could and should have quelled, had now become too strong for opposition; and although the Girondins endeavored to stem it manfully to the last, their actions were marked by greater courage than policy. On Sunday again, as if this day were the most favorable to success, the insurrection which was to overthrow the last defenders of true liberty was to take place. All night long had the *générale* beat, and the tocsin pealed on over the city, driving sleep from every eye, and sending terror to every bosom, and at daybreak the booming of the alarm-gun amid the general tumult was heard calling the multitude to arms. The Convention was sur-

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rounded, but most of the Girondins were away, concealed in their friends' houses. The Mountain and the Jacobins had now unlimited power, and the Girondins, prosecuted by the Commune of Paris, were ordered to be put under arrest. This crushed the party for ever. Part fled into the provinces to stir up a rebellion against the Jacobins, and part remained behind to mount the scaffold. Now, Robespierre and his Jacobins have it all their own way. The Reign of Terror has commenced, and order is restored and preserved by the awful power of fear alone. Moderates are regarded as aristocrats, and under the law established in respect to suspected persons no one is safe from accusation. Law is abrogated, legislation ended, and a dictatorship composed of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Committee of Public Safety are really the only power in France. But the danger was not over. A foreign foe was on the frontier moving towards the capital, while the provinces, in arms, were also marching thither to avenge the Convention. The only weapon to be used against the enemy at home was terror, while the republican armies were to resist the foe from without. In the midst of these excitements, Marat, one of the famed triumviri fell before the knife of Charlotte Corday, the first act of retributive justice, which was to be followed by others, till the whole tribe of monsters should sink, one after another, into the bloody grave in which they had pushed so many before them.

But as there cannot be agitation without parties,

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so they began to be formed in the Convention, Jacobins as they were, although it had just rid itself of the great conservative party of the Girondins. Part, seeing in how dangerous hands the supreme power of France was placed, demanded the revival of the constitutional ministry, to be independent of the legislative power, and hence of the Committee of Public Welfare. There were also among these radicals some more moderate than others, as there always must be. There is a conservative part to all radicalism, an upper crust to the lowest stratum, which may be cut off again and again—there still is left an upper surface, which the lower must remove, submit to, or perish. Radicals forget this great fact when they begin to hew away the upper classes. The *relation* still exists—there always will be those more moderate than others. It was so in the Convention. Thus we see two incipient parties springing out of the Mountain itself, and endeavoring to stay the wild revolutionary energy that was sweeping everything away in its fury.

In the mean time the Jacobins and their friends declared, through the Convention, the Revolution to be in a state of siege, from the foes without and within, and hence adopted revolutionary measures. A revolutionary army and a revolutionary police were established. The police watched the Republic, and the army defended it; and while the latter was struggling against monarchy, working through its armies, the former attemped to subvert all aristocracy, by imprisoning all suspected persons. The energy of this revolutionary government was astonishing; for, while it challenged

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the royalty of Europe to the conflict, and "threw down the head of a king as the gage of battle," it carried out, in all its details, the severest police regulations that were ever instituted. Revolutionary committees were formed in every part of France, endowed with the power of judging the persons liable to arrest. Paris had forty-eight, and fifty thousand were in operation throughout the kingdom. The result of these revolutionary measures drenched France in blood. At Lyons, the murderous Collot d'Herbois, under sanction of the government, and carrying out its decree—that an army should travel over the provinces, accompanied by artillery and a guillotine—slew by wholesale. Suspected houses were blown up together, and prisoners were arranged in file, with a ditch on either side to receive the dead bodies, and then mowed down with grape shot. The Rhone ran blood, and its waters became poisoned with the putrid corpses that loaded the stream. Every species of cruelty that depravity could invent was exhibited in these sanguinary scenes. Amidst the groans of the wounded, and shrieks and tears of friends, Collot d'Herbois, and Fouché, and his partisans, rioted with courtesans, and laughed amid the carnage. In five months six thousand were butchered, and double that number driven into exile. At Bordeaux, the same sanguinary scenes were enacted, and all the great cities of France felt the vengeance of the Mountain. In Nantes, women and children were mingled up in the massacres in such proportions, that the ordinary modes of execution were unequal to slay

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the countless victims that were daily offered. Chained together, two and two, they were thrown into the Loire, while soldiers lined the shore with drawn sabres, to dispatch those who escaped drowning. Six hundred children perished in this inhuman manner. In another instance, five hundred children were led out to be shot;—unaccustomed to fire sufficiently low to hit these innocent children, the soldiers sent their bullets over their heads. Frantic with fear, these comparative infants suddenly broke their bonds and rushed in among the soldiers, clinging to their knees, crying for mercy. But nothing could allay the fiend that had taken possession of the executioners, and the sword hewed down the suppliants by scores. Thirty thousand perished in Nantes alone. The head Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris, of which all others were but shoots, was in the mean time busy at home. Carts were regularly driven up to the door every morning waiting for its load of human bodies. The accusations, made without cause, were followed instantaneously by the trial without justice, and the guillotine ended the farce. Fifty a day would be tried and executed. The rolling of tumbrels, going to and from the place of execution, carried constant terror to the prisoners, who heard it from their dungeons. Men became reckless of life, and danced and sung on the day of their execution, and went joking to the scaffold. Man had lost his humanity; and a spirit of ferocity, unheard of before in the annals of history, animated the bosoms of the murderers who sat as judges. It was more than cold-blooded murder—it was a madness or mania as inex-

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plicable as it was terrific. At first, the people seemed to enjoy the excitement of these scenes of horror, and benches were arranged around the guillotine for their accommodation, on which men and women sat and sang *Ca ira!* as head after head rolled on the scaffold. Robespierre, and his Revolutionary Tribunal, waded in blood, and still the cry was for more. France had lost nearly a million by the Revolution; and the blows which had smitten only the upper classes of society began to descend on the lower classes. Then the reaction commenced. Artisans shut up their shops along the street where the carts passed to the guillotine. A solemn feeling, the first indication of returning reason, began to usurp the place of madness. The monsters who sat as gods in the midst of this overthrow of life, were themselves alarmed at the depth to which they had waded in human gore, and looked in vain for some shore to stand on. They could not go back, and it grew wilder as they advanced. The heavens grew dark overhead; and they felt the intimations of an approaching storm, that, even in its birth-throes, betokened a fiercer strength than their own. The wave they had gathered and sent onward had met its limit, and was now balancing for its backward march. Danton, who had sickened of the endless murders, was accused as a moderate, and, with Camille Desmoulins, cast in prison. The Revolutionary Tribunal he had put in operation, though awe-struck for a moment by his boldness, and alarmed as it heard his voice of thunder hurling defiance into its midst, soon sent him and

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his compeers to the guillotine, that still waited for greater victims.

The dethronement of the Deity and instalment of Reason in his place, in the person of a lewd woman, alarmed Robespierre, who trembled to see human passion cut loose from all restraint, and he re-enthroned the Supreme Ruler in solemn pomp. His haughty bearing on this day turned him from an object of reverence into one of suspicion. Jealousy also began to show itself between the Committee of Public Welfare and the Committee of Public Safety, and sections of both to distrust Robespierre, in his rapid strides to supreme power. People began to say, "Robespierre wills it;" "Robespierre demands it." He was *the* power. This he had sought, but wished it without the responsibility. While resentments and jealousies were thus acquiring strength in the different committees, public sympathy began to react against the atrocities to which there seemed no end. In this state of affairs there was wanting only an occasion sufficient to demand boldness of action in the Convention. It was soon furnished in the attack Robespierre made on his old friends, who dared to complain of his arbitrary measures. In a moment of courage Billaud cast off all reserve, and, in the midst of the dark hints thrown out in the Convention against Robespierre, accused him, abruptly, of endeavoring to control the committees, and seeking to be sole master; and lastly, of conspiring the day before with the Jacobins to decimate the Convention. The smothered fire had at length burst forth; and the sudden shout, "Down

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with the tyrant!" shook the hall. Robespierre, livid with rage, attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned in the shouts, "arrest!" "accusation!" "to the vote! to the vote!" A decree against him, St. Just, and Couthon was carried.

In the mean time, the Jacobins in the Commons were thunderstruck at the sudden fall of their leader. They had been planning a second insurrection against the Convention, and the blow had reached them first. The infamous Henriot galloped, half drunk, through the streets, striving to rouse the people. Having misled the gunners in the Place du Carrousel, they had pointed their artillery on the hall of the National Convention. The deputies prepared themselves for death, but in the mean time passed a decree of outlawry against Henriot, which being read to the soldiers they refused to fire. The National Guards sided with the Convention, and it was over with Robespierre and his conspirators. Though snatched from the hands of the Convention by the mob, and carried to the Hotel de Ville, they were at length secured. Having been outlawed there was no need of trial, and they were led off to execution.

What a change a single day had made in the fate of Robespierre! As we see him lying on a table in the hall of the Committee of Public Welfare, pale and haggard, the same blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being, spattered with the blood from his wound, which he vainly strives to stanch with the sheath of his pistol, we learn a lesson on tyranny, and not on republicanism,

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we can never forget. The guillotine, to which he had sent so many, finally reached him; and the terrific yell he uttered, freezing every heart with horror, as the bandage was torn from his maimed jaw, letting it drop on his breast, was the knell of the Reign of Terror. Joy and exultation filled every bosom when it was announced that he and his accomplices were no more. Here the Revolution stopped, and began to retrograde.

The five years we have thus gone over, stand alone in the history of man. In 1789, the National Assembly overthrew the feudal system, and took the first great revolutionary step. In 1791, a Constitution had been given to France; but, dissatisfied with its action, a few months after, the mob stormed the Tuileries and dethroned the king. The Revolution had now awakened the hostility of Europe, and amid the foes without and dangers within, it raged with tenfold fury. As these dangers accumulated and obstacles increased, the last degree of exasperation was reached, and it went on destroying with a blind rage that threatened to overwhelm everything in its passage. With the appearance of mighty armies without and the spectres of bloody plots within, it saw no safety but in indiscriminate slaughter. At the end of 1793, the republican armies were crowned with victory, and the excuse of desperate measures no longer existed, and in the waking up of humanity the tyranny of terror went down. We cannot follow here the future steps of the National Convention. The heads of the Jacobin party had been cut off, but

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the members remained to make one more desperate effort for power. Famine too, stalked abroad, furnishing food to nothing but agitation and despair. But general order prevailed—the Jacobin Club was closed—the Revolutionary Tribunal destroyed, and the insurrections in different parts of the kingdom quelled. The insurrection called the Insurrection of the 1st of Prairial, was like that which drove the mob of women to Versailles—scarcity of *bread.* It was more terrific and threatening than that which overthrew or destroyed the Girondins, but the government had learned to use the force at its disposal with firmness and courage, and the tumult which threatened to bring back the horrors of the 2d of September was quelled.

The adoption of a new Constitution now followed, vesting the executive power in the hands of five Directors, and the legislative in two councils—that of the *Five Hundred* and that of the *Ancients.* The council of Five Hundred appointed the Directors, which constituted the famous Directory of France. This Constitution excited the last great insurrection of Paris, called the Insurrection of the 13th of Vendemaire, and ended for ever the power of the Jacobins. The *générale,* which had so often carried consternation into the hearts of the Parisians, was once more beat and the tocsin sounded, and the lawless power of the mob again on its march, with forty thousand of the National Guard to sustain it.—Against this overwhelming force, the Constitution had but five thousand men to defend itself. With

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half the irresolution of Louis XVI., it would have shared his fate. But fortunately these five thousand were put under the command of that same youth who saw, with inexpressible indignation, Louis XVI. submit to the indignities and insults of the mob in the Tuileries. Young Bonaparte had none of that monarch's womanly weakness, or childish fear of shedding human blood. With his trusty band, he opened his cannon on the approaching masses of his countrymen, as he had done before on the Austrian columns. His orders to disperse were terrific discharges of grapeshot, and the authority with which they were issued, was seen in the falling ranks that reeled to the murderous fire. The lawless bands, that had first become powerful through the weakness of the king, saw that the government was now in different hands, and disappeared as suddenly as they had arisen. Peace was restored, the factions for ever broken, and a new era dawned on France. At length, October 26, 1795, the National Convention, after having been in session three years, and passed 8370 decrees, dissolved itself. The Directory immediately established itself at Luxembourg, and the remainder of the history of the Revolution is taken up chiefly with the external wars up to 1799, at the establishment of the Consulate under Napoleon Bonaparte. We will not trace the steps by which Bonaparte rapidly ascended to power. Lodi, and Arcola, with their desperate struggles and victories; the conquests in Italy and on the Rhine; the battles of the Pyramids and the overthrow of Egypt; the brilliant achievements with

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which he dazzled the French people and prepared them for his domination, are a part of history known to all. Like some mighty spirit rising amid universal chaos, and moulding and commanding the raging elements till they marshal themselves in order around him, so did Bonaparte appear amid the turbulence that had shaken France into fragments, and unsettled a continent from its repose. The strange elements and daring spirits the Revolution shook up to the surface, he directed on external foes, and moving himself on before in the path of ambition and military glory, he drew a crowd after him filled with the same courage and lofty chivalry. Binding these to him by affection and reverence, and making himself the soul of the army, supreme power imperceptibly glided into his hands, and the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, by which he obtained the outward insignia of power, and overthrew the Directory, was but the visible expression of what had been already done.

Ten years had elapsed between the calling of the States General, in which the tiers etat made the first feeble attempts at freedom, and the Consulate. Yet, in that time, France had overthrown the feudal constitution which had been impregnable for ages; and from a feudal despotism become a limited monarchy with a constitution—from that had suddenly arisen before the astonished world, and in the midst of the despotism of Europe, a free republic, declaring war against all thrones; and throwing down "the head of a king and six thousand prisoners as the gage of battle"—and then passed into the wildest anarchy that

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ever shook a kingdom; and last of all had risen up into a strong military despotism, startling the world as much by its arms as it had done by its principles. Ten years of such history the world never before saw. All these transitions were, perhaps, inevitable, after the first step was taken, and the first legislative revolution accomplished. All that France experienced may have been necessary to the transition from deep oppression and utter misery to freedom and comfort, except the Reign of Terror. Popular outbreaks, and the transient rule of the headlong populace are to be expected, but not the steady and systematic legislation of a mob, ruling by terror, and acting through the government of the land. The power of the Jacobins spreading itself, till it wrapped the entire government in its folds, is not chargeable on republicanism. Yet, it is not without its uses; by teaching all republics, to remotest time, that their danger consists not in the ascendency of an aristocracy once overturned, but in the blind fury of factions. No military despotism ever yet grew out of a republic, except through the influence and corruption of factions that were suffered to increase without resistance, till the aid of the populace could be depended on in a struggle against the authority and power of law.

Bloody as was the French Revolution, no one can now appreciate the circumstances in which the men of that period were placed. Those alone who have felt the oppression and inhumanity of an unprincipled aristocracy, can know how strong is the feeling of retributive justice, and how terrible the fear of the

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reascendency of such power, rendered still more fearful by burning hatred. Added to all this, the crowned heads of Europe were moving down on this new, agitated republic, threatening to crush it, in its first incoherent struggles for life. Fear and rage combined, strung the energies of France to their utmost tension, and we look with wonder on the boldness and strength with which she struggled in her distress. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon, Barrére, St. Just, and Collot d'Herbois were monsters; yet, perhaps, with the exception of Marat and Couthon, not so much so by nature as by circumstances. After they obtained the power, it was a matter of life and death with them, and having shut their hearts against all compassion, everything in their own defence seemed alike pardonable. Let them pass as spectres of that mighty Revolution. Their reign was short; lasting only about nine months, while the first States General struggled manfully against tyranny for three years.

The Revolution was not so much perhaps to give liberty to France, as to break the spell of tyranny in Europe. If this be true, Bonaparte's career was as much needed as the Revolution itself. The iron framework of the feudal system had fastened itself so thoroughly, and rusted so long in its place, above the heads of the lower classes, that no slow cessation or steadily wasting effort could affect its firmness. A convulsion that should heave and rend it asunder was needed. It came in the French Revolution, but this affected only France. Some power was needed to roll this earthquake under the thrones of Europe,

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and Bonaparte was the man. Taking the untamed energies this sudden upheaving had cast forth on the bosom of society, he prepared to dispute with Europe the exclusive claim of nobility to power and privilege. A plebeian himself, he made marshals of plebeians. Ney, and Murat, and Soult, and Davoust, and Macdonald, and Kleber, and a host of others, were base-born men, and he pitted them against princes and dukes and nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. Nay, he did more —he shocked and disgusted, and for ever disgraced royalty itself, in their estimation, by making kings of plebeians, and finally taking the daughter of one of the haughtiest monarchs of Europe to his plebeian bed. He forced the haughty aristocracy to mingle in blood and companionship with those of his own making; and carried out, to its utmost limit, the just act of the tiers etat, when they wished simply to have the orders verify in common with them. He thus broke up this iron system over the continent—drove everything into fragments, and sent thrones, emptied of their kings and all the insignia of royalty, drifting like a floating wreck on the ocean he had set heaving. The strongest pillars of royalty were shattered to their bases—the objects of oldest, deepest reverence treated as baubles, and the spell-word, by which pride and tyranny had conjured so long, made powerless as the tricks of a playactor. He confounded and confused everything, and set the crowned heads of Europe in such a tumult and wonderment, that they have not yet recovered their senses. He started

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every rivet in the chain of despotism, so that it can never be fastened again—and, more than all, waked up the human soul to think for itself, so that the dark ages which preceded his appearance can never more return. The work of reformation may be slow, but it is sure. Man is for ever exalted, and he cannot be depressed anew. Reverence and fear are rapidly diminishing, while the dawning light is spreading higher and brighter on the horizon. With Bonaparte's motives we now have nothing to do, but with the effect of his actions alone. His own imperial reign, though despotism to France, was republicanism to the world. It was the Revolution rolled out of France, and working amid the thrones of Europe. In this respect Bonaparte had an important mission to fulfil, and he accomplished it. The elements he so strangely disturbed, slowly settled back towards their original places, but never did, and never can reach them. The solid surface of feudalism has been broken, and can never reunite. Other experiments are to be worked out, and other destinies reached, different from those which have heretofore made up the history of man.

There is another aspect in which the Revolution may be regarded. It was like a personal struggle between freedom and tyranny, which must have taken place before man could be benefited; and when it did occur, must, from the very fierceness of the conflict, have been simply a wild and desperate effort for victory—victory alone. The strife was too deadly and awful to admit of any other thought than bare vic-

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tory, and hence the means employed, and the distress occasioned, were minor considerations. The struggle was necessarily terrible from the very magnitude of the consequences involved in the issue, and the convulsions inevitable from such a struggle. The benefits are yet to be received. We believe the French Revolution has settled the question, whether all reform is to be checked by the bayonet. We see, already, its effect on the despotisms of Europe. England might have been the victim of this strife between liberty and tyranny, if France had not. But now she yields rights, one after another, in obedience to the stern voice of the people. Kings speak in a humble tone of their power, and in a more respectful manner of their subjects. Man, simple, untitled Man, is no longer a cipher in government. He is consulted silently, if not openly. The king fears him, as he stands in the might and majesty of truth, more than hostile armies. The French Revolution, and Bonaparte afterwards, rent everything to pieces by the vehemence of their action, but left room for truth to perform its silent and greater work. France went back to military despotism, and is now a monarchy—but the world is no longer what it was. Whatever the final goal may be, it has, at least, taken one step forward.

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CHAPTER IX.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

THE period embraced in this work of Mr. Alison furnishes more copious materials for a brilliant narrative than any period of the same length in the history of nations. To commence with a description of the "earthquake that opened under the Bourbon throne," and let down a whole dynasty of kings, and end with the battle of Waterloo, which overthrew an emperor and an empire, is to commence and end with all that is exciting in the history of man. The selection of this period shows the taste and character of the writer. Of an ardent temperament and highly poetic imagination, the terrific scenes that followed each other in such rapid succession from the first outbreak in Paris, are, to him, but so many separate passages in a great tragedy of which Bonaparte was the hero, and Waterloo the closing act. The history of this period is, for the most part, a history of battles, in the description of which lies Mr. Alison's peculiar excellence. He is, indeed, a wonderful example of the ease with which a writer of vivid description and brilliant style can take captive our judgment and blind our criticism. Ask the hundreds who speak in rapturous terms of his work, Why they are so en-

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chanted with it, and the answer is, "He is a splendid writer—do you remember the description of the battles of Wagram, Borodino, and Waterloo?" Of the truth of the great political events he narrates, the skill manifested in their grouping, and the causes which led to them, we hear nothing of praise. The arrangement of the work is exceedingly faulty, confusing us more than we ever remember to have been confused in reading the history of so short a period. The *style*, which is animated and racy, making us eye-witnesses of the terrific scenes he depicts, is yet often inflated and eminently careless. A sentence in the opening paragraph of the very first chapter, is but one of many examples. In speaking of the French Revolution, he says, "From the flame which was kindled in Europe, the whole world has been involved in conflagration, and a new era dawned upon both hemispheres from the effect of its expansion." The figure here introduced by "conflagration," and carried out by "expansion," Mr. Alison may think very good English, but it is anything but good rhetoric.

The opening pages of such a work we should expect to see devoted to the causes which produced the French Revolution—the great event which commences the history. But we were not prepared to find nearly forty pages occupied in drawing a parallel between it and the English Revolution under Cromwell, going back to the English Settlement and the Danish and Anglo-Saxon Conquests. The English Revolution does not come into the period of his his-

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tory; and to lead us down through the half barbarism of England in the early ages, and through all her feudal history, to give us the causes of the "Rebellion," is as foolish as it is confusing. Were one to write a history of England or France from its origin, it would be interesting to trace how civilization and liberty grew step by step, till they reached their present state in the nation. But the *inappropriateness* of the thing is our least objection. His philosophy and logic are false from beginning to end; and here, at the outset, we state the grand fault of Mr. Alison in compiling this history. He is a high Tory, and no more fit to write of this period, ushered in by the outbreak of the Republican spirit, and carried on with all the wildness of newly recovered and untamed freedom, than an Ultra Chartist of Birmingham to write the feudal history of England. A man falsifies history in two ways—first, by falsifying facts—second, by misstating the causes of those facts. The last, we consider the most culpable of the two, and of this crime Mr. Alison stands heavily charged. He set out with the determination to malign Republicanism and exalt Monarchy; and not satisfied with wrongly coloring facts, he exposes himself to the most ridiculous blunders, and contradicts his own assertions to secure his end. Whenever he speaks of "Democracy," or the "Rights of the people," he evidently has before him the riots of Birmingham, the Chartist "Bill of Rights," and the petition of three millions of Englishmen for universal suffrage. This picture warps his judgment sadly, and his philosophical "reflec-

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tions" on the French Revolution are a mixture of false logic, self-contradictions, and merest commonplaces from first to last. Thus, at the outset, in the very parallel we were speaking of, he says of the English Revolution, "the pulpit was the fulcrum on which the whole efforts of the popular leaders rested, and the once venerable fabric of the English monarchy, to which so large a portion of its influential classes have in every age of its history been attached, yielded at last to the force of fanatical frenzy." "In France, the influence of religion was all exerted on the other side," &c. In other words, true religion was with the royalists in both rebellions, and fanaticism or infidelity with the republicans. Now, in the first place, if this be true, why lead us down through the Dark Ages to show the causes of the English Revolution—why talk to us of the struggle for principle—why boast of the moderation of the people during its progress, and the regard to individual rights? Fanaticism is not so discriminating and just when it seizes the sword, and Mr. Alison has falsified one of the most important events of English history.

The statement is equally untrue with regard to the French Revolution. No attack was made on religion, nor did it enter one way or other into the conflict as a great element, until the priests began to declaim from the pulpits against the Assembly, denouncing every act of the reformers as sacrilegious, and exciting the people to resistance. *The Church took sides with the throne and the aristocracy*, as it had been partner in their oppressions and rapacity, and of

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course went down with them. And instead of the Cromwellian rebellion growing out of the fanaticism of the priests it sprung from the Parliament itself. The despotism of Charles I., his dangerous encroachments on the liberty of speech, and on the Constitution, were borne with till longer endurance became a crime. The whole history of the Long Parliament denies this statement of Mr. Alison. Charles I. trampled on the laws of England: he was tried for his crime and beheaded. The struggle that followed is chargeable on those who defended the throne in its wrong-doing. There was no need of rebellion; and there would have been none but for the tyranny of the king and the injustice of his friends. The conflict was between the Parliament and the throne. The people sided with the Parliament, and the throne went down. It was a struggle for the supremacy of British law and British rights, and hence was conducted with the moderation and justice which the cause demanded. Now, turn to the French Revolution—and what lay at the bottom of that? Suffering, unparalleled suffering—suffering that had been accumulating through ages. There were really but two classes in France—the privileged and unprivileged—the taxed and untaxed—the devoured and devourers. Mr. Alison acknowledges "there was a difference in the circumstances of the two countries at the period when their respective revolutions arose; but not so much as to make the contest in the one the foundation of a new distribution of property, and a different balance of power in the other the chief means of

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maintaining the subsisting interests of society, the existing equilibrium of the world." There was just this difference: The contest in England was for *order* and the supremacy of right and law, in France it was for *bread.* Stern, unbending principle guided the one, starvation and desperation the other. The inevitable result must be the establishment of justice in the one case, and the overthrow of everything established in the other. Rousseau never uttered a truer sentiment than in saying, "When the poor have nothing to eat they will eat the rich;" or Carlyle, writing, "When the thoughts of a people in the great mass of it, have grown mad, the combined issue of that people's workings will be madness—an incoherency and ruin." It must be so. With the first consciousness of power they cry out, as they run over the long catalogue of their sufferings, "Plunder shall be paid with plunder, violence with violence, and blood with blood."

The same influence of his hatred of democracy, blinding his judgment and compelling him to misstate facts, is seen in the proximate causes he gives as leading to the Revolution. It would be too gross a misstatement to declare that there was not sufficient suffering in France to produce an insurrection, as the Duke of Wellington once said there was no suffering in England. He acknowledges it, but thinks it has been overrated. Still, the picture he draws of the misery of the lower classes is frightful. The *taille* and *vingtieme* imposts fell heavily on the farmer, so that out of the produce of his land he

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received only about one quarter, the other three quarters being divided between the proprietor and the king. This alone would reduce the population of any country to starvation and consequent madness. Accustomed to yield to arbitrary power, the people never dreamed of resistance till driven to it by despair. Men dare ask for *bread* anywhere. The bayonet and scaffold can be contemplated with more calmness than famine.

Out of this state of feeling grew the Revolution, and all its horrors. Mr. Alison admits there was sufficient suffering and oppression to create an outbreak—indeed, he goes as far as to make the lower classes seventy-six per cent. poorer than the laborer in England, which is a degree of poverty beyond our conception—yet he affirms that the Revolution was started by the upper classes, and could have been checked by them at any moment; nay, he puts the blame of setting it in motion on such dreamers as Voltaire and Rousseau, who uttered fine sentiments about liberty, equality, etc. In making a statement so opposed to facts, he doubtless has in his mind such men as Carlyle, Thomas Hood, and others, whose writings are telling with such wonderful effect upon the English people. It needs but a glance to see where the grand difficulty lay. The leaders of the mobs knew it well, and wrote epigramatically, "tout va bien ici, le pain manque," all goes well—there is a lack of bread. The first attack of the populace was on one who said a man could live on seven sous a day. Then followed attacks on tax-

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gatherers and bakers. The first man hung at the lamp-post, Foulon, was hung for replying to the people's cry of distress, "*let them eat grass.*" Watch the army of women swarming around Versailles, crying, "Bread! bread!" See them gathered around their watch-fire at midnight, devouring the remains of a horse. Hear them screaming back to the National Assembly, whither they had forced themselves, "du pain pas tant de long discours"—bread, and not long speeches. There lies the cause of the disease, and not all the aristocracy of France could have prevented the outbreak. Yield they must, but submission came too late. They themselves had backed the waters till, when the barriers gave way, the flood must sweep every thing under. But to acknowledge this was to admit the danger that now threatens England, and sanction the Chartists in their ceaseless petitions to the throne and Parliament for reform.

Carrying out his monarchical sympathies, Mr. Alison also charges on democracy the blood and devastation that followed in the wake of the Revolution. He gives us a synopsis of the declaration of the "Rights of Man," by the Assembly, in which he says, "it declares the original equality of mankind; that the ends of the social union are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; that sovereignty resides in the nation, and every power emanates from them; that freedom consists in doing everything which does not injure another; that law is the expression of the general will; that public

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burdens should be borne by all the members of the state in proportion to their fortunes; that the elective franchise should be extended to all; and that the exercise of natural rights has no other limits but their interference with the rights of others." "In these positions, considered abstractly," says Mr. Alison, "there is much in which every reasonable man must acquiesce." We say, on the contrary, that every "reasonable man must acquiesce" in *the whole*, "abstractly." There are no plainer principles in human logic. They are axioms, considered "*abstractly*," no man can doubt, while we believe they are not only "abstractly" but practically true. They rest at the very foundation of our government, and if they be not true our government is a lie. The want of means in carrying them out does not prove their falsity, but the power of man to turn his greatest blessings into evils. Yet, reasonable as he admits some of them to be, considered "abstractly," he calls them, in another place, "a digest of anarchy." Then the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, is "a digest of anarchy;" an assertion which the history of our country, for the last fifty years, fully contradicts. To this "digest of anarchy," this explosion of democracy, he attributes all the horrors of the Revolution. He devotes whole pages to very grave and very sad reflections upon it; and at the end of almost every chapter on this period, he pours forth his "note of woe" on the acts of republicanism. Now, no one doubts the danger of suddenly giving too much

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power and freedom to slaves. The eye long accustomed to darkness, cannot bear immediately the full splendor of noonday. The oppression of centuries, when suddenly broken, does not end in calm and intelligent action. We do not find fault with Mr. Alison for preaching this doctrine, but for preaching *this* alone. There are three other great truths to be considered in connection with this, before we can form a correct judgment upon it. In the first place, if democracy *did* start this long array of ills, is that its *natural* action, or is it the *re*-action of something else? Was it not human nature, long chained, and scourged, and trampled on, suddenly taking vengeance on its oppressors, and wiping out with one bloody stroke the long arrears of guilt? Were the horrors of the Revolution the result of democracy merely, or of vengeance? Is it to be wondered at, that the captive, so long bound and goaded to madness, should fling abroad his arms a little too wildly at the first recovery of his freedom, and shake the bars of his cage a little too roughly? We believe the great truth, after all, to be drawn from that bloody tragedy, is the evils of long oppression, and not the evils of giving man his rights. The primal ultimate cause is the one that should have engaged Mr. Alison's attention and reflections, and not the secondary proximate cause. The youth of the world should learn a different lesson than that taught by his history.

In the second place, granting that the crimes and violence of the Revolution *did* naturally and entirely

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grow out of republicanism, we believe they did not begin to compare with the misery and suffering caused by the tyranny that preceded it. One million is supposed to have perished during the Reign of Terror. Frightful as this waste of life and happiness is, we do not believe it is the half of that produced by the reign of despotism. The guillotine loaded with human victims—whole crowds of men, women, and children shot down in the public streets, and the murders and massacres on every side, that made France reek in her own blood, make the world stand aghast—for the spectacle is open and public. We have seen every one of that million cut down by the sword of violence, but the thrice one million that have perished, one by one, during the antecedent ages, under the grinding hand of oppression, and slow torture of famine, and all the horrors of a starved people, dying silently, and in every hovel of the land, we know nothing of. Generation after generation melted away, whose cries of distress no ear ever heard but that of Him who in the end avenges the helpless. Let Mr. Alison utter his lamentations over these millions who died none the less painfully because they perished silently, as well as over the victims of the Revolution.

But, in the third place, we deny the former supposition to be true, believing that the great danger of giving the ignorant masses sudden freedom arises from two causes. The first, is the strong sense of retributive justice in the human bosom. Assuming the doctrine, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a

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tooth," to be just, they will at once turn round and spoil their spoilers. The desperation of famine, guided by this feeling, shed the first blood in Paris. The second and continuing cause arises from tyranny itself. The love of power may be as dominant in the heart of a peasant as of a prince. There are multitudes that want only the opportunity to become despots. They are not all tyrants who by nature are fitted to be. All they need to make them enact the same follies and crimes the titled and legalized tyrants are committing before them, is the means of doing it. These men flourish in revolution. If possessed with energy and skill, they will lead the blind and ignorant masses where they please. Appealing to their prejudices and passions, and fears of renewed oppression, they excite them to renewed massacres and bloodshed. This was the case in Paris, and the horrors enacted during the Reign of Terror were not so much the work of democrats as aristocrats. We are to look for the causes of actions, not in *men*, but the principles that guide them. Who looks upon Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon, and Barrére, as republicans. They were such men as the despots of the world are made of. Seeking the same ends with those who had crushed France so long—namely, power at whatever cost—they made use of the passions of the mob to elevate themselves. By inciting their revenge and fears, and feeding their baser desires, they both ruled and trampled on them. It was ambition and tyranny that drenched France in blood—the same that had

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reduced it to starvation, only by different means. In the one case they were manifested through the steady action of an oppressive government, in the other through the passions of a mob. The love of equality and the love of power are two very different things. Tyranny is no less tyranny because it puts on the cap of liberty; and despotism is just the same, whether it seeks its ends through authority or violence.

This inability on the part of Mr. Alison to see any virtue in republicanism, forces him into statements that are calculated to mislead his readers in that most important truth now before the world—the progress and tendency of the democratic spirit among men. Wrong may be done to individuals in belying their motives, and injustice to military leaders by depriving them of their just reward of praise; but these are small errors compared to the wrong of charging on liberty crimes she never committed, and loading her with epithets she never deserved. It is for this reason our remarks seem to be aimed at one point. This is the great error of Mr. Alison's work, and there could be no greater. He incurs a heavier responsibility who teaches us wrong on the great doctrine of human freedom, than he who errs on all other points beside. Were this sympathy of his for monarchical institutions kept within ordinary bounds, we should say nothing; but he travels out of his way to strike republicanism; and whenever the plain facts he relates might be construed contrary to his wishes, he obtrudes on us a long list of reflections,

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often, it is true, very stupid, but sometimes exceedingly plausible. This tendency of his is a matter of feeling, rather than judgment, and hence leads him into endless blunders and contradictions.

After devoting one chapter to the disastrous campaign of 1793, the first under the Republic, he closes with six reflections, among which (No. 2) is the following: "These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusions as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army." And what is the ground of this sage conclusion? Why, this campaign, planned and appointed while France was heaving like the breast of a volcano to the fires that raged within her, badly conducted, and feebly prosecuted, had been disastrous to the French army. It is a hasty conclusion, not only groundless in this case, but false in every way. There can be no rule laid down in such matters; but as far as history can settle it, it proves directly the reverse. Look at the wars of the Tyrol and Switzerland, in which rude peasants, led on by such men as Tell and Winkelried, overthrew the best-disciplined armies on the continent. Go over our own battle-fields, where valor and enthusiasm triumphed over troops that had stood the shock of the firmest battalions of Europe. But it is not with the principle we quarrel, so much as the inference he wishes to have drawn from it. In the very next chapter, devoted to an account of the Vendean war, he gives us a most thrilling description of the valor and enthusiasm of the peasants. Army

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after army sent to subdue them were utterly annihilated. The peasants of Vendee, according to Mr. Alison, were rude and "illiterate, ignorant of military discipline," and of the most ordinary rules of war, yet they fought six hundred battles before they were subdued. Occupied on their farms, they continued their peaceful labors till it was announced an army was on their borders. Then the tocsin sounded in every village, and the church bells rang out their alarum, and the peasants, armed with pikes, pitchforks, muskets, and whatever they could place hands on, flocked from every quarter to the place of rendezvous. Thus armed and organized, they offered up their vows to the Supreme Being, and while the priests and women were assembled in prayer, fell with the might of a brave and enthusiastic people on their foes, and crushed them to pieces. Astonished at these victories, the French government gathered its best armies around this resolute province till 100,000 men hemmed it in, some of them composing the choicest troops of France. The tocsin again was sounded, and the alarm bells rang, and the peasants assembled, and the armies were routed. Without cannon, without discipline, they boldly advanced against the oldest battalions of France. On the open field they marched up in front of the artillery, and, as they saw the first flash, prostrated themselves on their faces, and when the storm of grape had passed by, rose and fell like an avalanche on their foes, charging the cannoniers at their own pieces, and trampling down the steady ranks like

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grass beneath their feet. Prodigies of valor were wrought, and acts of heroism exhibited in this war, to which the history of the world scarcely furnishes a parallel. The population, men, women, and children, turned out en masse at the first alarm. Every hut sent forth a soldier, till an army of forty or fifty thousand men stood ready to march in any direction. Yet so undisciplined were they, that, as soon as the enemy were routed and driven from their province, they disbanded to their homes till another army made its appearance.

Speaking of their bravery and success, Mr. Alison says: "Thus was the invasion of six armies, amounting to 100,000 troops, part of whom were the best soldiers of France, defeated, and losses inflicted on the republicans, incomparably greater than they had suffered from *all the allies put together* since the commencement of the war—a memorable instance of what can be effected by *resolute men, even without the advantages of regular organization*, if ably conducted against the most formidable *superiority of military force.*" And in speaking of the expedition of the Vendean army beyond the Loire, whither they had gone expecting to meet the English under Lord Moira, he says this army, before it fell—"without magazines or provisions, at the distance of forty leagues from its home, and surrounded by three hostile armies, marched one hundred and seventy leagues in sixty days, took twelve cities, gained seven battles, killed twenty thousand of the republicans, and took from them one hundred pieces of cannon, *trophies*

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greater than were gained by the vast allied armies in Flanders during the whole campaign." This war of peasants with veteran troops, marked by such bravery and enthusiasm on the one side, and such atrocities on the other, furnishes Mr. Alison with excellent materials for his accustomed quota of reflections; and what are they?—"Such," he says, "were the astonishing results of the enthusiastic valor which the strong feelings of *loyalty and religion* produced in this gallant people; such the magnitude of the result, when, *instead of cold calculation, vehement passion was brought into action.*" Place this philosophic and moral reflection beside the one we quoted, as made at the close of the first campaign of the Republic against the allied forces on the Rhine. "*These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusion, as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army.*" We hardly know which to admire most here, the awkward look of this Janus-headed philosophy, or the solemn assurance with which the contradictory faces look down on us. But what is the reason of this strange twist in his logic? Simply this: when speaking of the defeat of the Republicans in their contests with the allied forces, it was the enthusiasm of *democrats* against disciplined *royalists;* in the other case, the enthusiasm of *royalists* against disciplined *democrats.* A "popular illusion" becomes a grave fact with Mr. Alison, in the short space of one chapter, and the "enthusiasm and valor" of republicans and royalists has an entirely

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different effect on the serried ranks of a veteran army. But the flat contradiction he here gives himself, is of no great consequence, only as it illustrates our first statement, that he cannot be relied on in those cases where monarchical and republican principles or men come in collision. The deductions of such a man are false and injurious, and the same spirit that can make *them* will purposely or involuntarily alter facts.

But his sympathy with monarchy is not stranger than his sympathy with England; and we find that no trust can be placed in him, whenever, in his narrative, his own government and country are contrasted with others. His account of the Irish Rebellion, during this period, and indeed his whole description of the affairs of that unhappy country, are shamefully false; and we must believe, in charity, that Mr. Alison never thoroughly studied the history of Ireland. He was too much occupied in tracing the marches and battles of those armies that shook Europe with their tread, to devote much time or space to the struggles of a few millions of Irishmen. We should be indignant with the heartlessness evinced in his opening paragraph on the history of Ireland, were it not for the ludicrous solemnity with which the words are uttered. "In surveying the annals of this unhappy country, it appears impossible, at first sight, to explain the causes of its suffering, by any of the known principles of human nature. Severe and conciliatory policy seems to have been equally unavailing to heal its wounds—*conquest has failed in producing*

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submission, severity in enforcing tranquillity, indulgence in awaking gratitude." There spoke the self-complacent Englishman. With what a patronizing air, and deploring tone, he refers to this "unhappy country," and how utterly unable to account for its ill-will. We cannot sympathize with Mr. Alison in his surprise; for, in all our knowledge of the history of nations, we have never read of such national perfidy, and oppression, and cruelty, so long continued, as the whole history of the English and Irish connection presents. How England could have heaped more insults, and wrong, and misery on Ireland than she has, without exterminating her, we are unable to see.

"The first British sovereign," says Mr. Alison, "who directed his attention to the improvement of Ireland, was James I. He *justly* boasted, that there would be found the true theatre of his glory, and that he *had done more* in a single reign for the improvement of that important part of the empire than all his predecessors, from the days of Henry II." And what was the result of all this kindness on the part of James I. "Instead of increased tranquillity and augmented gratitude, there broke out, shortly after, the dreadful Rebellion of 1641, which was only extinguished in oceans of blood." Poor return this for the kindness of the indulgent monarch. But in what consisted the kindness of King James, that it so outshone all that had been done by his predecessors since Henry II., and which, instead of awakening gratitude, exasperated the Irish into rebellion? Elizabeth had commenced an extensive scheme of confis-

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cating Irish estates; but as she approached her grave her injustice alarmed her fears, for she thought of that tribunal above all earthly tribunals, and immediately gave order to have the confiscation stopped, and some of the estates restored. The very first act of kind King James was to recommence this plan of confiscation. The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel first fell beneath his hand. Under the pretext that they were engaged in a Catholic conspiracy, which was not only never proved, but never *attempted* to be proved, all the land of which they were chiefs, to the amount of 500,000 acres, fell to King James. Having accomplished this benevolent act, he undertook to establish an English colony there, but fearing the Irish Parliament would defeat his plans, he created *forty boroughs at once* in order to have a majority in the House. This was very kind of the king, but his kindness did not stop here. His next act was to appoint a commission "for the discovery of defective titles" in Irish estates. A band of "discoverers," who were rewarded according to their success, went through the country prying into the private affairs of the nobility, and wringing from them large sums as fees to pay for not being robbed. But witnesses had also to be suborned, bribes and tortures and violence used, till the annual expense of carrying out this kingly robbery amounted to £16,000, or nearly $80,000, *more than the whole revenue of Ireland.* The next kind act of this king of blessed memory, was to start a scheme to get the whole province of Connaught into his royal hands. The proprietors of

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the land becoming alarmed, offered to the covetous monarch £10,000 to let them alone; and while he was balancing between the money in hand and the whole province of Connaught in prospect, the "King of kings" summoned him away from the throne he had stained with injustice and blood. We confess the Irish were not eminently grateful for the espionage, confiscation, and robbery, that James graciously granted them, and it is difficult for us to see on what "principles of human nature" they should be. It is equally untrue that the Rebellion followed this extraordinary generosity of James. The Rebellion did not take place till after the accession of Charles I. To save themselves in future, a large meeting of gentlemen was held in Dublin, at which a bill of rights was drawn up, entitled "Graces." The king's signature to this was asked, and a promise given of an amount of £50,000 for the use of the crown. The king gave his promise, *took the money*, and then refused to grant the "Graces." On the top of this falsehood, the Earl of Strafford began to carry out James' plan of the settlement of Connaught. This was followed by robberies and injustice in the shape of confiscations, backed by 500 horsemen, till the indignation of the people broke over all bounds; and then the Rebellion commenced, and not till then. We charge Mr. Alison here with more than ignorance. He has misstated some of the most obvious facts in English history. There is not a tyro in history unacquainted with the perfidy of the English government towards Ireland, and that she has never granted her any privileges

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until they were wrung out by stern necessity and the threatened horrors of a civil war. If Lord Castlereagh could rise from his suicidal grave, he could whisper some truths in Mr. Alison's ear, that might enlighten his conscience, if not affect his narrative.

To go over the mere enactments against Ireland, would be the severest argument against all that Mr. Alison has said. From the statute of Kilkenny, in 1367, which declared "that if any of English descent should use an Irish name, the Irish language, or observe Irish customs, he should forfeit his estates until security was given for his conformity to English habits;" and in which it was forbidden "to entertain any native minstrel or story-teller, or to admit an *Irish horse to graze in the pasture of an English subject;*" to the carrying of the Union by 50,000 troops, and bribes to the amount of $5,000,000, under the infamous Castlereagh, and the breaking of the solemn promise that the exchequers should be kept separate, the acts of the government of England have been worthy the worst days of the Inquisition. The barbarous massacres that have been perpetrated by successive monarchs, the repeated confiscations of a large portion of the entire island, the robbing her of her legislature by fraud and violence, the oppressive action of the tithe system, and the drainage of nearly six millions annually, by absenteeism; and the scorn, and injustice, and contumely, heaped on her for centuries, have so exasperated the people, that there is constant and terrible danger of outbreaks. As a conclusion of all this, Mr. Alison declares it to be an

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incontestable fact, that Ireland is unfit for a popular government, and that a "wise philanthropy" dictates that she should now "*receive, for half a century, a wise, humane, but despotic government.*" Were the English statesmen such fools as to believe this, we should have one of the bloodiest massacres that ever stained the pages of history. He seems utterly unconscious of the progress of the human mind towards its rights; and imagines that it needs only a few bayonets to arrest all its inquiries, and check all its impulses. He speaks in the same manner of the Catholic Emancipation Bill; and though he acknowledges the principle to be true in the abstract that religious opinions should not subject a man to civil disabilities, yet the result has proved that, in the case of Ireland, this act of simple justice was unwise; for, instead of pacifying the country, it has only taught it to increase its demands, till now the cry of repeal swells over the land. It may have been unwise; but all the aristocracy of England could not delay it, without commencing a massacre that would have loaded England with endless infamy, and brought down on her the curses of the civilized world. Is Lord Brougham's history of this fearful excitement a fiction? The petition accompanying this bill was rejected by Parliament on the very grounds Mr. Alison presents at this late day. This was in the winter; but during the summer, agitation and excitement increased to such an alarming extent, and the petition came back multiplied by so many voices, and with so stern and fierce an aspect, that noble lords began to balance

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between a civil war and an act of the plainest justice. The next winter passed away in uttering just such arguments as Mr. Alison now claims to be so weighty; but, on the return of spring, it became evident that a revolution was inevitable without the passage of the bill, and it passed. There was no other choice in the case. We remarked the same unconsciousness of the inevitable tendency of the spirit of the age in which he lived, when speaking of the French Revolution. Again and again he puts his finger on the very point where the Revolution could have been arrested with the utmost ease—nay, in one instance, he asserts that the Vendean peasantry could have marched into Paris and re-erected the Bourbon throne. He seems to have about the same idea of the providence of God in this struggle of man for his rights, that Moreau had of it in battle, when he said he usually found it favored the strong battalions.

A revolution in France was as inevitable as fate itself. Oppression and suffering had reached the point of despair. *Beyond* that they *never* go. In the same spirit, and in the same ignorance, he speaks of the Reform Bill; starting with the principle, that the true idea of government is to have the "greatest amount of freedom with the least minimum of democracy," and that clamors for reform should never be granted except when there are real grievances, he condemns the expediency of the passage of the Reform Bill. It was, he declares, a mere aggression of the democratic spirit, which should have been met and stifled at once; for to yield to its demands, is only

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learning it to make greater demands, as subsequent history has shown. This theory is correct, when applied to a feudal government. We do not object to the logic, but to the belief that it could be practically carried out. The aristocracy of England reasoned precisely in the same way, and soundly, too; but they found a spirit abroad stronger than their logic. The foe they had to contend with was not one of bone and muscle, that could be thrust through with the bayonet, or suffocated in a prison. Macaulay knew it, when he thundered forth in the House of Commons, "*through* Parliament or *over* Parliament this bill will pass." Earl Grey knew it, when he resigned the premiership because the bill could not pass; and when recalled, made its passage the condition of his return, declaring that otherwise he could not save England from a civil war. Of this stern necessity, this absolute omnipotence of the spirit that is now abroad in the world, Mr. Alison seems entirely unconscious. His remedy for democracy, in all its stages and movements, is physical force; and, so far as his doctrines have influence on the continent of Europe, they will augment the present evils, and hence increase the violence of their ultimate cure.

It is a relief to turn from these events, in the narrative of which Mr. Alison's prejudiced feelings so bias his high judgment and truth, to those stirring scenes which made Europe for nearly thirty years one wide battle-field. While Mr. Alison stands and looks off on the continent, after Bonaparte's star arose in the troubled heavens, his English sympathies

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do not put such obstacles in the way of relating facts. Especially after Bonaparte shows his aristocratic tendencies, does he exhibit for him a high admiration. The heroic character of the conqueror of so many battles, necessarily wakens, in one of Mr. Alison's poetic temperament, an interest which is quite strong enough to secure fair treatment from him. He does Napoleon full justice; and if he errs at all, does so in making him too unlike ordinary mortals. In the description of a battle, we have never seen Mr. Alison's superior. Before his excited imagination the field rises again with all its magnificent array. He looks on the formation of the line, the moving of the columns, the charge of the cavalry, and all the uproar and thunder of battle, with the eye of a poet. He beholds nothing but heroism in the commonest soldier, if he but fights bravely, and the *trade* of war is to him a splendid tragedy. This vividness of imagination and excitement of feeling give to his descriptions a life, that, for the time, makes them passing realities. They throw over his narrative also the charm of freshness; and his style, which, when he endeavors merely to write elegantly, is bombastic, becomes clear and vigorous. How much allowance is to be made for his imagination is not so easy to say, and we suspect that most of his readers would rather be wrong on some details than lose the vividness of the picture. The mere historic parts being only a compilation from other works, they owe their chief excellence to the charm of Mr. Alison's style. The work also is the only English one devoted to those thirty years that

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witnessed the rise and glory and downfall of the French empire. Perhaps no better will be written; yet Mr. Alison owes more than is generally conceded to the period he has chosen for his history. Thirty years of such stirring scenes, lofty achievements, and awful disaster, the earth never before witnessed. First comes the French Revolution, that terrific explosion that buried the king, the throne, the aristocracy, and a million of men in one bloody grave. Its scenes of violence and massacre, its exhibitions of valor and affection, and desperation and ferocity, make the difficulty of the historian to consist in knowing what to reject rather than what to choose.

Next rises before us that strange being, so powerful for evil or for good, Napoleon Bonaparte, who afterwards scarcely leaves the field of vision, till he disappears for ever in the war-cloud of Waterloo. The campaign of Italy follows in quick succession, with its bloody field of Marengo, and Novi, and Arcola, and Lodi. Scarcely has the battle-cloud swept from the empire of the Cæsars, revealing a new dynasty there, before the gleaming of French lances is seen around the pyramids of Egypt. Spain is covered with battle-fields—the Alps with mighty armies, struggling where the foot of the chamois scarce dares to tread. Jena, and Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Borodino, rise, one after another, before our astonished sight, and Moscow's towers blaze over the army of the empire. Never before were such materials furnished, ready made, to the historian. All varieties of war—from the ferocious and headlong violence of

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the mob round the palaces of Paris, to the encounter of the steadiest armies of Europe—from the wild charge of the Cossack on the plains of Russia, to the fiery valor of the Turkish cavalry in the deserts of Egypt, we see every shade and degree and quality of combat. The same is true of the scenery amid which all this is laid. Amid the glaciers of the Alps and the vineyards of Italy—on the sierras of Spain and the sands of Egypt—amid the heat of the desert and the snows of a Russian winter—on the Niemen, and Danube, and Rhine, and Tiber, and ancient Nile, is seen the march of armies and heard the thunder of battle. And seldom does the world witness such distinguished men as moved amid these scenes. There were Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Talleyrand, and Ney, and Murat, and Moreau, and Lannes, and Macdonald, and Wellington, and Bonaparte. And never, in modern history, were such results accomplished. A common soldier rises to the empire of half of Europe—thrones are overthrown, kings discrowned, dynasties changed, and the oldest monarchies of Europe on their knees before a single adventurer. The strange spectacle of kings searching round their overturned thrones for their fallen crowns—princes begging for bread through the civilized world, and Europe shaking to the tread of a single man, is here presented for the first time to our astonished view. We behold the power of kings broken, and hear the final knell of tyranny rung. And all this is seen amid the tumult of battle, where prodigies of valor are performed, unparalleled in the history of man. The

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peasants of Vendee fight and fall about their homes with the heroism of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ. Bonaparte drags his artillery over the Alpine pass that Hannibal trod before him. Macdonald fights with the avalanche that bears down whole companies by his side, or leads his mighty column straight into the murderous fire of the enemy, leaving in his path a swath of his dead followers, as he moves, till only fifteen hundred are left around him. Undaunted and unscathed, he still pushes the torn head of his column into the enemy's lines, knowing that he carries an empire with him. Murat and the fiery Ney lead on their strong battalions where the bravest shrink; and, last of all, come the heroic courage, the reckless daring, and awful carnage of Waterloo. These scenes no pen can paint better than Mr. Alison's; and had he but shown himself superior to the narrow prejudices of a bigot, and taken the trouble to inform himself on some points where his feelings have made his facts, his history would have been as reliable as it is entertaining.

We might select from these pages descriptions that are perfect pictures, remaining among the distinct things of memory. There is Arcola; and Bonaparte standing on the bridge with the standard in his hand, refusing to stir from the storm of shot that swept where he stood, till borne back by his own grenadiers. There is Wagram; with the island in the Danube, converted for a while into a theatre, where genius wrought like magic; and beside it the battle-field, with Bonaparte on his milk-white charger, slowly riding

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backwards and forwards before his lines that winced to the murderous fire of the enemy's artillery—himself undaunted and unharmed, though the grapeshot rattled like hailstones around him. There, too, are Eylau, Borodino, and Austerlitz, and there the mighty columns of France disappearing, one after another, in the heavy snow-drifts of Russia. These are vivid sketches; so also is the last interview of Bonaparte with Metternich, before the latter joined the allies. We see the bonfires kindled along the Bohemian mountains, announcing the joyful intelligence to the host that lay encamped in the valley beyond. The mad ride of Bonaparte to Paris, to save the city, that had already fallen into the hands of the enemy; his uncontrollable impetuosity, that drove on his carriage till the axletrees took fire; his fiery and characteristic soliloquy on the way, are all admirably drawn.

But the campaign in Egypt brings out again his English sympathies, and his statistics differ, of course, from those of the French. So in the peninsular campaign, he looks at the deeds and achievements of the English through a magnifying glass of huge dimensions, and at those of the French through the *same glass inverted*. He may think, however, he compensates for this by reversing the process, when he surveys the numbers, position, and comparative strength of the two armies. This double method of magnifying and dwindling, makes quite a difference in the impression conveyed of this whole campaign. The same bias of his judgment by his feelings, is exhibited in his account of the battle of Waterloo. No one

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but an Englishman ever stood on that battle-field with the map of it in his hand—and even the English account of it before him—without being convinced that, but for the timely arrival of Blucher, Wellington would have been defeated. Yet Mr. Alison declares that Bonaparte would have been repulsed had not Blucher arrived, and all that the latter accomplished was to convert the defeat into a total rout. The only fact he predicates this assertion on, is the repulse of the imperial guard before the junction of Blucher. But in the first place, Bonaparte would not have made that desperate charge at the time he did, but for the approach of the Prussians. It was done to force the English lines and place himself between the two armies, that he might fight them separate, as he did at Novi. If Grouchy had kept Blucher in check, Bonaparte would have soon broke down the already exhausted English squares, and at a later moment led on his fresh indomitable guard to complete the victory. In the second place, although the guard was routed, they formed again into two immense squares, and endeavored to stay the reversed tide of battle; and if Blucher had not been there, with his fifty thousand fresh troops, Wellington could not have followed up his success, and would have been compelled to remain, as he had done all day, on the defensive. Wellington himself, in his dispatches, says: "I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." (Wellington *versus*

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Alison.) If there is one thing clear to the impartial mind, when standing on that field, it is that, if Blucher had stayed away, as did Grouchy, or Grouchy came up, as did Blucher, Wellington would have been utterly routed. It was a desperate movement of the British general, to make the stand he did, and he knew it, and nothing but unforeseen circumstances saved him from ruin. The "stars" fought against Bonaparte on that day; his career was run, and the hour of retribution had come. But with the whole continental struggle we have nothing to do. That Mr. Alison should often disagree with Jomini and other French historians, is natural. We do not profess to have his knowledge of military tactics; for there is not a battle lost by the allies in which he does not place his finger on the very point where the issue turned, and where ordinary clear-sightedness could not have redeemed the day. In reading his reflections on every engagement, the reader is forced constantly to exclaim, "What a pity Mr. Alison could not have been there—he could have so easily changed the result!"

We have had to do simply with the impressions conveyed by this history—its philosophy and logic concerning the great question of republicanism; for it would be impossible to embrace the whole work in the limits of a single article. Besides, the struggles of armies and nations may be falsified with comparative impunity; but to be untrue when treating of the conflict between the two great principles of democracy and despotism, whose results are to reach remotest

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ages and affect the most intimate relations of society, is the worst crime a historian can commit in the present crisis of the world. We have gone over the history of Ireland and the French Revolution to show the strength of Mr. Alison's bigoted monarchical feelings, and how utterly unable or unwilling he is to see the truth when it conflicts with his prejudices. If his sympathies plunge him into inextricable blunders when writing of those nations, we are prepared for almost any amount of error in his accounts of the United States and the Last War.

The chapter which opens our history is a specimen of his attempt at fine writing when he is not really excited. The whole of it is fitter for a popular declamation, or second-rate magazine, than grave history. Does he wish to say that the waters of the Mexican gulf are clear, he says, "the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses, even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which, even so far beneath the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun." Does he wish to state that beautiful islands are sprinkled over its bosom, he says, "in the midst of these glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring [wholly untrue, by the way] an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose like baskets of flowers on the tranquil surface of the ocean." Does he wish to inform us that grapes grow in profusion on its shores, he says, "grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the surge of the ocean, as it

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lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, *dashes its spray upon the clusters.*" This might adorn the maiden speech of a college sophomore, or be a very fine paragraph with which to open a chapter of a novel, but in *this place* it is the merest "prose run mad." Alike inappropriate is his long description of our continent, and equally long dissertation upon its early inhabitants. Such a duty belongs to one who writes our history from the beginning, and not to him who simply cuts out the Last War for his topic. Indeed, Mr. Alison seems so profoundly impressed with the magnitude and importance of his views on matters entirely irrelevant to his main purpose, that he takes vast semi-circles to bring them all in. After dilating with more poetry than profundity on our savages, and describing our vast primeval forests, where, to use his own words, "the *hatchet* of the civilized man has never been heard," he comes to our present characteristics. At first, he endeavors to account for the vast difference between the condition of the inhabitants of the Canadian provinces and those of our Northern States. We should expect here to find something said of our different forms of government, and the different character of those who landed on Plymouth Rock and those who first settled along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence. Not a bit of it—the *chief cause* of our pre-eminence in the States, he declares to be owing to our "*paper credit.*" And yet he makes this very "paper credit," that has wrought such wonders in our political and social condition, one of the great

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inherent evils of our republican institutions. His philosophy is as flexible as his facts, and bends to any absurdity, however great, if it will only teach the one great lesson he is so profoundly impressed with—the evils of republicanism. Scarcely is he delivered of this sage remark, before he tells us that labor is so much in demand here and so liberally rewarded, "*that a widow with eight children is sought after and married as an heiress.*" The reader has scarcely time to awake from this new and astounding fact, before he goes on to state that the American agriculturist is wholly unlike those of all other lands, in that he has no attachment to the soil he occupies. The wandering propensities of our farmers are so strong, that he calls our social system "THE NOMADE AGRICULTURAL STATE!" If he made this assertion so strongly, in order to justify him in applying the new title he puts in capitals, we have nothing to say. But if he intended it for a fact, he has been very unfortunate in the authorities he has consulted. Hereditary feeling is also "unknown," so that there is no attachment to the old homestead or the old fixtures of our birthplace. So "wholly unknown," Mr. Alison declares it to be, that "*even family portraits, pictures of beloved parents,* are often *not framed;* as it is well understood that, at the death of the head of the family, they will be sold and turned into dollars to be divided among the children!" We doubt whether even Mrs. Trollope would swear to this statement, and Basil Hall himself would refuse to stand as authority for it.

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But having proved this deplorable state of our country by his own assertion, he adduces Mungo Park as evidence that even the most degraded and savage negro tribes of Africa possess, and in an eminent degree, this attachment so "wholly unknown" among us. This is truly a distressing picture of our condition. Our large farming population is only a slightly improved breed of the Arabs, and go wandering about without a home—without any of those local attachments which make certain spots "Palestines and Meccas of the mind;"—carrying their unframed pictures in their hands, haunted by the fear of the "dollars." Not wholly destitute of natural affection, which even the tiger and jackal have in common with us, we *do* afford "the *pictures* of our beloved parents," running the dreadful risk of the final partition—but the *frames*, the plain *cherry-wood frames*, costing *four and sixpence*, we refuse to buy, lest *they be lost at last*, by being divided among some "widow and eight children." There is, doubtless, some profound philosophic principle lying at the bottom of the distinction to be made between the cost of the *pictures* and the cost of the *frames*, which Mr. Alison discovered by applying his monarchical stethescope to the breast of democracy, and he has wronged us, and wronged the world, by not incorporating it in his history. It is fortunate the two facts, of a "widow with eight children" being an "heiress," and our strong Arabic tendencies, are put together; otherwise, we might be overrun with poor English widows and their numerous progeny. Some few of these, from Leeds, Manchester, and Bir-

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mingham, we have seen in our manufacturing districts, with even more than "eight children," and, heaven knows, they looked like anything but "heiresses." Tribe after tribe of our nomadic farmers had wandered past them without grasping the fortune. When our history becomes as old as the Roman history now is, with what astonishment will men read of a state of society where a "widow and eight children" were looked upon as some "rich-freighted argosy."

But notwithstanding the high price of labor, and the general competence that prevails in the rural districts, he adds, as an offset, that "pauperism exists to a distressing extent in many of the first-peopled States along the sea-coast, and nearly all the great commercial towns of the Union; poor-rates are in consequence generally established, and *benevolence* is *taxed* nearly as *severely* as in the old monarchies and *dense population* of the *European nations*." This statement, standing alone and without explanation, is untrue; for though as much money may be *paid* by the benevolent to relieve the poor in some of our cities, as in the cities of Europe, there is not a fourth part of the demand for it. Besides, poor-rates are not established at all, in the sense conveyed by the passage. The poor-rates of England are a thing unknown here. But, granting it all, from whence come these paupers? From "the old monarchies, and out of the dense population of the European nations;"—a fact Mr. Alison did not find it convenient to state. To say nothing of the continental nations that make a system of dis-

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patching their paupers and criminals to the United States, it needs but to look at England herself to find ample cause for the pauperism that is forced upon us. In *one year*, between June of 1835 and July of 1836, the Law Commissioners of England reported that *seven thousand and seventy-five paupers* were expatriated at the cost of $196,000. The proportion that came here it is not difficult to conjecture. Lord Stanley declared, not long since, in the English Parliament, that for five years, excepting 1838, the average amount of emigration to British America alone was from 75,000 to 80,000 annually. In 1840, there were 90,700 left England. In 1841, there were 118,475. In 1842, 15,000 left in April alone, and during the three months ending last June, 25,008 arrived in New York city. The whole number, for the past year, is estimated at 59,000 to New York city alone. How many of these are paupers, or become so, may be inferred from the fact, that out of 47,571 aliens arrived in one year, 38,057, soon after they landed, had no occupation. Place these facts beside the following table published in the American Quarterly Review of 1838: "In the city of New York, the following extracts have been obtained, illustrative of the comparative amount of poverty and crime, as existing among native Americans and foreigners, from all parts of the United States.

	Total.	Foreigners.
Penitentiary	593	203 over one-third
Almshouse (adults)	1355	969 " two-thirds
" " (children)	772	579 " "
Bellevue Hospital (sick)	238	170 " "

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	Total.	Foreigners.
Bellevue Hospital (maniac) . . .	177	101 near two-thirds
City Hospital (1833)	1983	908 " one-third
" " (actual state) . . .	2034	1000 " "
City Dispensary (male indoor patients)	1126	563 one-half
" " (female) " "	1670	917 near three-fifths
" " (male outdoor) "	5555	3666 over "
" " (female) " "	7876	4748 " "

We have taken this table, ready furnished to our hands, to save the trouble of compiling one ourselves, and because it refers to that period on which Mr. Alison is supposed to have had his eye more particularly, when he wrote his history. It is inevitable that pauperism should exist in our country, so long as England is allowed to deposit her tens of thousands of poor annually on our shore. The vessels from that land of liberty, where property and life are secure, and monarchy and aristocracy shower down their blessings on the people, and the wealthy church provides for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor," are like Alpine torrents, which descend in spring and deposit their mud in the fair valleys below. Vessels have arrived filled with *paupers alone*, and "the amount expended during seven years by the authorities of New York, for the support of foreign paupers, was $975,016 10,"* while our own countrymen received but a third of that sum. "More than $50,000 is annually paid, by tax on the citizens of New York, for the support of foreign pauperism;" and, of the 2790 white adults in the Almshouse,

* *Vid.* The Crisis.

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Asylum, and Penitentiary this year, 1881, or more than two-thirds, are foreigners.

Let this ceaseless flow of paupers continue towards our shore a little longer, and Mr. Alison's words will be true, that "benevolence is as heavily taxed as in some of the old monarchies of Europe." He must, or should have known this state of things before speaking of pauperism in this country, and given us *credit* for that which he now places upon us as a *stigma*. They are *your* paupers, Mr. Alison, that "tax our benevolence" so heavily—*Englishmen*, filled with all the noble aspirations of British subjects, brought up under the blessed influence of a monarchy, aristocracy, and church establishment, that choke our almshouses, live on our money, and darken our prospects. Your church, with its "gratuitous provision for the instruction of the poor," leaves to our voluntary system to educate the tens of thousands she sends here in ignorance.

And here, we would remark a great objection to the notes added in Mr. Harper's edition. They lack manliness and independence. For instance, the laughable assertion of Mr. Alison respecting our slight hereditary feeling is gravely met, and the division of family estates accounted for on the ground that we have seen the evils of primogeniture. So also is the charge that we have no literature, etc., refuted by a catalogue of our colleges, published books, &c. If Mr. Alison sees fit to make assertions so utterly destitute of delicacy and truth as these, they should be put in the catalogue of Trollopiana,

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and treated as such. He can, if he likes, gravely declare that we are the original types of Lord Monboddo's theory of the human race; but it does not follow that we are soberly to set to work to prove that we are not monkeys, and hairy; and give measurements and affidavits to show that we correspond to ordinary men. The historian is ridiculed in such cases, more than those he slanders. When speaking of the evils of republicanism, he draws still more largely on his fancy for facts, and says, "as a natural consequence of this state of things (refering to the practical action of the principle of equality), "there is, in opposition to the will or passions of the majority, no *security whatever*, either for life or property, in America;" and again, "is life secure in the United States, when property is placed in such imminent peril? Experience, terrible experience proves the reverse; and demonstrates, that not only is existence endangered, but law is powerless against the once excited passions or violence of the people. *The atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending* as they were, have been *exceeded* on the other side of the Atlantic." Much is to be allowed for the extravagant assertions of a man of Mr. Alison's peculiarly excitable temperament and strong anti-republican feeling; and we should feel inclined to put this down as one of his wild statements, made in a moment of irritability, did we not find the same declaration repeated and amplified in the concluding reflection of his work. He states there, "that deeds of violence have been perpetrated in many parts of

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the United States, by the tyrant majority, with entire impunity; of so frightful a character, that they exceed in cruelty all the savage atrocity of the French Revolution, and have made the Americans fain to seek a parallel for them in the hideous persecutions and iniquities which have for ever disgraced the Roman Catholic religion." This reiteration and enlargement of the first assertion, destroys our charity; and we charge on Mr. Alison here a deliberate and downright falsehood. We will not dwell a moment on the miserable subterfuge, that a negro has been burned alive, by a mob of excited men, for a crime almost unparalleled in its atrocity. The statement, as it stands, and the impression intended to be conveyed by it, is utterly destitute of truth; and Mr. Alison knew it when he made it. It was an ebullition of passion and fancy together, unworthy the writer of a pretended impartial history. Besides, he is testimony against himself in the case; for in repeated instances, when describing the atrocities of the French Revolution, he declares them *without a parallel* in the history of the world.

Against the declaration that life and property are insecure we will make no defence, because it is mere assertion, which any one could have made just as easily, and no one left more unsustained by any proof; but this we do say—*for every man killed in this country the last twenty years, by the violence of the mob, we will find ten killed in England by the same cause; and for every dollar of property destroyed in the United States, by popular fury, we will show one hun-*

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dred thus wasted in England. If he could have for once consented to leave the regions of fancy and gone into statistics, we would have offset them with an account of the riots in Birmingham, Manchester, and Bristol; the mob in the Bull Ring, swaying like a forest to the tempest; the night the Reform Bill was struggling through Parliament, and the "torch and dagger meetings" in every part of the kingdom.

We might read "The People's Charter" aloud, striking at the very foundation of the English government; and yet it was rolled into Parliament by 4000 determined men, signed by 3,500,000 petitioners. We might describe the midnight heavens made lurid with the incendiary's torch over Birmingham; the burning of the Parliament House and Guildhall; the firing of York Cathedral, and the conflagration of the Armory of the Tower. We might point to the Duke of Wellington's house, still standing dilapidated, just as the mob left it; the meeting of 10,000 men in Manchester, solemnly pledging themselves to pay no more taxes; the convocation of 26,000 on the hills of Acerington, swearing "they will never petition Parliament again, but will take redress into their own hands." We might quote Mr. Macaulay himself, when at midnight, while the confused sound of the mob was without, he concluded his thrilling speech on the Reform Bill with "*through* Parliament or *over* Parliament it must pass;" or Lord Brougham, when he says, "those portentous appearances—the growth of later times —those figments that stalk abroad, of unknown stature and strange form—union of leagues and mustering of

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men in myriads, and conspiracies against the exchequers—whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shore? What power engendered those uncouth shapes? What multiplied the monstrous births, till they people our land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence and carried with resistless force the Irish volunteers of 1782; the same power which rent in twain your empire and raised up thirteen Republics; the same power which created the Catholic Association and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice deserted, rights withheld, wrongs perpetrated, the force which common injuries lend to millions." We might speak in detail of these things, and show where the balance lay of "security of life and property." We might describe the burning of the haystacks of the country, and the public edifices of the cities, all of which was "*secure property*." We might point to the deadly conflict of the populace with the soldiery, strewing the street with corpses; the threats to assassinate the Duke of Wellington; the murder of the Prime Minister's Secretary in the streets of London; the pistol-shot of Francis, that well-nigh rid England of her queen, to show how much more "*secure*" life was in England than here. If we could not with all these facts make good our assertion, we would throw in the massacres of Ireland, and the riots of Wales, to fill up the measure; and show, by parity of reasoning, how insecure life and property were under a *monarchy*.

If these evils were simply pointed out as things to be deprecated and remedied, we would take the correc-

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tion with becoming humility; but they are exaggerated a thousand fold, and then all charged over to Liberty. They are not given as simple facts of history, but to show the peculiar working of democracy, and are declared the natural and monstrous offspring of our form of government. This we deny, and point to England to substantiate our denial. There are the same "uncouth shapes," multiplied and enlarged to a fearful extent; and if it be just to make the government responsible for their existence, how stands the English monarchy. After gathering up all the gossip and scattered rumors within his reach, and subjecting them to the coloring process of his own imagination, he triumphantly exclaims, "Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, republican principles have enjoyed the fairest grounds for trial, and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits. They had neither a territorial aristocracy, nor a sovereign on the throne, nor a hereditary nobility, nor a national debt, nor an established church, which are usually held out as the impediments to the blessings of freedom in the Old World. How, then, has the republican system worked in this, the garden of the world and the land of promise?" The question is answered in the asking, if his assertions be true; without the trouble of stating, as he does, that it is an utter failure, and that freedom here is only a name with which to conjure up horrible shapes of evil. But looking at England, with the evils of our own country multiplied and enlarged, and with superadded diseases and miseries, under which she sickens

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and staggers like falling greatness, we, also, may put the question Mr. Alison deems so annihilating. To employ his own expression (though we beg pardon for writing so ungrammatical a sentence), Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, *monarchical* principles have enjoyed the fairest ground for trial and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits—they have had an aristocracy, a sovereign, a throne, a hereditary nobility, a national debt, an established church, which are held out to be "*no*" impediments to freedom in the Old World. And how has the monarchical system worked here? Let the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the state of Ireland; of those sent to inquire into the condition of children employed in the mines and in the factories; let the national debt itself, the starvation and suffering in every part of the land, forcing the inhabitants to other and freer states; let the speeches of Brougham and Macaulay, and the writings of Carlyle, answer. As for ourselves, we believe this mode of reasoning on governments is unsafe, unless taken with great limitations. But if it be sound in one case it is in the other; and Mr. Alison will find that his logic, like Saturn, devours its own children. If pauperism, suffering, popular outbreaks, agitation, and universal disquiet, are substantial arguments against the principles on which a government is established, then the monarchy he declares to be a model for the world stands condemned for ever.

As another instance of his novel mode of reasoning,

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we give the following paragraph, designed as a backer to the assertion, "there is no independence of thought in America." "Is it as usual," he exclaims, "to see candidates for popular favor there, at public meetings, maintain monarchical and aristocratical opinions, as it is in Great Britain to see them support republicanism? Does the hall of Congress resound with arguments in favor of a mixed monarchy in preference to a republic, in like manner as the English House of Commons does with declarations in favor of democratic and republican institutions?" After putting several questions of this sort in his eager way, he answers them himself, and declares, till this thing does happen, there is no "real freedom or independence of thought" in America. We hardly know which astonishes us most, the absolute want of common sense in this whole paragraph, or the stupidity of Mr. Alison in allowing it to be placed where it could throw such ridicule on himself. Does he not know that in every republican government, as well as limited monarchy, there are two parties, the more conservative and the more liberal? and that those who uphold a democratic form of government in England are advocating a great party measure in the kingdom, and it has no more to do with independence of thought or freedom of debate, than the discussion of the Reform Bill? To adopt Mr. Alison's novel mode of reasoning, we might ask, Do we hear an unmixed despotism advocated in England, as we do conservatism here? Do the halls of Parliament "resound with arguments in favor" of a pure tyranny? Till this does

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occur, there can be no real "freedom and independence of thought" in the British nation. Yet this question might have some force in the latter case; for there are those in England who believe in a despotism, while there are none here who believe in a mixed monarchy. But until there are men found in the United States to admit what they believe a lie, and members of Congress plead for a doctrine the very first attempt to carry out which by others they would resist with their blood, there can be no "independence of thought." He seems destitute of the ordinary sense of ordinary men, when speaking of this country. His want of judgment is only equaled by his want of knowledge, and it surprises us how any literary man could be so ignorant of those things with which the English school children are familiar. How a man could so expose himself to ridicule by writing on topics he knows nothing of, is stranger than falsehood. He gravely speaks of the "two States of Massachusetts and New England." This he repeats twice, exhibiting an ignorance of geography that would have secured a pupil of one of our district schools a seat on the dunce block. Of the powers of the President, the manner of electing judges, and the Constitution itself, all of which he discourses about with the profoundest gravity, he knows nothing. He makes Washington give his casting vote in Congress at the time he was President of the United States; and, speaking of the separate States of the Confederacy, and their powers, he says, "So extensive and undefined are their powers, that it may

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be doubted whether they do not amount to those of declaring peace and war, and acting in all respects as independent States." It "may not be doubted" that they have power to rebel against the Union—so has Cornwall or Yorkshire to resist the English government; but their powers are as well defined in this respect as words can make them; and if Mr. Alison had taken the trouble to read our Constitution (as we must in charity think he never has done), he would have found it expressly stated, that this power is vested in the President and Congress alone. If one had said that, because there had been insurrections in Ireland, and resistance to authority in Wales and Birmingham, it "might be doubted" whether these separate portions of the kingdom had not power of declaring war, he would have made just as ridiculous a statement as Mr. Alison has done, and no more so. But he evidently thought he was declaiming against the evils of republicanism before an assembly of ignorant Chartists—for, not content with ludicrous fiction, he seeks after the horrible, declaring "that murders and assassinations, in open day, are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves." Mr. Alison would put even an Italian editor to the blush—since the latter is careful only to leave out every item of news bearing favorably on our institutions, and give every account of a riot or misfortune; but the former makes facts to order, while he orders his own facts. But that we should be in so deplorable a state, Mr. Alison makes out to be most natural: "The American," says he, "has

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no sovereign; in him, the aspirations of loyalty are lost; the glow of patriotic devotion is diffused over so immense a surface as to be well-nigh evaporated. In the Canadian, on the other hand, patriotism is, in general, mingled with chivalry; the lustre of British descent, the glories of British renown, animate every bosom, at least in the British race," so that "*their character bears the same relation to the Americans that the Tyrolese do to the Swiss*"—that is, they are a far more noble, brave, and patriotic race. These great and commanding features of the Canadian character are working such wondrous effects in the race, that (he continues) they "may in some future period, come to counterbalance all the riches of the basin of the Mississippi, and *re-assert, in America, the wonted superiority of northern valor over southern opulence.*" We are glad Mr. Alison has opened our eyes to this impending danger, so that Congress may immediately set about strengthening the posts on our northern frontier. The irruption of these "Tyrolese of America," has not, heretofore, been considered as a very proximate danger, and we trust that our representatives in Washington will attend to it, before they destroy themselves by mutual assassination. Our clergy and religious institutions fall also under his sweeping assertions. "Religion," he says, "has descended from its functions of denouncing and correcting the national vices, and become little more, with a few noble exceptions, of which Channing is an illustrious example, than the re-echo of public opinion." He adopts the sentiments of Miss Martineau (whose ram-

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bling sketches of society in the United States is, we verily believe, about the only book he has ever thoroughly read on our country), in which she says that "the American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live; the least informed with true knowledge; the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom, which, as the natural atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse." This is not all: "The difficulties of the American church are yet to come." Now, the defence of the *character* of our religious institutions, as of our government, is one thing; the defence of the principles on which they are based, is another. These evils are not mentioned as historical facts, but brought in to prove his charges against a republican form of government; and to illustrate the evils of the voluntary system, and the necessity of an established church. They are condemned as a part of the "republican system;" and he asks in triumph how it has worked in this "land of promise." Very poorly, to be sure, if Mr. Alison and a gossiping, garrulous woman are to be received as authority. Evil is inseparable from all institutions, and we do not claim exemption from the general law of nature, nor shall we attempt to disprove these allegations, but the argument he builds from them. We say that evils are attached to all systems. Mr. Alison declares that in this country, at least, they grow out of the system itself, and the form of government to which it is adapted. Before we try the other—the English system—which he affirms to

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be necessary, let us see how *it* works, and what sort of a church and clergy it gives us under a monarchy. The two great evils Mr. Alison charges on the American church are: first, want of independence and faithfulness on the part of the clergy, in rebuking national sins; and, second, that it has no "gratuitous provision for the instruction of the poor." Both of these grow out of the voluntary system. The minister deriving his support from the voluntary contributions of his parish, he dare not do otherwise than re-echo their sentiments; while the poor, having nothing wherewith to pay, are bereft of the gospel.

We might show how false are the impressions in this statement; but, in order to see the beauty of Mr. Alison's conclusions, we will grant for the time being their truth, and inquire how much we should gain by adopting the English plan, which, we will allow, is not founded on republicanism or subject to its mutations. In the first place, the character of the English clergy, as a mass, is known, the world over, to be anything but apostolic; and we cannot see how it could well be otherwise. The aristocracy of England hold *half the livings of the church* in their own hands, giving them to whom they please, and *their* spirituality and love of plain, unpalatable truth, are known not to be peculiarly strong. No clergyman, who values his place, will offend his patron, by showing the abuses of the aristocracy and the tremendous tax it levies on the working classes. Besides, the fattest of these livings are given to the younger sons of nobility, through family or ministerial influence, who

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hire a curate, for a few hundred dollars, to perform the labor, while they spend the income on the continent or in London. So generally does this custom prevail, that we find it stated in Hansard's Debates (authority which Mr. Alison will not presume to question), that out of 10,496 clergymen of the Established Church, only 4416 reside and labor among their people, while 6080 are out of their places. This naked fact more than offsets all he alleges against us, even if true; for if the clergy are non-residents, it matters not what their character may be; England and the world are none the wiser or better for it. Their *thoughts* may be free, but their "speech is never heard." These livings are sometimes sold at auction, to the highest bidder. We have seen one advertised for sale in the London Times; and, to increase its value, it was added that it was in the "immediate neighborhood of one or two of the first packs of fox-hounds in the kingdom." The annual income was about one thousand dollars per year. With this and the fox-hounds, the clergyman could, doubtless, be sufficiently independent. We saw not long since, in the North Devonshire Journal, the following card:—

"CLERICAL DINNER PARTY.

"The sporting friends of the Rev. John Russel gave him a dinner on Friday last, at the Golden Lion, in this town, Barnstable, on which occasion they presented him with a picture, by Mr. Lowden, of Bath, representing the reverend gentleman, mounted on his favorite hunter, surrounded with his dogs. The likenesses are said to be faithful, particularly of his

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horse, and the execution as highly creditable to the rising artist. The picture was presented to Mr. Russel, as a tribute to his unwonted exertions in support of the sports of the field."

A very independent and spiritually minded man. But the topic is too trite. Every one knows what the fox-hunting non-resident clergy of England are. If he does not, we refer him to the columns of the Court Journal, where he will find what they are about, while the nation reels under suffering and oppression, and her own clear-sighted statesmen look grave as they contemplate the future. More than *one-third* of the incumbents of the established church in Ireland, never reside in their parishes, while the revenues of some of the bishops are upwards of three hundred thousand dollars per annum. The Beresford family receive nearly *half a million* per annum from the church, army, and navy, but chiefly from the church. The archbishops of Canterbury and York, have incomes of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bishops of Derry, Cloyne, Cashel, Cork, and Ferns, have an annual income to which the salary of the President of the United States is a mere fraction. That of the Bishop of London will soon be three hundred thousand dollars per annum. All these are the independent clergy, under an established church and a monarchy. The annual revenues to the church have been shown in a printed table, and they amount to the enormous sum of £9,459,565, or $45,405,912. The manner in which this is collected, proves that it is anything but a

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voluntary contribution. The helpless widow, and the poor dissenting clergyman, and his conscientious parishioner, who have suffered distraint on property, and imprisonment, will bear witness it is not a *voluntary* system. Nay, the cost and danger of collecting tithes in Ireland became so great that they have been commuted, that is, *charged to the landlord*, who must collect them without cost or danger to the government. This immense revenue does certainly afford a rare opportunity for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor;" but the *poor* of England feel that *such religion* is a poor return for famine. Untaught, unfed, and unclothed, how can they be instructed by that church which plunders them. We have read the Reports of the British and Foreign School Society, and have been astounded at the developments it makes of the ignorance of the lower classes. Out of 22,000 inhabitants in one parish of the city of Durham, only one in thirty receives instruction. Out of 6000 children in Wolverhampton, there is provision for the education of only one out of every nine. In Worcestershire, in sixty-six parishes, containing 14,000 inhabitants, there are only *twelve schoolmasters*, while in a territory of thirteen miles by seven, in Buckinghamshire, there was only *one school* where the poor could be taught. The same deplorable state of things existed in Bucks County, Berkshire, and Kent. This is "gratuitous provision" for the religious instruction of the poor, with a vengeance. The truth is, the laborer of England is forced to the starving point, to furnish the very money by

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which he is able to have this "gratuitous provision," which, after all, never reaches him. *Half the money forced out of England by her tithe system would supply every parish with a clergyman and schoolmaster*, and leave an ample fund for the poor. If republicanism saddled such a burden on us as the established church places on the neck of the British people, we should certainly cease to be republicans; and if Mr. Alison wishes to convince the world of the evils of free government, and slander it beyond recovery, let it be charged with the curses which England inflicts on her subjects through her church. Her "gratuitous provision" for the poor, is like the generosity of him, who

> "——— With one hand puts
> A penny in the urn of poverty,
> And with the other takes a shilling out."

What the future may be, destiny alone will reveal; but if the present state of the church and clergy in the two countries are conclusive arguments on the character and action of the respective governments, we tremble for Mr. Alison's model government. *We* believe the logic is unsound, applied in this unlimited way; but we will abide the conclusions, and then ask, as before, How stands the English monarchy?

As to the stereotyped charge, that there is no literature in America, it has been so often refuted that we will not repeat the arguments furnished against it by the mere list of the works of American authors. England has been gathering up the treasures of her

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great minds for centuries—the noblest legacy she will leave to coming ages. To offer these by way of comparison to what we have been able to accumulate in sixty or seventy years may be very flattering to egotism, but it is very poor justice. We are to be judged not merely by what we have done, but the time we have had to do it in. This is the only just rule that can be applied to any nation, and yet it is a rule which no English critic has ever yet applied to us.

The authority Mr. Alison often quotes is as laughable as his facts. Captain Marryat, who never wrote any thing *but fiction;* Miss Martineau, who, with her ear-trumpet to her ear, went gossiping over the country, and, like Pickwick, putting down as truth every monstrous story that a "Mississippi roarer" saw fit to entertain her with; Basil Hall, another captain, who was set ashore in a Mississippi swamp for his want of manners; and, finally, the story of the little daughter of a milliner, boasting of her *rank*, and that she never "*associated with a haberdasher's daughter;*" these are given to substantiate the gravest assertions. We should not be surprised to find him quoting Mr. Gulliver, to prove some singular notion he may have of the inhabitants of Lilliput. The reason Mrs. Trollope does not figure more largely in this mass of nonsense—made up of blunders, falsehoods, ignorance, and simplicity, called history—is doubtless owing to the fact that Mr. Alison has incorporated her principal statements into the body of the work.

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But when he approaches the war of 1812, the subject assumes a more serious aspect. Routed armies and conquered frigates cannot be swept away by an extravagant assertion; and he exhibits by his contortions, sudden admissions, and as sudden denials, his inward repugnance to so unpoetic a theme. We were prepared for the grossest misrepresentations here, but not, we confess, for the operations of a *reversed fancy*. His imagination is able to sleep a moment, while by brief and dry statistics he converts a brilliant action of ours into a common-place affair; but, reaching a certain point, it, like gravitation,

"—— turns the other way,"

creating, grouping, and coloring with its wonted vigor. He starts by boldly asserting, what no intelligent man in Europe believes, namely, that "America, the greatest republic in existence, had the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when *their only ground of complaint against it had been removed.*" There must have been some strange infatuation on the part of our people, with a fleet of a few ships, and an army of a few thousand men, to provoke hostilities with the strongest nation on the globe. But Mr. Alison has discovered a profound and philosophic reason for this madness, which we will allow him to give in his own words: "on war she was determined, and to war she went." After running over our naval and military force, making our whole army about as large as one of Napoleon's

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divisions, and giving to our militia only one good quality, that of being fast runners, he expresses the most unfeigned astonishment at our temerity at measuring swords with Great Britain, but finally consoles himself with the reflection that it only "proves the *insouciance* of democracy." He is not hard to please, and democracy is the "open sesame" to all his difficulties. But, perhaps, the most remarkable allegation in the whole work—remarkable, not so much for its falseness, as the utter incredulity with which it must be received by the civilized world—is the declaration that "the system of government in the United States has *been proved* to be wholly unequal to the *external security* of the nation." His assertion that we are so weak that we should be "conquered in three months if located among the powers of Europe," was natural; and if he had stated that in any future war we should be frightened into submission at the first cannon shot, it would have been in perfect harmony with the rest of his facts; but to say that it *has been* proved that we are "unequal" to protect ourselves, affects us with profounder astonishment even, than our temerity in declaring war seems to have filled him. We are not surprised at the statement because it is untrue, but that he should put his reputation as a historian at such hazard among Europeans as to declare what the history of sixty years, and the glorious termination of two bloody wars, so openly and palpably contradict. What the *future* may be, we leave to Mr. Alison's fruitful imagination to point out; but "the *past* is secure." If the long

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and wasting war of the Revolution, and its termination, with the brave struggle by sea and land of the war of 1812, do not prove that we *have been* able to "protect" ourselves, will the historian say what *can* prove it? If the flag of the States left floating over a conquered enemy after almost every sea fight, the steadiest armies of Europe routed and hurled from our shores, are not satisfactory arguments, we confess ourselves unable to furnish them. There are Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Champlain and Erie, and Plattsburgh and New Orleans; and yonder goes the Macedonian, firing her salutes in honor of the Republic; if these do not flash back the ridiculous falsehood in Mr. Alison's face, they are unmeaning things. But these rash statements spring from the same cause which prompts him to depreciate our present military strength, classing our navy and army under the denomination of "Lilliputian forces"—from a slight soreness in view of the result of our struggle with the parent country. He tells us our men are fit only for a bush fight, and cannot stand fire in the open field. Whether this be true or false, it is paying the British soldiers a poor compliment. It reminds us of an anecdote of an American sailor, who happened to be in the pit of a London theatre when King William was present. During the play, a company of men dressed as tailors, cobblers, blacksmiths, farmers, without uniform, and swinging around their heads pitchforks, hammers, fowling-pieces, and muskets, were introduced on the stage to represent the American army. Jack looked awhile on the tat-

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terdemalion company until the boisterous laugh had died away, then shouted out "Hurra! Old England beat by blacksmiths and cobblers." The laugh raised at our undisciplined forces has a *double meaning*. *We* can afford the laugh. It reminds us of his stricture on our manners. "The Americans," says he, "are vain on all national subjects, and excessively sensitive to censure, however slight, and most of all to ridicule. The English not only no way resent, but positively enjoy, the ludicrous exhibitions made of their manners on the French stage: such burlesques would flay the Americans alive. The English recollect that the French learned these peculiarities when the British troops occupied Paris." However true this may be, as a general remark, ridicule of our "Lilliputian forces" we are able to bear with becoming composure, for *we* also "recollect" where the "English" learned these peculiarities "of our army." The *first* view they obtained of it, in the revolutionary war, was at *Bunker Hill*, and the *last* at Yorktown, and the last review that a Briton ever made of our troops was at New Orleans. The English have had a good opportunity to witness the discipline of our forces and the character of our uniform. They have been near enough to see their faces, and the manner they wheel, and especially how they *fire*. The laugh raised at these specimens sounds to us altogether like mockery.

When Mr. Alison comes to our naval battles, his descriptive powers suddenly fail him. The fancy that could bring before us every action between an

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English and French vessel, describe the beautiful manœuvring of the ships, the fluttering of the canvas, the blazing broadsides, the uproar of battle, the carnage and the victory, becomes suddenly wingless. Those fierce, single-handed fights of ship with ship, and frigate with frigate, are dismissed almost as rapidly as their broadsides were. One would think he was writing dispatches on the field of battle. The only occasion that calls forth his descriptive powers, is the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon; an action that lasted about fifteen minutes, and was fought by a half drunken and undisciplined crew. He devotes more space to this single battle—which Captain Lawrence never should have fought, and whose reputation has escaped injury only by his glorious death—than he does to the actions between the Guerriere and Constitution, Frolic and Wasp, Macedonian and United States, Java and Constitution, Peacock and Hornet, altogether. These five naval engagements, in which the American vessels were victorious, each deserved as lengthened a notice as the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon; and yet they are all crammed together, as if belonging to one dispatch, and dismissed with the everlasting "in this as in the previous instances where the Americans had proved successful, the superiority on their side was very decided." If the American vessel, as in the case of the Peacock and Hornet, had but *one more gun* than the English, and fifty-two more men, Mr. Alison calls it a "decided superiority." The difference of two or three guns and fifty or a

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hundred men, in a battle between two of the first-class frigates, we never supposed to constitute such a decided superiority as to account for almost universal defeat.

But it is not true that the Americans always had the superiority, either in numbers or weight of metal. It would be tedious to go into the details of each engagement; but one will stand for the rest. In Mr. Alison's very minute account of the capture of the President, he says, "an action more prosperous, but not more glorious for the British arms, than that between the Reindeer and Wasp, took place next spring, which terminated in the capture of the noble American frigate President, one of the largest vessels of that class in the world, by the Endymion, Captain Hope, slightly aided by the Pomona." And in the conclusion, he adds, "the Endymion having fallen astern, the Pomona came up and gave the President two broadsides, with little or no effect, owing to the darkness of the night, but this circumstance saved the American's honor, as two vessels had now opened their fire upon her, and he accordingly hauled down his colors." This account, though entirely erroneous, is not more so than many of the others. We have selected it merely because we wish to let English officers themselves bear testimony against Mr. Alison. The President was compelled to fight the Endymion at disadvantage, because she had to run for it, or find herself enveloped in the fire of four ships. We are indebted to a friend for a document, which, we believe, has never before been published

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in this country. It is an account of this engagement, by the officers of the two vessels, Pomona and Tenedos, to which the President surrendered, written immediately after they arrived with their prize at Bermuda. Accompanying it is a deposition of Commodore Decatur, taken at St. George's at the same time.

"His Majesty's Frigate Pomona,
Bermuda, 29th January, 1815.

"About an hour before daylight of the 15th instant, two strange sail (a ship and brig) were discovered on our lee bow, standing to the eastward, under a press of sail, wind N. W. by N. Majestic and Endymion in company—all sail was made in chase, by the three ships, and it was soon evident we gained on them. As day dawned, another ship was seen, hull down, to leeward, and the commodore, imagining her also to be an enemy, detached the Pomona in chase; we immediately bore right up before the wind, and in three quarters of an hour, ascertaining her to be the Tenedos, again hauled up to the east, being by this circumstance thrown seven or eight miles more astern of the original chase. However, we soon again began to approach the enemy, as did also the Endymion; which, from the above event, was now far ahead of the Pomona. At one P. M. we passed the Majestic; President and Endymion, at two, occasionally exchanging stern and bow guns; the wind began to fall light, and the Pomona was yet too far off to render any assistance, but still coming up. At 5,30, the President bore up, closing with the Endymion, and fired her starboard broadside, which was promptly returned by the Endymion's larboard. A running fight then continued for some time, which gradually slackened; and at half-past eight ceased, the Endymion falling astern—Pomona passing her at half-past eight. At this time she was observed to fire two guns, which the President returned with one. At eleven, being within gun-shot of the President, who was

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still steering to the eastward, under a press of sail, with royal top-gallant topmast and lower studding-sails set, and finding how much we outsailed her, our studding-sails were taken in, and immediately afterwards we luffed to port and fired our starboard broadside. The enemy then also luffed to port, bringing his larboard broadside to bear, which was momentarily expected, as, a few minutes previous to our closing her, she hoisted a light abaft, which in night actions substituted the ensign. Our second broadside was fired; and the President still luffing up, as if intent to lay us on board, we hauled close to port, bracing the yards up and setting the mainsail. The broadside was again ready to be fired into his bows raking, when she hauled down the light, and we hailed, demanding if she had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative, and the firing instantly ceased. The Tenedos, which was not more than three miles off, soon afterwards* came up, and assisted in securing the prize and removing the prisoners. At three-quarters past twelve, the Endymion came up, and the Majestic at three in the morning."

Commodore Decatur's Deposition, taken at St. George's, Bermuda.

"The President was taken on the 15th of January, being under American colors. Resistance was not made against the Endymion for two and a half hours—she having dropped out of the fight. The next ships coming up two and a half hours after the action with the Endymion, were the Pomona and Tenedos; to these two ships the President surrendered; the Pomona had commenced her firing within musket shot."

The testimony Mr. Alison's countrymen utter against him here, is, first, that the President was not taken by the Endymion at all; second, that instead

* This alludes to the time the Pomona commenced firing; the President was boarded precisely at the same time, by the boats of the Tenedos and Pomona.

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of the American having "saved her honor," by the "fortunate" arrival of two other vessels, she had so thoroughly beaten the Endymion, that the latter was forced to retire from the fight "two and a half hours" before the Pomona arrived, and did not come up with the prize till *two hours and three-quarters after she struck.* This is called being "*slightly* aided" by the Pomona. The officers of the two ships that boarded the President, after she struck, state that the Endymion and President commenced exchanging shots at half-past two in the afternoon, and came to close engagement at half-past five. At half-past eight, the action, having continued with more or less severity three hours, the Endymion fell astern fairly beaten off, while the President was walking away under a press of canvas, to escape the rest of the fleet that was now rapidly coming up. At this time the Pomona passed the Endymion, so crippled as to be unable longer to sustain the action. At eleven, she overhauled the President, also crippled from her long engagement, and opened her broadsides. The Tenedos now rapidly approaching, the contest became hopeless, and the noble frigate was compelled to surrender. At a quarter before one, or at least *four hours* after the Endymion dropped out of the action, she came up. It took *two hours and three-quarters* steady sailing to reach the President, after she had struck her colors.

This is a new mode of capturing a vessel. Those guns must be like Mr. Alison's imagination, to reach a ship at such a distance that it required two hours'

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sailing to overtake her after she had surrendered. The truth is, as evinced by the statement of the English officers and the deposition of Commodore Decatur, the President beat the Endymion, and then was beaten by the rest of the fleet; and she could not have considered her honor in particular danger from a crippled vessel, left by her four hours before, mending her rigging. If Captain Hope considers the heavy broadsides of a fresh vessel, firing within musket shot, and the rapid approach of another ship to the combat, while he was out of sight, "slight assistance," his gratitude will never be severely taxed in this world.

But the repeated victories gained by us, could not be swept away by assertion, and the world would not reason as Mr. Alison contends it ought to have done, so that their "moral effect," he is compelled to admit, "was astounding." Well it might be. We know of nothing in the annals of civilized warfare that will compare with the boldness and success of our little fleet during that war. The battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, which had covered the English navy with glory—the undisputed triumph with which the British flag was borne over every sea, had been for years ringing over our land. Flushed with victory, and confident of success, that fleet now bore down on our coast. With only a handful of ships to offer against this superior force, our commanders, nevertheless, stood boldly out to sea, and flung their flags of defiance to the breeze. The civilized world looked with amazement on the rashness that could provoke so unequal a strife; but while it waited to hear that

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our little navy was blown to atoms, the news came of the loss of the Guerriere. Report after report of victories gained by us followed with stunning rapidity. "The English were defeated on their own element," and her hitherto undisputed claim to the mastery of the seas broken for ever. The courage that could bear up against such fearful odds, and pluck the wreaths of victory from the English navy, has covered the commanders of that time with abiding honors. Our rights were restored—our commerce protected—and the haughty bearing of England towards us, caused by the memory that we were rebels, was chastised from her. The British flag had been lowered so frequently to the "stars and stripes," that respect and fear had usurped the place of contempt and pride. The war on land was prosecuted with equal success. Yet this war, so triumphantly carried through, Mr. Alison makes equivalent to a defeat. We never gained, if his account of the matter is to be taken, except where all the advantage was on our side; while in all our losses, we were on the average equal to our opponents. Our hazarding a war, in the first place, was the unparalleled rashness of a reckless democracy—our partial success, mere good luck, not to be anticipated again; the result, on the whole, "advantageous to England, while the United States emerged worsted from the fight," and the final treaty highly honorable to Great Britain. His conclusions are, that "the triumphs of Plattsburgh and New Orleans, with which the war terminated, have so elated the inhabitants of the United States, and blinded them to the real weak-

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ness of their situation, that little doubt remains that, out of this premature and incomplete pacification, the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will spring,"—that the Americans are aggressive, like all republican governments, and that they are not to become a great naval power. To attempt gravely to refute these declarations, is to acknowledge their force.

The statement at the outset, that we sought an unprovoked war with England, is not more erroneous than his account of the manner it was carried on. Instead of all grounds of dissatisfaction being removed previous to hostilities, grievances had accumulated, the half of which would now precipitate a war between us and any other country on the globe. And instead of our vessels being greatly the superior in those naval engagements where we came off victorious, there is not one sea-fight in fifty, where the combatants were more equally matched. If a battle is never to be considered equal until both ships have the same tonnage to a pound, the same number of cannon, and the muster roll of the crews equal to a man, we are inclined to suspect there never will be one fought. There was not a naval action during the whole war where the real, effective, practical force was so disproportionate as in the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon; yet this last, Mr. Alison makes one of the most brilliant engagements that occurred. So the battle of the Thames, Plattsburgh, and New Orleans, were the necessary results of overpowering advantages, either in position or number, while the

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battle of Bladensburgh, and the bloodless capture of Washington, was, to use his own words, "one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation." An army of some four thousand regular troops, with two three-pounders, put to flight five or six thousand raw militia, and, with the loss of five dozen men, marched into a small unfortified town, occupied as the Capitol of the United States, and set fire, like a band of robbers, to the Capitol, Arsenal, Dockyard, Treasury, War Office, President's House, a ropewalk, and a bridge. Such an affair the historian of Lodi, and Marengo, and Waterloo—of the terrible conflicts of the Peninsula, and the sublime sea-fights of Aboukir and Trafalgar—calls "one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation."

The truth of the whole matter is, that the war, abating the usual vicissitudes, was carried on successfully to its termination, and a peace concluded securing to us our rights and protecting our commerce. The plain conclusions that a man of common sense would draw from it all, are, that we were disinclined to a war, except in self defence, and then were equal to our own protection. But Mr. Alison is always *diving* after truth, and a foolish reason is better than an old one. He is, also, perpetually discovering awful crises where the fate of the world depends on a single move. Thus he hinges Europe a score of times on the movement of a single column. If this had happened here or there, the fate of the continent and of the world would have been changed. Very probable; so if Bona-

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parte had been shot in some of his countless battles, or broken his neck by a fall from his horse at some grand review, or fallen overboard on his voyage from Elba, when the vessel was going ten knots an hour, or caught cold in some of his night marches, the history of the world would have been changed. A different result to any battle might have done it, and yet many often turned on the charge of a single body of cavalry. But history is nothing to Mr. Alison unless it is tragedy, and we believe the reputation of his work rests far more upon its dramatic character than upon its facts. To us, history is important only for the philosophy it teaches, and in this respect Mr. Alison has done the world more hurt than good. He is incapable of philosophizing correctly, because he sets out with the conviction that his *feelings* are right in all cases. Utterly unable to escape from his prejudices and occupy a high standing-point, from whence he can survey the world with the clear eye of an impartial historian, he goes plunging on, endeavoring to make everything bend to his philosophy of monarchy. In all the good wrought out by man, he thinks he discovers the workings of royalty; and in all the evil done under the sun, the cloven foot of democracy. Is there an unjust war commenced, it is done by republicans; is there any climax to oppression, it is that of the majority; and is there any atrocity rivaling the horrors of the Inquisition, it is committed by democracy. All that is firm and useful in the world owes its place to monarchy—all that is unsettled and dangerous, to republicanism. Religion

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itself can flourish nowhere but under a monarchy, and literature descends to the capacities of a mob in a republic. All nations are wrong but England, and true liberty is a stranger to any other land. "No community," says he, "need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England." Lord Brougham may ask, "What mean those portentous shapes that stalk through England?" and Macaulay and Earl Grey bid the throne and nation stop and feel the first throb of the coming earthquake. Sir Robert Peel may say that the "necessaries of life can be no farther taxed," and, in a time of peace, resort to the extraordinary measures of war to keep the nation above water; the most pitiful sight of strong-bodied men wandering over the land, begging for work that they may not starve, may meet one at every turn; "torch and dagger meetings" may occur almost every night in the week, and the muttered curse of millions of suffering men and women swell like distant thunder around the throne—it all matters nothing to Mr. Alison. The conclusion is, "follow England." Heaven keep us from that path, and its issue. We have looked down that gulf, and have no desire to try its depths. When we feel the first step of the approaching earthquake, let us know it is not human suffering and human despair on the march, and we can abide the rest.

Follow England and monarchy, and shun the French Revolution and American Democracy, are the two great lessons Mr. Alison attempts to impress

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on the mind from the four volumes of his history. He had better belied every military leader and falsified every battle, than done this. He ought to have known the omnipotence of the rising strength of the masses, and instead of urging the glory of a monarchy and aristocracy, to have pleaded the necessity of yielding betimes, and guiding the spirit which is now awake and will not be laid, and which otherwise will rend its oppressors, though it then turn and rend itself. If there is one thing clear and fearful to the thoughful man, it is that the American Rebellion, the French Revolution, and English Chartism, are but the commencement of a struggle destined to be universal. The theories of Rousseau and Voltaire never raised it in 1789, nor can the theories of Mr. Alison lay it now. The masses that create and carry it on argue from experience, and the only effect of such a history is to delay, and hence increase the intensity and violence of the conflict.

The conclusion of this history is worse than the commencement, and worthy of severe censure. Independent of the radical error taught by its philosophy, it is laid down as an inevitable result, that war must take place between us and England. Having established this fact, Mr. Alison marks out the plan of the next campaign in all its details, and speaks of the necessity of suddenly precipitating vast armies upon our coasts, at the outset, with the coolness of a man whose trade is war. Not satisfied with the incitements to bad feeling furnished by his history alone, he inflames the passions still more by his outlines of the

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coming war, and renders the catastrophe familiar and probable by declaring it to be inevitable. No such necessity as he pretends exists; and if so great a calamity to both nations should befall them, it will be brought about by such men and writers as Mr. Alison. One would think he had fallen in love with battles, from the fine materials for description they furnish him. Indeed, it harmonizes perfectly with another branch of his theory, drawn from the long and bloody wars of the continent, which is, that "war is necessary for the moral purification of mankind." He acknowledges that it is the cause of unparalleled suffering, "but," he asks, "is not suffering necessary to the purification of the human heart? Have we not been told, by the highest authority, that man is made perfect through suffering? Is not misfortune, anxiety, and distress, the severe but salutary school of individual improvement? And what is war but anxiety, distress, and often agony, to nations?" The philanthropist will be angry at such absurdity, and the philosopher laugh at the stupid sophistry. We venture to say the apostle never dreamed that human ingenuity could ever so distort his divine precept, as to make it prove the purifying effect of war.

Mr. Alison certainly has the credit of being the first discoverer of this entirely original application of the text. Murder and massacre, the torch of civil war blazing over human dwellings, mothers and children trampled down as the car of war rolls in carnage over the land; churches pillaged, congregations scattered, education neglected, cities sacked, women ra-

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vished, and all the brutal passions of man, inflamed to the utmost, let loose on society, are necessary in order to purify it. They are to a nation what a sick bed is to a man; making it thoughtful, calm, and prayerful. Afflictions loosen us from the world by teaching us that nothing is stable here. War has the same effect on nations, lifting their thoughts to God. To close up a history of twenty-six years of most bloody and wasting wars, during which religion was forgotten and education neglected, and life wasted like water, with the grave assertion that war is "necessary to the moral purification of mankind," and base the assertion on the divine precept that "man is made perfect by suffering," is the absurdest thing that ever found its way into the pages of history. Europe must have been very near the millennium at the summing up of her long purification at the battle of Waterloo, and Spain will soon be "perfect by suffering." The Roman empire ought to have grown very pure as it grew older, and the incessant conflicts of South America and Mexico must end in a high state of moral culture. The excitement to military glory, the recklessness of life and principle a war creates, the influence of an army quartered in a city or country, the purity of the camp, and the husbands and sons the scythe of battle mows down, are all so many causes of purification. So says Mr. Alison; while the history of the world, the experience of mankind, the spirit of the gospel, and the indignant response of the human heart brand it as false and calumnious. That there is no evil without some cor-

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responding good, or, in other words, that we may learn some lessons from every event, all men admit; —but that war is a purifier of society, just as affliction purifies the Christian, is the most preposterous idea a Christian man ever entertained. Deeds of heroism are performed, and patriotism and affection and the martyr spirit often exhibited in war, as they never are in peace; but we thought it had been adopted as a maxim, long ago, that the physical evils of war, terrible as they are, were small compared to its moral evils.

But Mr. Alison has *one* peculiarity, which, other things being equal, would place him high above ordinary historians—he recognizes a GOD in history. The hand of Providence is seen in the course of human events, and the principle that the Almighty visits the sins of nations upon themselves, fully recognized. It is a standing objection to the best histories of our race, that secondary causes have been put for ultimate ones. Even the Pagan writers allow their gods to have some design in the changes that visit nations, while those of a more enlightened age see nothing in the mutations around them but the work of human passions. This belief in an overruling Deity, however, is almost neutralized by the very aristocratic sort of a being he puts in heaven to preside over human affairs. He is a high Tory, like Mr. Alison, and has not the remotest sympathy with republicanism or republicans. Indeed, we find it expressly stated, that religion and democracy are antagonisms, and that the one cannot exist without

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the destruction of the other. The infidelity, the cruelty, the meanness, and utter ruin connected by necessity with a republican form of government, are taught on almost every page of this history. He has coupled the French Revolution and Democracy together in his mind, and neither facts nor argument can sunder them. The word "revolution," seems to have the same effect on his mind, that it might be supposed to have on one who had just passed through the Reign of Terror. But the Reformation of Luther was a revolution unshackling the world, and pouring daylight on its darkness. The Cromwellian Rebellion was a revolution, doing more for English liberty than all antecedent ages had done for it. The American Rebellion was a revolution, breaking the spell of tyranny, and sending hope and light to the farthest limits of the earth. The French Revolution did also its share of good, in holding up before despots a mirror in which they might read their own fate, and teaching the world that oppression has a limit, and buried freedom its resurrection day; and that just so deep as human rights and hopes are sunk, just so high will the tide of vengeance swell at last.

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers."

The fate of our own republic, which Mr. Alison reads so prophetically, is by no means yet decided; and even should we fall, we do not consider the question of the durability of a republican government settled. Had our population been suffered to increase

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by the natural laws which govern it, and all those who control our interests been educated in the principles of true freedom, and been bound together by the common ties of kindred and country, and the whole glorious fabric of our constitution steadily strengthened as bulwark after bulwark was reared around it by the jealous watchfulness of an intelligent people; had we been left to try out the experiment, by ourselves, on our own soil, then we should consider the question of the expediency of a republican form of government fixed for ever.

But now we are compelled not only to struggle with the evils that gather around every new undertaking, but to blend and incorporate into the very heart of our system the ignorance and degradation and crime of the despotisms of Europe. From such materials as tyranny sends us we are asked to rear our structure; and if it ever sways and totters, from the heterogeneous mass we are compelled to pile so hastily into it, we are tauntingly asked—How goes the doctrine of equality? The tens of thousands of hungry, half naked, and miserable beings, that are precipitated yearly upon our bosom, and enter almost immediately upon the work of reforming our system, come from a government where all their sorrows have sprung from the oppression of the upper classes. Knowing the "wormwood and the gall," and retaining the old hatred against the rich that has strengthened with their sufferings, they are easily led, like the mobs of Paris, by unscrupulous leaders, to act against their own permanent interests. So, also, the convicts and

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famine-struck wretches that the prisons and almshouses of Europe disgorge yearly on our shores, swell the records of crime and pauperism in our land, while the acts they commit, and the sufferings they engender, are charged over to republicanism. *Laissez faire* is a just request; and could the world but have granted it to us we should have been content.

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CHAPTER X.

WATERLOO.

THIS famous battle-field lies about ten miles from Brussels. It was a cloudy, gloomy day, that I left the city to visit this spot on which the fate of Europe was once decided. I stopped a moment to look at the house where the ball was held the night before the battle, and from the thoughtless gayety of which so many officers were summoned by the thunders of cannon to the field of battle. Before reaching the field, we passed through the beautiful forest of Soignies, composed of tall beeches, and which Byron by poetical license has changed into the forest of Ardennes. Ardennes is more than thirty miles distant in an opposite direction, but still it was more classic than Soignies, and so Byron, in describing the passage of the British army through it on their way to battle, says:—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Wet with nature's tear-drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

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At length we came to the small village of Waterloo, and, taking a guide, wandered over the field. Not to weary one with confused details, conceive a large undulating plain with two ridges rising out of it lying opposite to each other, and gently curving in from the centre. These opposing ridges are mere elevations of ground separated by a shallow valley, varying from a quarter to a half mile in width. Standing on one of these curved ridges, along which the English army was posted in two lines, the other ridge or elevation of ground faces you, along which the French were drawn up. The main road from Brussels to Genappe cuts directly across this valley, and through these ridges, in the centre of the field. On the extreme right is the chateau of Hougoumont, a farm-house, with an orchard surrounded by a high wall in the shape of a parallelogram. This defended Wellington's right. The centre rested its left on a small house called La Haye Sainte, while the left wing extended farther on to another farm-house, called Ter la Haye. Thus fortified at both extremities and in the centre, the allied forces awaited the approach of the French on the opposite ridge. Fifty-four thousand men are drawn up for the slaughter on one side, a mile and a half in length, while Bonaparte brings to the battle seventy-five thousand Frenchmen. Back of the French lines is a house called La Belle Alliance, near which Bonaparte placed his observatory.

This was the position of the field, and such the strength of the mighty armies that stood thirty years

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ago, on the morning of the 15th of June, looking each other in the faces. Two unconquered generals were at their head, and the fate of Europe the stake before them. As I stood on the mound reared over the slain, and looked over this field along which the grain waved as it waved on the day of that fierce battle, a world of conflicting emotions struggled in my heart. One moment the magnificence and pomp of this stern array converted it into a field of glory—the next, the conception of the feelings that agitated the bosoms of these two military leaders, and the terrible results depending—all Europe hanging in breathless suspense on the battle, imparted to it a moral sublimity utterly overwhelming; the next the fierce onset, the charging squadron, the melee of horses and riders; the falling of mangled companies before the destructive fire; the roar of artillery, and the blast of the bugle, and braying of trumpets, and roll of drums, and the tossing of plumes and banners, and wheeling of regiments, and shock of cavalry, changed it into a scene of excitement, and daring, and horror, that made the blood flow back chill and dark on the heart. Then came the piles of the dead and the groans of the wounded, whole ranks of orphans and whole villages of mourners; till a half-uttered "woe to the warrior," was choked by tears of compassion.

Thirty years ago Wellington stood where I stood, and surveyed the field over which the two mighty armies were manœuvering. At length, at this very hour (eleven o'clock), when I am gazing upon it, the cannonading begins, and soon rolls the whole length

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of the line. In a moment it is all in imagination before me. Yonder on the extreme right Jerome Bonaparte with 12,000 men descends like a mountain stream on the chateau of Hougoumont. Column after column, the dark masses march straight into the deadly fire that opens in every direction. In perfect order and steady front they press up to the very walls, and thrust their bayonets through the door itself. At length the house takes fire, and the shrieks of the wounded who are burning up, rise a moment over the roar of the strife, and then naught is heard but the confused noise of battle. Slowly, reluctantly, those 12,000 surge back from the wall—12,000, did I say? No, in this rapid half hour 1,500 have fallen to rise no more, and there in that orchard of four acres, their bodies are scattered, nay, rather *piled*, besmeared with powder and blood. Between me and them fresh columns of French infantry, headed by a long row of cannon that belch forth their fires every few moments, come steadily up to the English squares. Whole ranks of living men fall at every discharge, but those firm squares neither shake nor falter. The earth trembles as cannon answers cannon, burying their loads in solid masses of human flesh. In the midst of this awful melee, the brave Picton charges home on the French, and they roll back like a wave from the rock—but a bullet has entered his temple, and he sallies back and falls at the head of his followers. And yonder, to save their flying infantry, a column of French cavalry throw themselves with the ocean's mighty swing on the foe, but

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these rock-fast squares stand rooted to the ground. Slowly and desperately that daring column *walk* their horses round and round the squares, dashing in at every opening, but in vain. And now from wing to wing it is one wild battle, and I see nothing but the smoke of cannon, the tossing of plumes, and the soaring of the French eagle over the charging columns; and I hear naught but the roll of the drum, the sound of martial music, the explosion of artillery, and the blast of the bugle sounding the charge. There stands Wellington, weary and anxious. Wherever a square has wavered, he has thrown himself into it, cheering on his men. But now he stands and surveys the field of blood, and sees his posts driven in, his army exhausted, and exclaims, while he wipes the sweat from his brow, "Would to God that Blucher or night would come." The noble Gordon steps up to him, begging him not to stand where he is so exposed to the shots of the enemy, and while he is speaking, a bullet pierces his own body, and he falls. Bonaparte surveys the field of slaughter with savage ferocity, and pours fresh columns on the English lines, while the cavalry charge with desperate valor on the English infantry. For four long hours has the battle raged and victory wavered. But look! a dark object emerges from yonder distant wood, and stretches out into the field. And now there are banners, and horsemen, and moving columns. The Prussians are coming. Bonaparte sees them, and knowing that nothing can save him but the destruction of the English lines before they arrive, orders

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up his old Imperial Guard, that had been kept aloof from battle all the day. He addresses them in a few fiery words, telling them that all rests on their valor. They shout "The Emperor for ever," till the sound is heard even to the British lines. With the impetuous Ney at their head, they move in perfect order and beautiful array down the slope. The storm of battle is hushed. No drum, or trumpet, or martial strain, cheers them on. No bugle sounds the charge. In dead silence and with firm and steady step they come. The allied forces look with indescribable awe and dread on the approach of those battalions that had never yet been conquered. But the momentary pause is like the hush of the storm ere it gathers for a fiercer sweep. The cannon open at once, and whole ranks of that gallant band fall like a snow wreath from the mountain, yet they falter not;—over the mangled forms they pass, and with steady, resistless force, come up face to face with their foe. The lines reel, and totter, and sway backward. The field seems lost—but no, that awful discharge on their bosoms from that rank of men that seemed to rise from the ground has turned the day—the invincible guard stop as if stunned by some terrible blow. A second discharge, and they wheel and fly. The whole English line now advance to the assault. Look at that mangled column, how that discharge of artillery has torn its head and carried away half its number.

'Tis over; that magnificent army that formed in such beautiful order in the morning on the heights, is now rent, and the fugitives darken the field. 'Tis

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night; but the Prussians, fresh on the field, pursue the flying the long night. Oh, what scenes of horror and dread are witnessed, where the thunder of distant cannon comes booming on the midnight air! Death is dragging his car over the multitude, and the very heavens look aghast at the merciless slaughter.

'Tis night; the roar of the far off cannon is heard at intervals, but here it is all quiet. The battle is hushed, and the conflicting legions have parted to meet no more. The full, round moon is sailing quietly up the blue heavens, serene and peaceful as ever. The stars shine on as if they looked on no scene of woe. A weary form is slowly passing over the field. It is Wellington, weeping as he goes; for his horse's hoofs strike at every step in puddles of human blood, and the moonbeams fall on more than twenty thousand corpses strewed over the trampled ground. The groans of the dying and the shrieks of the suffering mingle together, while the sudden death-cry rings over all. And the unconscious moon is smiling on, painting the far off landscape in beauty. God in heaven! is this thy earth, and are those mangled mountains of flesh thy creatures? How little nature seems to sympathize with the scenes that transpire in her presence! It is true, the grain lies trampled, and crushed, and red on the plain; but the wind passes as gently over it, stirring the tree-tops as it goes, as if no groans were mingled with its breath. The full-orbed moon rides up her gorgeous pathway of stars, smiling down as sweetly on those crushed and shrieking masses, as if naught but the

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shepherd boy reclined on the field, and gazed on her beauty. Nay, God himself seems not to notice this fierce attack on the happiness of his creatures, but lets nature, like a slumbering child, breathe peacefully on. And yet this is an awful night, and there is an aggregate of woe and agony here no mind can measure. And he, the author of it all, the haughty homicide who has strode like a demon over Europe, and left his infatuated armies on three continents, where is he? A fugitive for his life; while the roar of the distant cannon coming faintly on his ear, tells him of the field and the power he has left behind. His race is run, that baleful star has gone down, and the nations can "breathe free again."

Such were my thoughts as I stood on this greatest of human battle-fields. It is evident to an impartial observer, that if Grouchy had obeyed Bonaparte, as Blucher did Wellington; or had Blucher stayed away as did Grouchy, Bonaparte would have won the field, and no one could have told where that scourge of man would have stopped. But God had said, "thus far and no farther," and his chariot went down just as it was nearing the goal. The Christian cannot muse over such a field of blood without the deepest execration of Bonaparte's character. The warrior may recount the deeds wrought in that mighty conflict, but the Christian's eye looks farther—to the broken hearts it has made, and to the fearful retributions of the judgment. We will not speak of the physical suffering crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings

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of one single man, with his shattered bones piercing him as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as he thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over *to one man's ambition*, and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be? Bonaparte was a man of great intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul for ever, and his accusers and their witnesses will rise from almost every field in Europe, and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He met and conquered many armies, but never stood face to face with such a terrible array as when he shall be summoned from his grave to meet this host of witnesses. The murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him nothing. Truth, and Justice, and mercy, are the only helpers there, and *they* cannot help *him*. He trod them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down for ever. He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of human hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he did in founding institutions and overturning rotten thrones; *good* was not his object, but personal glory. Besides, this sacking and burning

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down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite measure with conquerors, and the favorite apology with their eulogizers. It is false in fact, and false if true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it exculpate him if it was. God does not permit man to produce happiness this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his *anointed* instrument, he *anoints* him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of Bonaparte's mental character—the great achievements he performed—the mighty power he wielded, and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheosized to this day; while the sadness of his fate—being sent to eat out his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death, we think, has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amidst an awful storm, while trees were falling, and the sea flinging itself as if in convulsions far up on the island, have imparted something of the supernatural to him. And then his fierceness to the last; for though the night was wild and terrible, a wilder night was over his heart; and his spirit, in its last fitful struggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight,

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and his last dying words were *tête d'armée*, "head of the army." He has gone, and his mighty armies with him; but the day shall come when the world shall read his history as they read that of Cæsar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shudder.

It is strange that such men as Bonaparte should always regard themselves as *fated* to perform what they do, as if themselves stupefied with their own success, and conscious—acting voluntarily though they were—that the results were greater than human calculations could make them. Napoleon often spoke of himself as under a fate that protected him from death while he prosecuted his mad ambition. He may have been right, for Pharaoh was impelled on by his own wicked heart to accomplish a great and glorious plan. How sweet it is to know there is one right Being in the universe, who can and will eventually adjust all things well!

Before leaving the field, I was struck with one fact my guide told me, illustrating the brutality of the soldier. He was a native of Waterloo, and the morning after the battle stole forth to the field to pillage the slain. But the soldiers had been before him, and, weary and exhausted as they were with the hard day's fight, had spent the night in robbing the dead and the wounded; so that he, on his own confession, could find, among the thousands heaped together, nothing worth carrying away but an old silver watch. This single fact is volumes on the brutalizing tendency of war.

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The field of Waterloo has undergone some change, from the erection of a large tumulus over the slain in the centre of it, surmounted by a bronze lion. The dirt excavated to make it has deepened the valley, while several monuments are scattered here and there to commemorate some gallant deed.

In the little church of Waterloo repose many of the officers who fell in battle, and the walls are lined with tablets, bearing some of them touching inscriptions. One of them was peculiarly so. It was written above a young man, the son of a noble family, who was one of Wellington's suite, and had been with him in the peninsular campaign. He was but eighteen years old, and Waterloo was his *twentieth* battle. Scarcely out of boyhood, he had passed through the storm of nineteen battles and perished in the twentieth. It is terrific to reflect on the moral effect of so many scenes of blood upon a youthful heart. *Such training will ruin any man*, even though he were an angel. Ah, the evils of war are felt not less on the living than the dead; not less on the mourner than the victor. The path of victory and defeat are both equally wasting. The blood of the slain has manured this field well, and the grain was waving richly over it, stirred by a gentle wind. I turned away a wiser, if not a better man, and filled with deeper abhorrence of war and war's ambition. And yet how many pilgrims come to this battle-field, and how high Bonaparte stands in the world's estimation; while who seeks Howard's grave, or mourns over his death of a

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martyr? But this is the world's way, and always has been—neglect its benefactors and deify its destroyers —crucify its Saviour and build temples above its Cæsars.

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THE

ONE PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.

BY

J. T. HEADLEY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

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THE

ONE PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.

To a spectator at a distance, this world of ours would present a mere *chaos* of active life. In the countless modes in which human energy expends itself: the multiplied forms of government; in the erection of cities, the extension of commerce, the shock of armies; and in all the tumult that keeps this planet in a tremor, he would see but the sum total of individual action—the mere aggregation of the efforts of each soul working out its own schemes, seeking its own good. It would seem a sea of separate billows driven by no common wind, but moving to distinct and separate forces.

But to one who studies the *philosophy* of history, an under-current exhibits itself, moving steadily and strongly, though not uniformly on, bearing all this disconnected life, this irregular, but tremendous energy, to a certain goal.

The doctrine of human progress has been much

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discussed of late, and I find it believed or disbelieved according to the tastes and occupations of men, rather than from the arguments they themselves use. To the outward, active man, steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, by connecting cities and continents, and furnishing highways for commerce and thought, appear objects of incalculable worth—compared to which, the philosophy of the ancients, the poetry and art of the Greeks and Romans, are but the useless reveries, or dreamy sentimentality, of great but inefficient men. He looks on the *surface* of things; and, seeing this world active with life—cities springing, as by the touch of an enchanter's hand, into existence—manufactories dashing every river into foam—steam-power hurling men thirty miles an hour, from one end of a continent to the other—and the very lightnings of heaven harnessed down and made to work like a common dray-horse; he regards the world as just waking up, and looks with surprise on the immobility and apathy of past ages. *He* believes in human progress—*he* tells you that this world has taken incredible *leaps* forward. He meets all arguments opposed to his statements, with expressions of astonishment. It does not need *reason*, it needs only *eyes* to convince one. On the other hand, the man of books and reflection beholds things through quite another medium. To him, the *inward* life is the great life of man. He has read the history of man with his eye on his soul instead of his hands; and, perchance, has become so deeply imbued with the spirit of the past—drunk so deeply

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from the wells of ancient philosophy and literature, that he regards the fierce action of men around him as indicative of anything but progress. To him, "internal improvements" is a misnomer, and this out-thrusting of the whole man as ominous of evil rather than good. The poet is very much of the same opinion; for though he may appreciate the action around him, he doubts its issue. He may admire the new developments of energy on every side; but to see money-lenders ruling the world instead of sages and poets; the broker's exchange taking the place of the academic grove; and halls of statuary and painting removed to furnish room for cotton bales and hogsheads of tobacco; and, alas! the strong effort to develop and embody the beautiful and true, both in nature and art, disappear before the mad excitement after gain; augurs sadly for the race. True, this world is wide awake; but the louder the clamor rings, the more indistinct and low sound the voice of wisdom, and the calm accents of meditation and secluded thought. The development of energy at the cost of these, though it transforms the surface of the earth, will leave the spiritual man worse than before. So reasons he as he looks abroad on life; and, as he casts his eye down through coming centuries, he fears their final report will tell poorly for the experiment so confidently carried out. The "man of the age" rubs his hands with delight when he sees how easily he can connect two manufacturing towns, by running a railroad, perchance, through the scenery of Windemere Cottage; while

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Wordsworth vents his complaints and unbelief in a sonnet, that would look odd amid the engineer's report of a railroad company. Some will take up history in detail, and prove that man has made little, if any, improvement since the classic days of Greece and Rome. Others acknowledge the progress, but have no faith in the final result. Doubting the virtue of man, and reasoning from the past, they expect to see him commit suicide at last. To them, this earth seems like a vessel on a lee-shore, wrapped in the midnight storm, sending constantly heavenward her cry for help; and the overthrow of every government —the failure of every experiment designed for the relief of man, a signal gun of distress, fired through the gloom; and believe that the way of deliverance is not yet found. And I must confess, to look back on some portions of human history, man seems to have been moving round like an old mill-horse in the same circle, ever grinding out the same paramount falsehood, that governments were made for the few, and the blessings and comforts of life for the few also.

Whether the world is gradually advancing to maturity like a thriving tree, or steadily improving like the character of a good man striving after perfection, I shall not now discuss. But the mere fact that, with six thousand years as a scale, and whole centuries as degrees, it is still a moot-question, shows its utter worthlessness in all calculations for the future. If, with such a long interval, in which to note the advancing steps of the race, it is still doubtful which way it is tending, I leave it for others to determine

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the time necessary to bring man up to a state of political, social, or religious millennium. Still, we are not to suppose the centuries have come and gone haphazard. It would be impious to declare, as we stand at the close of six thousand years, and look back, that they have had no mission nor meaning—that they have risen to the surface like bubbles, and burst, leaving nothing to the generations that toiled so painfully through them. All that has passed may be but the preparation, so that the work in the world shall be a short one. All this tremendous expenditure of time, and energy, and life, may be but the lifting of the engine whose downward blow shall shake the earth.

At least there has been a steady progress in *one* principle, which is changing and shall change the face of the world. Whatever the final issue may be —whether it shall save or wreck the hopes of man—it is to introduce a new era, and give us human life under a new form; I mean the *democratic principle*. I would I could relieve the mind from all those definitions which political demagogues have given this term, and that it might be allowed its legitimate, true meaning—the right of man to govern himself—the right to think, speak, and act for himself, all growing out of his personal worth. Perhaps it would be better to call it the republican principle—or the doctrine of equal rights. I refer now to the world at large, and more especially to civilized Europe. In watching the rise and progress of this principle, tracing it through its bloody conflicts, its defeats and victories,

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witnessing its sufferings and transports, and beholding how the thought and strength of the world have been concentrated upon it, I have felt that he who would write out the future history of man must study it deeply. I make no apology for bringing this subject before you, although it may not seem in every respect appropriate to this occasion. So long as it is the burden of the true poet in every land, and the inspiration of the artist in his brightest creations, and has been and is the end and aim of the scholar in every age, it belongs not to the politician, but to you.

As I behold it steadily making its way over the earth, to-day assuming the character of a religious, to-morrow of a political, revolution, still gaining in every change, it becomes to me the most momentous of all questions whatsoever. The fate of the world turns on it, and of all men the scholar is most deeply interested in it. In him is supposed to be lodged the true conservative spirit. Having studied the past while living in the present—a thoughtful, yet practical man—with knowledge, and the power to make that knowledge felt, he under heaven, is the only pilot for the troublous times on which the governments of the world are entering. When the strong checks of arbitrary power are removed, and the reins are thrown on the necks of men, and they are left to dash away in the joy of their recovered freedom, and at the bidding of their own strong impulses, there will be a chapter written in human history that man shall tremble to read.

What the design of God was, in shutting up in the

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Jewish nation all those principles and truths adapted to reform and civilize the world, it is impossible to tell. The greatest pains seem to have been taken to keep the nations of the earth in ignorance; and they were left, while century after century passed by, to toil round in the same circle, confused rather than aided by the dim light of nature. It may have been, to let the world try the experiment of taking care of itself, to present similar follies in future, and hence give revelation, when it should be made universal, a value it would not otherwise have possessed. At all events, man was kept in a state of servitude and ignorance. Even the proud Roman had no idea of personal worth. "I am a Roman citizen," he exclaimed, and in that lay his dignity. Holding the proud rank of Roman citizen, he could confront kings without being abashed; but in Rome he was a slave. Under the shadow of the Palatine Hill, he walked silent and fearful. *There*, he never uttered, "*I am a man.*" He was a Roman, deriving his greatness from the city in which he dwelt; still, he was not a man, borne up with the consciousness of his individual greatness —his personal value. Christ was the first who ever uttered this truth. The masses had always been addressed as mere instruments made for the handiwork of kings and chieftains; but Christ, as he stooped over the hitherto despised multitude, and whispered in their astonished ears, "YE ARE MEN," startled into life a spirit that no conjuring has since been able to lay. It was a revolutionary sentiment, more dangerous to the Roman power, and to all the Cæsars of

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the world, than to proclaim himself King of the Jews. To tell men—despised, ignorant fishermen—that they were children of a common parent—younger brothers of the Son of God, who was no respecter of persons—was waking up a whole world of thought in the human heart, and pouring through it emotions more terrible than the throb of the earthquake. From that moment life took a different level. For ages, the waters had moved sluggishly on; at the appearance of Christ, they dashed over their barriers, and, seeking a new level, flowed onward, making a channel for themselves. The *first* step of the emancipated mind was to break away from the very religious ceremonies it had been taught to venerate, and which had the sanction of Moses, and Samuel, and David, and all the prophets —to turn the back on Jewish synagogues and temples and ritual—and, pushing aside the High Priest at the altar, scattering the ashes of bullocks and goats to the winds, step boldly beyond the very Holy of Holies, and prostrating itself in the presence of God alone, pour out its complaints and sorrows on his infinite bosom. After this, there could be nothing that man dare not do. To stamp him with such dignity at the outset—to tell the ignorant beggar that he was greater than priests and sacrifices—was to set in motion a principle that, unarrested, would subvert everything but truth. From that time on, through all the changes of religious and political life, man has been striving to make this principle practical. Baffled at every step, cheated in every effort, often discouraged, and sometimes despairing, he has still

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made advancement; till now he assumes the character of dictator, rather than petitioner, and claims, rather than asks, his rights.

At first, he thought only of religious liberty—dare speak out only as God commanded him. But the right to be his own master in one thing, soon emboldened him to claim it in others. Still, no heavenly voice gave him permission to assert his civil rights before rulers; nay, he was commanded to submit to wrong and injustice there; to bow to the oppressor, and die without remonstrance at his feet. The consequence was, the moment Christianity acquired temporal power, liberty of conscience began to disappear. The Christian could resist the pagan ruler in his religious duties, but it was the most natural thing in the world that, while he submitted to the dictation of a king in temporal matters, he should also soon yield him, if a Christian, obedience in spiritual matters. Thus the Christian Church, in time, became as corrupt and heartless as the Jewish, and the people as blind and slavish as ever. Cheated out of the good they thought secure, they mourned on for centuries. I might, if I had time, carry the mind over that gloomy interval called the Dark Ages, and show, even there, this principle now and then struggling to the surface, and evincing its life. Over that gloomy sea, some system or man—some poet or writer—arose, like a Pharos, telegraphing the feeble light from one disordered century to another. The very chaos to which things were reduced—the mixture of democratic, theocratic, and monarchical institutions

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—shows the irregular yet still desperate efforts of this principle to embody itself. Feudalism grew out of it; nay, it was itself the embodiment of the doctrine of freedom in a certain class: declaring that a few, at least, had personal rights, besides the monarch, and would defend them. The great increase of heresies in the Church, during the thirteenth century, was another exhibition of the questioning spirit —the right of man to think for himself. I might show how this darkness and confusion were the results of the mind struggling to break away from old forms and old checks, till the cry for reformation became so loud and thrilling that it burst on the continent of Europe like a revolution. But this is not necessary; the very fact of the Reformation of Luther proves the strength and progress of this principle of freedom, even in its infancy. Luther did not make the times, but the times made him. He was demanded, called for, in such accents that he was compelled to appear. But whence this demand? Why this terrible waking up of the mind? It was the secret claim finally uttered aloud—the universal whisper emboldened into a shout. It is true, the idea of constitutional liberty had scarcely yet dawned on the minds of men. Religious liberty was the chief object they sought; but they asked it with a firmer tone, and a clearer conception of their rights, than ever before. The caution and prudence which marked the course of kings and rulers also show the progress it had made; and the world waked up farther ahead than where it lay down to sleep. From

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that time on, its slumbers have been shorter and less profound than before. I cannot now, as I have said, trace this principle in its progress, as it is sufficient for my purpose to point to its existence here and there, and show how, with every appearance, it has gained strength and power. After the Reformation of Luther, it advanced with more rapid strides, though often disappearing from the surface, till it again burst forth in the English Revolution. The little civil liberty the fifteenth century gave man, seemed about to be lost, and kings and nobles no longer acted as checks on each other, but both together conspired to oppress the people. The character of the English Revolution evinces how much broader man's views had become. Here the first demand was for reform in the state. Hitherto, man had asked for his *religious* rights, and dare ask for nothing except as he stood in the shadow of his God and spoke. Now, all at once, he plants himself on a constitution, and not only appeals to a divine law, but points to himself as containing the charter of his rights.

The wealthy Commons of England stood manfully up to resist the aggressive acts of Charles I., who had learned his miserable principles of government in Spain. Still, men were not prepared to sustain a revolution based on political principles alone—it needed one more struggle before they would stand on the broad platform of human rights, and maintain sternly their own in every department of life. That glorious Revolution which gave so much liberty to the world threatened to be a failure; and not till religion

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entered into it as a chief element was its success certain. Cromwell had but little idea of constitutional liberty, and cared but little about it. During those fearful struggles in the Long Parliament, when such men as Hampden, and Pym, and Elliot were stepping between a haughty monarch and his subjects, he remained a passive spectator. But soon as religion became uppermost, we find him with his fierce riders bursting like a thunderbolt through the serried ranks of the royalist infantry, with the fearful war-cry "Religion!" on his lips, or pouring his strong battalions to the charge, with the shout, "The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!"

With the Jewish government as a model, seeking to establish a sort of theocracy, he in the mean time planted, unconsciously, the tree of English liberty strong and deep: for in such agitations men discuss the acts of their rulers, and in revolutions they learn their rights fast. What a stride forward had been taken since the time of Henry VIII. A king had been executed like a common felon for encroaching on the liberty of his subjects, and power had passed rapidly into the hands of the people; so that, when James undertook to enact over the follies of his predecessor, how quietly he was shoved from the throne, and the Hanoverian line took the place of the Stuart line.

But while the stern-hearted men of England were thus battling for their rights at home, a little band sought these shores; and here, amid the solitude of the wilderness, removed from the influence of time-

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honored institutions, completed the code of human rights, and laid the broad basis of freedom; so that, when the Declaration of Independence was given to the world, the character of all future struggles between man and his rulers became clearly defined. This single principle of personal freedom had struggled on through centuries, and finally blazed up in its splendor on the margin of the American wilderness. Now disappearing from sight, and now rising into view, in one form or another, it at last stood revealed in all its perfection and startling clearness before the world. Through seventeen centuries it had toiled its way, gaining slowly, but surely; till between Cæsar and his legions, and Washington and his patriot band, there is a difference wider than time.

But since then, with what bold and rapid steps it has advanced. Since the completion and fearless utterance of the code of freedom, the nations of the earth seem to have been hurried forward by some secret yet irresistible impulse. Shall I point to Mexico and South America, rising from their semi-barbarism at the sound of our voice? to Ireland, well-nigh casting from her the most disgraceful yoke ever placed by a civilized nation on any people? to Poland, rending her chain, and dying in the effort? and last of all to France, slowly sinking in a sea of blood to rise again amid the horror of mankind? Why was this simple declaration, "Ye are men," followed by such sudden and fearful results? Not only because a nation had cast off disguise and

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declared the truth without apology or explanation, and had made it good in the teeth of one of the strongest governments on the globe; but because the principle itself had made such progress in the hearts of men that this free utterance met their wants, and forced into action their secret wishes. Have you ever seen an eagle fettered to the earth day after day and week after week? How his plumage droops, and his proud bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility. His eye, that was wont to outgaze the sun, is lustreless and dead, and but low sounds of irritation escape him. But just let the free cry of a free eagle, seated on some far mountain crag, meet his ear, and how his roughened plumage smooths itself into beauty, his drooping neck becomes erect, and his eye gleams as of old. Pour that wild scream again on his ear, and those broad wings unfold themselves in their native strength, and with a cry as shrill and piercing as that of his fellow, he strains on his fetter, and perchance bursts away, soaring gloriously towards heaven. Who then shall stay his flight, or fill his heart with fear? So had man been chained down age after age, till his spirit was broken, his dignity and glory gone, and his soul marred and stained. Our Declaration of Rights was the cry of that free eagle on his mountain crag, and the fettered soul heard and answered it the world over, with a shout that rocked the thrones of Europe to their bases, and made the chain that bound it smoke and quiver beneath its angry blows. Poland stretched out her arms towards

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us, and fell weeping amid the ashes of Praga. Italy sang once more her ancient songs of freedom, in the Roman Forum. Ireland shouted and fell; and France took it up, "and the earthquake opened under the Bourbon throne, and down sunk a whole dynasty of kings." Amid the half and complete failures of other nations, France alone was successful. I will not now speak of the horrors committed in the name of liberty during the French Revolution, for I wish only to illustrate the progress this republican principle had made. In every struggle that man had put forth, he mingled in it more or less his civil rights, still sheltering himself under religion. Gradually venturing from express commands to general principles, he at length made a clean sweep of kings, and titles, and privileges, and property, and education. Ten years elapsed between the calling of the States General and the establishment of the Consulate—ten years that stand without a parallel. More than a million of men had fallen, and the most desperate struggle this principle had yet encountered had been put forth. France then seized our Declaration of Rights, and hurled it like a firebrand over the continent; and kings gathered together in consternation to extinguish it, and consult how they could best crush principles with bayonets, and moved down their allied armies on the infant republic, but they only brought the tumult into their own land; and lo! the Revolution went rolling over the French borders, deluging Europe in its rash flow. The French Revolution was a most fearful episode in

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human history; but it was needed: nothing else would have done. The iron framework of feudalism had fastened itself so thoroughly, and rusted so long in its place above the heads of the people, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness. A convulsion that should heave and rend everything asunder was demanded. It came in the Revolution. The kings of Europe, in endeavoring to crush it, invited it on their own soil, and Bonaparte was just the man to accept this invitation. Taking the untamed energies this sudden upheaving had cast forth on the bosom of society, he prepared to dispute with Europe the exclusive claim of nobility to power and privilege. A plebeian himself, he made marshals, and dukes, and kings of plebeians. He took base-born men, and pitted them against princes and nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. He forced the haughty aristocracy to mingle in blood and companionship with that of his own making, and carried out to its utmost limit the first act of the tiers etat, when they wished the orders to verify in common. He thus broke up this iron system over the continent—drove everything into fragments—and sent thrones, emptied of their kings, and all the insignia of royalty, drifting like a floating wreck on the ocean he had set heaving. The strongest pillars of royalty were shattered to their bases, and the objects of oldest, deepest reverence made powerless as the tricks of a playactor. He confounded and confused everything, and set the crowned heads of Europe in such

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a tumult and wonderment that they have not yet recovered their senses. He started every rivet in the chain of despotism so that it can never be fully fastened again, and, more than all, waked up the human mind to think for itself; so that the Dark Ages can never more return. With his *motives* I have now nothing to do. I am speaking of *results* only. Other experiments now are to be worked out, and other destinies reached, different from those which have heretofore made up the history of man.

The French Revolution settled one thing in the minds of continental kings—that reform is not to be checked by the bayonet. Its effects are already visible; and it stands, and shall stand, as a ghost with which to frighten them from their oppressions. Monarchs speak more respectfully of the rights of their subjects, and less arrogantly of their own power. Man, simple, untitled man, is no longer a cipher in government. He is consulted silently, if not openly; and he is feared, as he stands in the mighty majesty of truth, more than hostile armies.

As bloody and terrible as was the French Revolution, it did not disgust man with the doctrine of human rights. True, the elements slowly settled back again to their ancient place, but not to their ancient strength. In a few years, France had another revolution, which in all human probability is not the last, and England soon took up the agitated question, and was again on a sea of troubles. First, came the Emancipation Act, resisted at every step by those who saw in it but the entering wedge to all other reforms; but it passed.

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Next came the Reform Bill, met with an outcry by the feudalism of England. Noble lords declared it should never pass; King William swore it should never receive his signature. To grant it, was to concede the right of the people to make investigations and assail corruptions. There would be no end to their demands were they obeyed, and nothing short of a complete reformation would satisfy them. They must be stopped on the threshold, or they never could be arrested. The reasoning was correct; but the clamors of the people were stronger than the logic of noble lords. England was in peril, till one night, while the turbulent multitude was swaying to and fro without the House of Parliament, their shouts and murmurs now and then borne to the ears of the members, Macaulay arose, and in a thrilling speech, thundered on his astonished adversaries the prophetic words "*Through* Parliament, or *over* Parliament, this bill will pass." It passed; and the throne of England stopped rocking on its base. The principle was again triumphant. A few years passed by, and lo! a petition for universal suffrage, backed by three and a half millions of names, and carried on the shoulders of sixteen strong workingmen, followed in solemn procession by four thousand others, is borne into the House of Commons. Reformers themselves were startled —Universal Suffrage in England! It is a strong government, and the wisest throne on earth, but before the silent ballot they would both disappear without a sound. It was rejected; but there was not an argument used in defence of the Reform Bill which was

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not doubly applicable to it, save one—a threatened civil war. Add this other motive, and that petition will also be granted. Its basis—this doctrine of personal freedom, is still at work. Look at the voluntary associations in every village there, all bound together and working together. Ah! this voluntary association is an engine of tremendous power, and will yet uproot everything. The banding of the masses together, to act with skill and energy, to change them from a mob into an organized body, with resolutions and appeals in their hands, is investing them with a power nothing can withstand.

I have only touched on points of English history —stepped from one great event to another—but what light does even this rapid survey throw on the question I have been discussing? What would Henry the Eighth have done with the Reform Bill, or Queen Elizabeth thought of a Chartist meeting? Poor Charles the First regarded the demand for redress of grievances sufficiently impertinent; but how would he, or even George the Third, have treated a petition for universal suffrage? England has but to keep the rate of progress she has made since the time of Elizabeth, and a tyro can calculate where she will be sixty years hence. Since Cromwell made such a jest of "the dignity which doth hedge a king," the people have not been vanquished in a single encounter with the throne. They have been cheated, and the promised privileges given so as to destroy their benefit, but the power has remained in their hands. The death of a leader, the desertion of a powerful

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friend bought over by a title, or a rash movement, alarming more prudent heads, may arrest all progress for awhile, and delude men into a belief that the struggle is abandoned; but it is not so—it waits only for more favorable circumstances to reappear in greater power.

Prussia, too, feels the might of this principle of freedom, and is agitated through all her borders. When the Revolution was shaking so terribly the thrones of Europe, and ringing, with such rapid and fearless strokes, the death-knell of tyranny on the continent, King William, pressed by his subjects, promised them a Constitution and a National Congress to meet at Berlin. The final triumph of the infamous coalition, that had struggled so long in the midst of defeat, gave him hopes that he might escape the necessity of keeping his royal promise; and by deception and falsehood it has been put off till this day. But the people are again awake, and the "Fier Fragen"—four questions—have been put, and an answer demanded. Public assemblies are held in every province. Dusseldorf has been like New York in a mass meeting, while the king dare not call on the soldiery, knowing how much they sympathize with the people, and at last has given *his* promise also, that a Congress shall be called and a Constitution given. When the tiers etat of Prussia shall assemble in Berlin, woe also to the House of Austria. Germany is already awake. Even Russia is discussing dangerous principles; and Italy is rent with fruitless conspiracies; while Switzerland is sending up her cry

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for a new constitution from all her Alpine hills. Throughout Europe, there is a moving of the masses, indicating life and energy soon to be expended *somewhere on somebody*. Instead of silently suffering, men begin to ask questions, and every one put in earnest, tells on the fate of the world more than a thousand cannon shot. European kings tremble, when they think of the death of Charles I. and Louis XVI., and the shout France may once more send over the continent. But Prussia is sufficient. Let her but have her Congress and constitution, and we shall see the scenes of the Long Parliament and Charles I. enacted over again.

I have given but a synopsis of what I wish to say on the present aspect of Europe; but enough will be seen to illustrate the single point I am after, namely, the progress of the democratic principle in the world. By comparing Europe now with her state sixty years ago, the most superficial observer will see that, at the same rate of progress, sixty years more will place most of her monarchies on the turbulent waters of a popular government. And why should it not advance with equal rapidity? Is man, just as he is emerging into the light, and feeling his true dignity, to be whipped back like a dog to his kennel? Nay, the progress is to be more rapid; for when power, in passing from one hand into another, reaches a certain point, the transfer is made at once and the struggle is over.

I have thus endeavored to make history illustrate my proposition, by watching the appearance of this

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principle at different periods, and studying its character and gauging its strength. But the present, no less than the past, throws in its testimony; and even now this strange, unconquerable principle, is moving on, dragging the life and energy of the world after it. Oh, it is fearful to behold its strength, and the upheavings it has occasioned! Ever since the time of Christ, man has striven more or less resolutely to get an acknowledgment of his rights, either in religious or political matters, or in both. Despots have made use of old reverence—superstitious fears—trickery, falsehood—the dungeon—the bayonet, and the scaffold—to silence his claims and overcome his arguments. Force *has* done much; for though

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"

it often requires "the eternal years of God," and men have succeeded in burying it fathoms deep. But the one of which I have been speaking has had two wild resurrections; one in England, when Cromwell shouted over its grave; and one in France, when the infuriated populace called it in shrieks forth from its burial of ages. Oh! how man has struggled to be free—free to eat the bread his own hand has sown—free to breathe his thoughts over the lyre, or utter them through the pages of his country's literature—free to lay the taxes he himself pays—free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. See England convulsed, her House of Commons in tears, and the torch of civil war blazing over the land, and all for a *principle*—the principle

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of personal freedom. Behold this country, pouring out its blood like water—see it clothed in mourning—her children marching barefoot over the frozen ground, leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of it they traversed; nay, marching by hundreds naked into battle, and all for this *one principle.* See France rent asunder, her streets flowing blood; and the loud beat of the alarm drum, and the steady peal of the tocsin, and the heavy roll of the tumbrels, going to and from the scaffold—the only music of Paris for years—and millions of men sacrificed; and yet this principle, in some form or other, lying at the bottom of it all. Deceived as the fierce actors in this tragedy may have been, and diverted, though the thought, for awhile, might have been to personal safety or personal aggrandizement, yet the spell-words by which the storm was directed were "freedom, equal rights." Look at Europe, while the great Napoleonic drama was performing—there is something more than the unrolling of banners and the pomp and majesty of arms. Great deeds are wrought, and glory is the guiding star to thousands; yet that long and fearful struggle, notwithstanding the various pretences set forth, was, with all its bloody accompaniments and waste of treasure, and loss of life, and suffering, simply an effort to stop the progress of this one principle. Here all the diplomacy and hypocrisy of Europe are reduced to a single element—the world in arms against equal rights.—France "threw down the head of a king as the gage of battle," and the conflict was set. Cromwell's

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army shouting through the fight, and French patriots storming over entrenchments with republican songs in their mouths, may be fanatical or deluded men, and cheated at last by ambitious chieftains, but the thing they sought was no delusion.

What a terror it is able to inspire when such a vast expenditure of life and money is made to check its advancement. Behold the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Prussia, and even Pitt of England, combined together, calling on the wisdom of the statesman, and summoning to their aid a million of men to crush a single principle.

See the world also at this moment. Gensd'armes are parading the streets of every continental city—spies entering every suspected house—the passport of each wayfarer examined, and his person described—the freedom of speech suppressed, and bayonets gleaming before every printing office, to stop this principle from working amid the people. The poet must quench his burning thoughts; the scholar suppress his glowing words; the historian blot out his fairest page at the bidding of royal censors. Even His Holiness the Pope, will not allow the streets of Rome to be lighted with gas, nor a railroad to be made through his dominions, lest this principle should flash out of the rays of the one, or be hurried in with the speed of the other. Barriers are established, the very post-office is watched without intermission, and the minions of power scattered thick as the locusts of Egypt on every side, to keep from man the knowledge of this principle. Yet it works on despite of

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its enemies. On the plains of Fleurus, at Lodi, Arcola, and Marengo—through the Black Forest, at Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, and Friedland, it was the most terrible thing in the battle. The world saw only the smoke of the conflict, and heard only the thunder of cannon and groans of the dying, but this single principle gained more than Napoleon, and tyranny lost more than the victory. Nothing seems able to stay its progress. Outliving the age of superstition and ignorance—conquering the power of the church —beheading two kings—convulsing Europe with arms —and finally overthrown by numbers and buried with the bayonet, it still lives and breathes. Surviving defeat—scorning power—it carries a deathless existence; and whether shouting amid the roar of battle or whispering through the pages of the poet and historian, it exhibits the same immortality. All measures have been tried to destroy it—a false religion, diplomacy, fear, watchfulness, and persecution; but in vain. It rises from under the weight of thrones, and from the field of carnage; and though denied the press, and even language, and chased and hunted like a common felon the length and breadth of Europe; pointed at, spit upon, speared, and trampled under foot, it still lives, and increases both in strength and boldness. What then shall be done to stay its progress, what blow aimed at its life that has not been given? While the conflict was secret, there were hopes that when it became open power would prevail, but now nothing remains to be tried. Progress it

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does, and progress it will, and the day so much dreaded is slowly but surely approaching.

Now, as there is a principle operating in this world, gaining strength every day; and which, in some form or other, has excited more alarm and aroused more effort than all others put together, and one which threatens to change the structure of all human governments—or the kings and statesmen of the earth are mistaken, and pour out their treasures and the blood of their subjects in vain—the question naturally arises, what will be the issue? The solemnity of this question, and the immeasurable interests at stake, are the only reasons that have induced me to present this topic before the literary societies of this University. If republicanism was the end of it all, and the erection of popular governments the world over the crowning act, then we might contemplate it only with the curiosity of the philosopher, or the pleasure of the patriot. But our own history shows that it does not end here. It is as active in the midst of this republic as in the monarchy of England. If, in despotisms, it tends to limited monarchy, and in a monarchy to republicanism, in a republic it tends to radicalism and anarchy. It progresses faster than the virtue and knowledge of man. Taking the lead, it despises both, and breaks away from those influences designed to curb it. Guided by hope, and not at all by memory, it pushes on, throwing off restraint after restraint, removing check after check, believing that the will of the majority must always be right and safe. He must be a careless or ignorant observer who does not

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see that this principle, in its progress, is here destroying reverence for authority and law, respect for constitutions, and the wisdom of our fathers. Greater latitude is demanded, more liberal construction required, and everything set afloat on the popular current. On this doubtful stream, also, the hopes of the scholar and the interests of learning are yet to be cast. Flooding one department after another, it is destined yet to bear all things on its turbulent bosom. Before the tyranny of faction the voice of the scholar is yet to be hushed, or sound clear and clarion-like over its tumult. Some see the course it is taking, and are rushing back into the past, and seizing its strong checks; but they by this effort only separate themselves from the mass, not stay the movement. A wise and instructed policy teaches us that it is not to be arrested, and that the office of the reformer, at the present day, is to guide it towards the point of greatest safety. I know the disgust of a refined mind to the contact it is exposed to in the outward life of our times. I know the discouragements of a thoughtful man, as he contemplates the ascendency of the bad, and the departure of the nation from truth and virtue; and the strong tendency to retire to the companionship of books, while the age works out its own experiments. The world of the scholar is filled with no conflicts, marred by no passion, disturbed by no violence. The breath of calumny does not reach him there, and falsehood and wrong have no entrance. The voice of ambition sounds faint and distant, and he shrinks from going forth from his tranquil enjoy-

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ments to battle with selfish, reckless, and ignorant men. But the age is calling on him in tones that must be heeded. If this world is to be cut from its ancient moorings, and drift off on an unknown sea, there can be no question brought before you fraught with deeper interest, or demanding more imperiously your serious thought. It is my belief that the Christian scholar must, under Heaven, save the world, or it is lost; that his power must be more practical than heretofore, and all the force he can wield used, not in opposing, but directing the spirit that is abroad, carrying everything before it. With virtue and intelligence to guide it, this encroaching revolutionary movement may work the world's regeneration; without it, it will finish in a circle, and men at last will flee to despotism to escape anarchy.

But there is an aspect to this question, the contemplation of which thrills the heart. Man has never yet exerted his power. Controlled and checked at every step, he has slept through the ages, and we have not yet seen what he *can* do. Here is a country where every man is not only allowed to exert what force is in him, but it is called for. Every man, standing up in his full manhood, is asked to expend himself—strike with his strongest, heaviest blow. And behold the effect? Scarce seventy years have past, and the feeble colony has become the second commercial nation on the globe, and yielding to none in resources and strength. Our statistics are at this day a fable and a falsehood to nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Europe. What, a nation spring-

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ing up and seating itself in the front rank of powers in less time than it has taken to build many of their churches! The thing is preposterous. To me there is no more sublime or terrific sight than this country to-day presents, as every man is giving forth his entire energy. Before the progress of this principle we have been discussing, the whole world is soon to be in the same position. And when the race is let loose on the dwelling it inhabits, and every man gives himself soul and body to the work, this planet of ours will be in his grasp like clay in the hands of the potter. When, instead of a few minds clustered around a throne directing the affairs of the world, its *entire* mind shall be devoted to them, there will be changes it would be deemed presumptuous now to predict. Let this hitherto unknown, unfelt energy be under the control of truth and virtue, and a "nation will be born in a day." At all events, if my position be correct, man is to be let loose on himself and on his destiny, and the whole structure of human society is to change.

In conclusion, I would say that my fears of the issue are stronger than my hopes—that I have but little faith in the wisdom of the masses, and still less in their virtue. I dare not trust my race; or rather, I dare not trust ignorant men in the hands of reckless demagogues, and under the sway of political factions. It is not with cheering confidence I trace the progress of the principle I have been discussing; but still the fact is there, and must be looked in the face. The whirlpool will come, and into its vortex we

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must gaze whether we are wrecked or saved. Still, in agitation there is always hope for the truth. It is the apathy which successful power creates it has most to fear. When everything is afloat, deception and falsehood may for awhile prevail, but men at last will begin to reflect, and their passion and prejudice subside. At all events, liberty is not to be resisted because of its irregularities, nor scorned for the evils that sometimes follow in its train. Another has beautifully said, "Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty At times, she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who, in disgust, shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory." After passion subsides, and men cease to be dazzled by the new light that has amazed them, reason

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assumes the ascendency, bringing order out of chaos. Let us still hope this may be the result, and that it can be said at last with truth to man:—

"Stand up erect! thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God; who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore."

THE END.

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